August 22, 1936

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Collier's

THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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PUBLISHERS OF — THE COUNTRY HOME
THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE — COLLIER'S
WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION

Walter Davenport "Bugs" Baer Win
Frederick Hazlitt Brennan Hey

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August 22 1931

She took a bath and gave her husband Athlete's Foot

SHE WAS A "CARRIER"★

AS SWEET and dainty as a flower, yet this lovely young woman is a "carrier" of Athlete's Foot.

And she isn't aware of her condition!

For Athlete's Foot is treacherous, insidious. There is no pain *at first* to warn of infection and the trouble to follow.

Even now, you may yourself be spreading this ugly disease wherever you tread barefoot—at the club, at the beach, even in your own bathroom, and your family may be the next to suffer.

Play safe and examine your toes tonight, for your own sake as well as others.

Look for redness

If you see the slightest symptoms of infection, take action at once with cooling, soothing, healing Absorbine Jr. Better still, apply this famous remedy to your feet after every possible exposure as a precaution against infection.

For when Athlete's Foot strikes, red itching skin between the toes is usually the first danger signal.

Unless prompt relief is given with Absorbine Jr., serious trouble may follow. The skin turns white and dies in patches, gets moist, peels, cracks open with painful rawness.

Absorbine Jr. kills the fungus, soothes the toes

Relief and comfort follow application of Absorbine Jr. It soothes and aids in healing broken skin and tissues, while its antiseptic properties kill the fungus of Athlete's Foot when reached.

Don't be a "carrier." Get rid of Athlete's Foot. If your case is far developed, it may be wise to consult a doctor in addition to the use of Absorbine Jr. So stubborn is the fungus that re-infection may occur from your own socks, unless boiled 20 minutes when washed.

Go to your druggist today and ask for Absorbine Jr. It is economical to use because it takes so little to bring relief. Accept no cheap imitation. Unknown substitutes may not only be ineffective but actually dangerous to your condition. At all druggists, $1.25 a bottle, or try it at our expense. For free sample write to W. F. Young, Inc., 357 Lyman Street, Springfield, Mass.

★ "CARRIER" is the medical term for a person who carries infection. People infected with Athlete's Foot are "carriers." And at least one-half of all adults suffer from it at some time according to the U. S. Public Health Service. They spread the disease wherever they tread barefoot—on shower and locker-room floors, on beach walks and in bath houses, on the edges of swimming pools, even on your own bathroom floor. Don't be a carrier. Don't take chances. Get rid of Athlete's Foot with cooling, soothing, healing Absorbine Jr.

ABSORBINE JR.

Relieves sore muscles, muscular aches, bruises, sprains and Sunburn

Absorbine Jr.

"The loser's stuck to take her home"

THE very boys who used to seek her out, now match to see who will be "stuck" to take her home. That's what halitosis (bad breath) can do to a girl, without her ever suspecting the reason for the sudden change in her fortunes. Too bad that this offensive condition doesn't announce itself to the victim instead of to the victim's friends.

Listerine's Four Benefits

Why offend others needlessly? To put yourself on the agreeable side, before social and business engagements rinse the mouth with Listerine, the quick deodorant. Millions of people use Listerine every day simply because of its wholly delightful effect.

When you use Listerine in your mouth, four things happen:

(1) Fermentation of tiny food particles (the major cause of breath odors) is instantly halted.

(2) Decaying matter is swept from large areas on mouth, gum, and tooth surfaces.

(3) Millions of bacteria capable of causing odors are destroyed outright.

(4) The breath itself, indeed the entire mouth, is freshened and sweetened.

For Definite Results

If you would be safe rather than sorry, agreeable rather than offensive, use Listerine and Listerine only for oral hygiene. Use it particularly before all business and social engagements. For fifty years, Listerine has been outstanding for its marked deodorant power.

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St. Louis, Missouri

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Regular size tube 25¢

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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Associate Editors

Next Week

MYSTERY surrounded the International Bureau in Nice. Established in a squalid quarter of the city, it spent money like water; its agents—cocottes, members of the police, statesmen—went everywhere. From huge antennæ erected on the roof of its headquarters radio signals of immense power blocked at will the communications of the world. Within, Prince Cheng, Mark Humberstone and Catherine Oronoff labored tirelessly in a gigantic conspiracy. E. Phillips Oppenheim begins his most impressive serial, "The Dumb Gods Speak."

USUALLY a black cyclone does nothing but harm. It picks up the rich top soil from the farms of the Middle West and carries it out into the Atlantic, leaving the citizens along the seaboard coughing and sneezing. But the black cyclone of 1935 was an exception. It left among the coughers and sneezers a committee of the Senate—which forthwith voted into existence the Soil Conservation Service. That service, designed to protect us against the theft of our soil and the recurrence of droughts, is now handsomely started. George Creel shows you the "Soil Savers" at work.

THE party at Henry Wing's magnificent French château in West Hollywood was a good party. So good that when Mr. Wing suggested that his assistant get married in a blimp, just as a sort of climax, the assistant meekly replied: "Yes, Mr. Wing." Habit had taught him to say that. It wasn't until the next morning that he thought better of it. In "Miss Alabama," Frank Condon tells the story.

T. R. YBARRA was watching the strikes in France with the dispassionate interest of a good reporter when suddenly the disturbance reached the restaurants and left Mr. Ybarra high and dry without lunch. Strongly moved, he wrote "Left Face," a brilliant picture of life in socialist France.

WHEN Nap Bancroft went into a sanitarium, it was simply to solve a murder mystery and mend a broken heart. He hadn't reckoned with his nurse. The story he came out with made news all over the country, but it omitted certain important facts to be found in "Napoleon the Fifth," by Sidney Herschel Small.

DAMON RUNYON writes the Short Short Story. Among the other contributors you will find Kathleen Norris, William MacHarg, Rose and Bob Brown, Jacland Marmur, Kyle Crichton and others. On with the dance.

This Week

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August 22, 1936

Cover by Howard Butler

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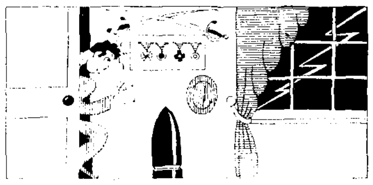
●

Any Week

TWO American ladies, we have heard, wrote to a friend in Manchuria asking her why she hadn't heard from her. She replied that she had written several times but, in strictest confidence, suspected that the Japanese had confiscated her letters. Next day she received a formal note from the Japanese government saying: "The Japanese government desires to inform you that it never tampers with the mails."

ONE of our national heroes failed us a few days ago. We'd have given you ridiculous odds that the man didn't know what fear was. He has been working for the government a long time and the tales you've read of his daring must have startled you as they have us. He has a whole drawer full of medals and certificates attesting to his disregard for danger and his all-round bravery. We called at his office to tell him what a stalwart he was and—we hate to tell is—found him cowering in a closet. A nasty electrical storm was in progress. His face white and his voice atremble, he confessed that he was mortally afraid of lightning. We haven't seen anybody as scared in years.

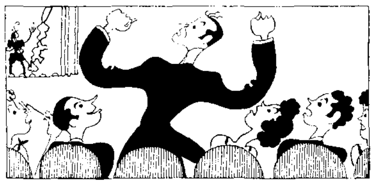


WE TOLD the story to a friend of ours who said: "That's nothing. I know a member of Congress who never votes on any measure until he has called up his wife and asks her what he ought to do. When I suggested that she must be a woman of sound judgment he replied: 'Oh, it isn't that. Her judgment isn't wonderful at all. But I'm afraid of her. If I should vote contrary to her opinion she'd raise hell and when she starts there's no stopping her.' "

MRS. OTILLY MORGAN of Los Angeles, California, informs us that "the first thing Doctor Townsend will do as President is to publish a list of all persons who have openly opposed his pension plan. Thus these people will learn that they will not receive pensions. This will be their punishment for defying us."

THERE is entirely too much civilization going around to suit Mr. E. Polland of Chicago, Illinois. "History tells us," says Mr. Polland, "that the downfall of a nation begins when people pay too much attention to music, paintings and books and not enough to honest work. The Roosevelt administration is paying out our good money to artists and musicians and writers. Instead of fighting for recovery large numbers of people are going to theaters to see actors paid with public funds. This is the end."

WE SUSPECT that Mr. Polland is a dark-side looker. One of the actors he objects to called on us last week. "In Denver," he said, "we were playing Twelfth Night. In the middle of the third act a dignified old gentleman arose, and in a loud voice said: 'This is one of the most dastardly insults Shakespeare has ever received.' Then he stalked out of the theater. And I'm willing to admit it was pretty bad."



SOMEHOW we have a feeling that the name of our next President will not be Lemke. Yet Mr. Bern Gunderson of Minneapolis, Minnesota, assures us that if Mr. Lemke is given a square deal he can't lose. "But," says Mr. Gunderson, "Jim Farley and John Hamilton are conniving together to count Lemke out. They know that with Lemke in the White House the Wall Street and War combine they are working for will lose its powers and they will be out of jobs. And you are as bad as they are."

WE INQUIRED into this at Republican headquarters and were assured that Mr. Hamilton was not in communication with Mr. Farley concerning Mr. Lemke. In fact, the nice young lady who told us seemed very vague about Mr. Lemke. "Is he the fellow who is running for Vice President on the Socialist ticket?" she asked. We assured her that he isn't. "Well," she said, "who *is running* for Vice President on the Socialist ticket?"

WE TOLD her that we'd investigate. But while busy at that we heard from Mr. Joseph B. Gilling of Cleveland, Ohio. "I was astonished," says Mr. Gilling, "that no mention of the only really experienced Something-for-Nothing prophet was made at the Townsend Party convention—Mr. Bill Aberhart of Alberta, Canada. But perhaps they regarded Mr. Aberhart as a 'liar and a betrayer,' which he isn't. He is merely guilty of having discovered that it doesn't work."

JUST an old fact-finder, hey?

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Here's where they put it down in black and white... the engineering genius that makes great automobiles. You might say these careful draftsmen make thinking *visible*... as they map the ideas and thoughts that come out of exact engineering knowledge, experience, research and skill.

Sometimes the ideas come to them penciled roughly. Sometimes the engineers *tell* them the ideas. It is then their job to turn ideas into exact drawings which pattern makers and machinists can follow in making up experimental cars, which are tested for many months before new cars incorporating the new engineering developments are produced for the public.

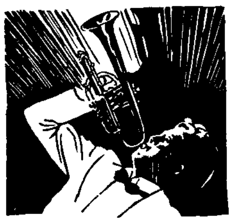
From the broad tables in this sunny room came the drawings for Plymouth's safest, *double-action* Hydraulic Brakes...the patented Floating Power engine mountings that give you vibrationless smoothness...details of engine cooling and Calibrated Ignition that help make Plymouth America's most economical full-size car...the method of making Safety-Steel Body and big car frame a virtual unit of steel for your protection...and other methods that make a Plymouth car stand up, and perform so well.

These men know why Plymouth has come so far... so fast. They see every day that great engineering goes into the car...that care and precision govern its building. Knowing Plymouth's *background,* they regard it as only natural when they hear owners say, "Plymouth certainly builds great cars."—PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION.

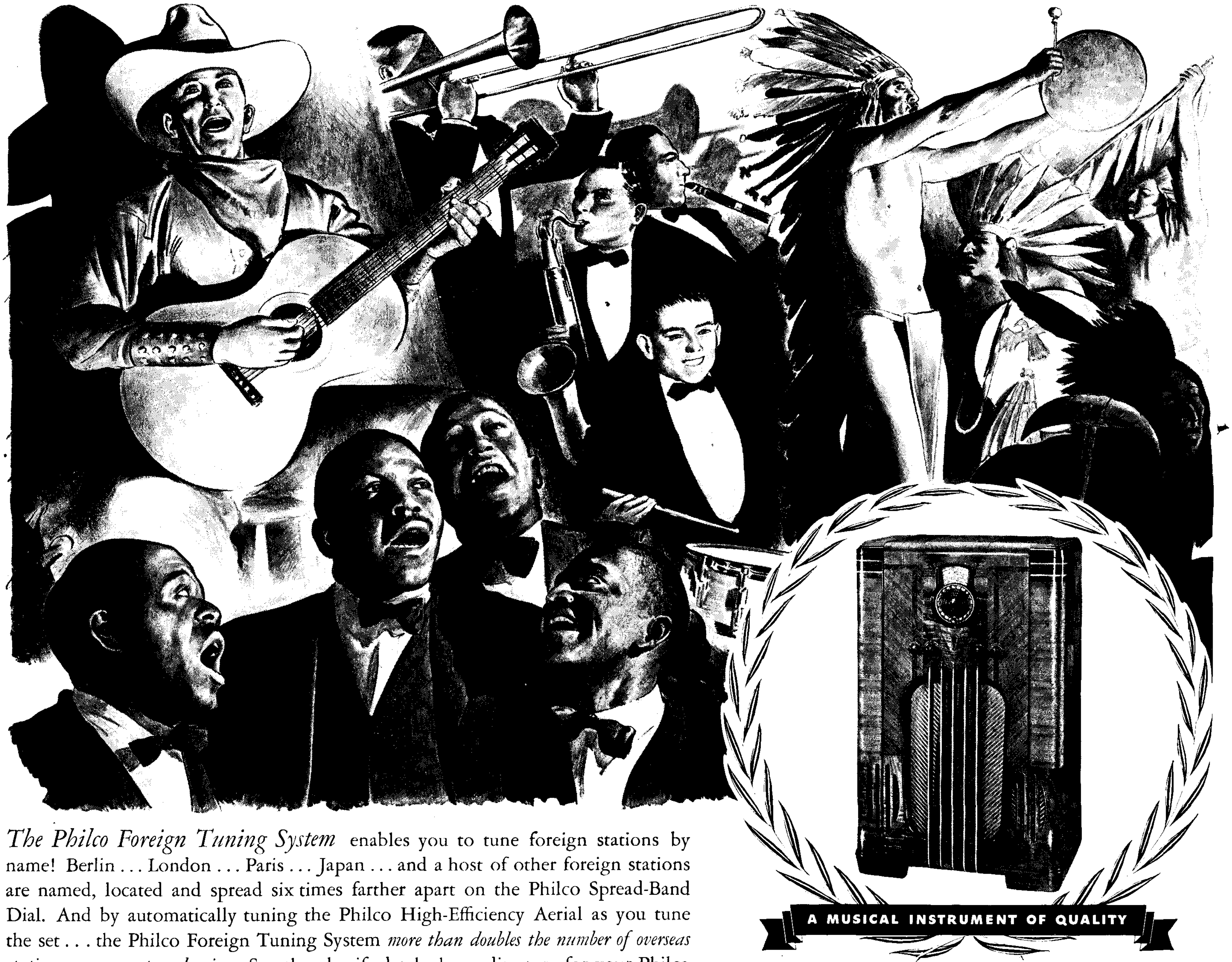
EASY TO BUY

Today, you'll find Plymouth is priced with the lowest... and offers terms as low as the lowest! You can buy a new Plymouth for $25 a month. The Commercial Credit Company has made available—to all Chrysler, Dodge and DeSoto dealers—terms that make Plymouth easy to buy. Prices of the 1936 Plymouth begin at $510, list at factory, Detroit (special equipment extra).

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS



Forty Nations listening to a single radio program! One voice resounding in millions of homes encircling the globe. On September 20th America inaugurates a series of broadcasts planned by the International Broadcasting Union. A program originating in the United States will be re-broadcast by stations all around the world. Programs from Buenos Aires . . . from the East Indies and from other faraway lands are to follow. Radio knits the world closer in a dramatic gesture. But no closer than Philco does day after day . . . by bringing the broadcasts of a dozen distant lands directly into American homes. The Spread-Band Dial on the 1937 Philco shows you exactly where to tune for foreign stations . . . while the Philco *Foreign Tuning System* working with the Philco High-Efficiency Aerial more than doubles foreign reception. Entertainment from American stations comes in finer, too . . . with the stirring realism of Philco High-Fidelity Tone.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The Philco Foreign Tuning System enables you to tune foreign stations by name! Berlin . . . London . . . Paris . . . Japan . . . and a host of other foreign stations are named, located and spread six times farther apart on the Philco Spread-Band Dial. And by automatically tuning the Philco High-Efficiency Aerial as you tune the set . . . the Philco Foreign Tuning System *more than doubles the number of overseas stations you can get and enjoy.* See the classified telephone directory for your Philco dealer. Buy, if you choose, on the Philco Commercial Credit Easy Payment Plan.

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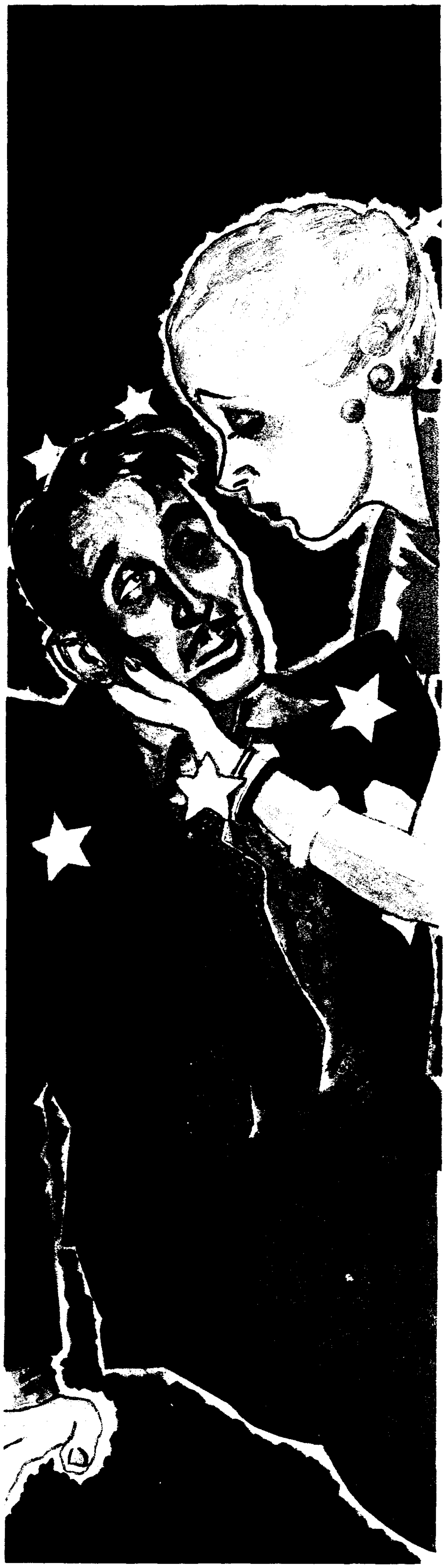


True to the Navy

By Frederick Hazlitt Brennan

The good old firm of Dunnevan and Linn again in a speedy Navy-model drama, with just the right girl to step on the gas

SEAMAN LINN and Fireman Dunnevan were met in solemn executive session on the lee side of the after deckhouse as the U. S. Destroyer Trimble followed her sister ships of the 19th Division into San Diego harbor.

"Agh! L'me beat him up, Benny!"

"No brains to that, Tim. Webster is the Skipper's writer an' the Skipper loves 'at guy. We gotta use feenessay."

"You mean out-smart Webster, Benny?"

"Yeah."

"Them yeomen guys is orful smart. Especially Yeoman Webster."

"They ain't as smart as me!"

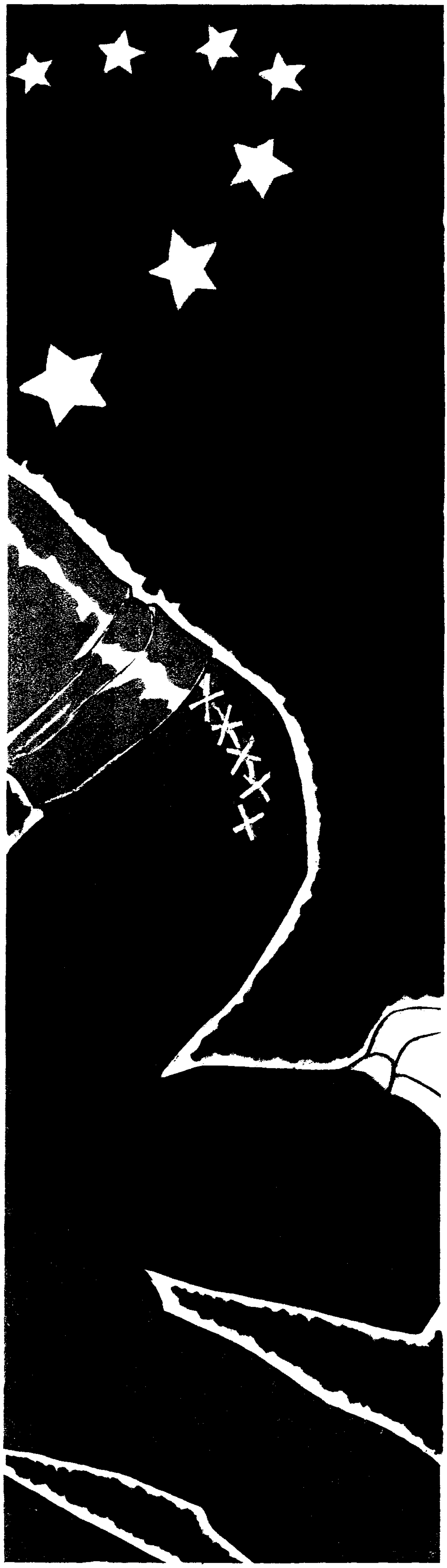
WITH this modest pronouncement, Seaman Linn spat a toothpick overside and braced himself while the Trimble did a forty-five degree turn. Fireman Dunnevan, sitting with his legs spraddled across the scupper, sighed gloomily. His dungarees were greasy, his sweat towel was salty and God, Fireman Dunnevan felt, hated him. Else why had the U. S. Navy been plagued with such a rating as yeomen and why had Yeoman Webster been armed with a little brief authority?

"Webster queered our liberty at Panama," said Fireman Dunnevan, summarizing the indictment. "Yerse! And he got Chief Mulcahy to send us to mast after Long Range Battle. Yerse! And he told the Skipper I and you wasn't trustworthy to be trusted in any Mexican port. Yerse!"

Seaman Linn winced; his large Adam's apple gagged him as with gall and wormwood.

"We'll get even with that guy, Tim. Don't worry."

Fireman Dunnevan's loyalty had been sorely tested, but he brightened.



Mr. Bernwirt spoke with husbandly bluntness, "Fine bunch of mugs you been traveling with down here, Fleurine," he said

"You got a good idea yet, Benny?"

"I got brains and with brains you can always get a good idea. Wait for me on the landing, Tim."

"Can't I jest sock him oncet—"

"And do two weeks in the brig? No brains—"

"Stand by that line, sailor!"

"Aye, aye, sir. Force *and* brains, Tim!"

"Yerse, Benny."

An hour later, Dunnevan and Linn, Force and Brains Inc., were reunited on the Broadway landing in San Diego. They moved in battle formation among a throng of cruiser and destroyer bluejackets. Seaman Linn led the way, a cocky and handy lightweight. One pace to the rear lumbered Fireman Dunnevan, carrying the heavy guns.

"We gotta get even with Webster, Benny. He lied to the Skipper about us and—"

"Pipe down and let a guy think. This is big-league stuff!"

IT WAS indeed big-league stuff. Yeoman Webster was a power among enlisted men of the U. S. S. Trimble. Being Lieutenant Commander Herrick's writer, young Mr. Webster had the king's ear, as it were. He occupied a cubbyhole office three jumps from the wardroom. He knew state secrets; he heard gossip in high places; he was, in truth, a very dangerous fellow. Unless he could be chastened and taught to respect the rightful prerogatives of Linn and Dunnevan the Destroyer Trimble would not be a happy ship. . . .

"You got an idea now, Benny?"

"Fer Pete's sake, Tim! Our hearts is pure and God loves U. S. sailors. Give me a little time, cantcha?"

Seaman Linn halted near No. 3 pier gate. Fireman Dunnevan automatically shuffled to a stop.

"Hi, Benny! Hi, Tim!"

They were given hail by a comely blond young woman, fully half a boatload of sailors distant.

"It's Fleurine," said Mr. Linn, warningly.

Fireman Dunnevan grunted.

"Let's ditch her. We don't wanta hear no more hard-luck stories from Fleurine. We got enough trouble of our own. Yerse!"

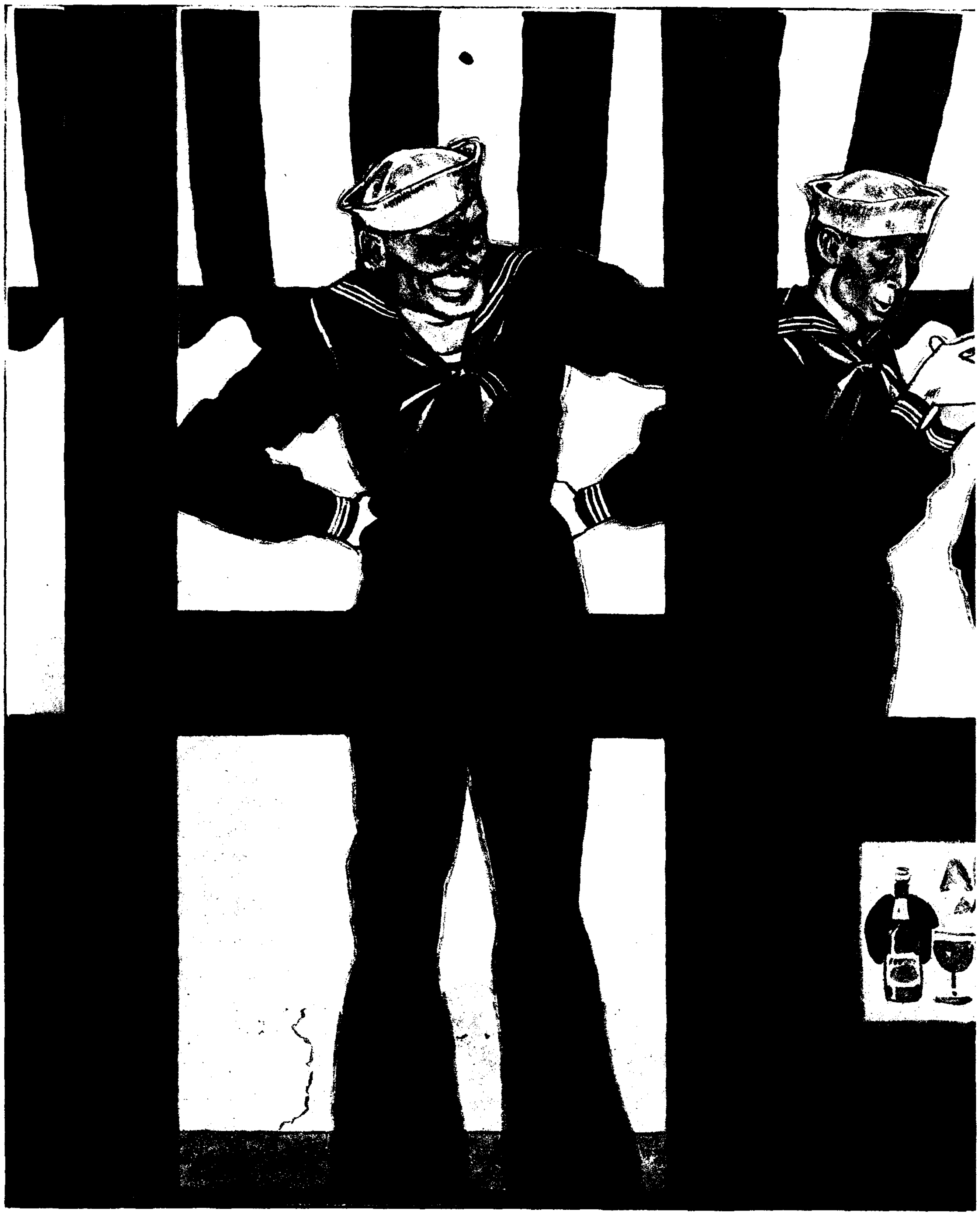
The lady called Fleurine gave them no choice. She pushed through the crowd, exchanging greetings right and left. The crush of hurrying sailors parted to let her pass—a rare tribute to a rare character. Fleurine loved the U. S. Navy and more especially the Scouting Fleet. She was a San Diego correspondent for the magazine "Our Navy." She was a faithful rooter at Service baseball and football games. It was Fleurine who, when certain admirals were under fire from a senate committee for alleged lobbying, sent the senators the classic telegram: "It's a dirty falsehood. I never seen an admiral drunk in a hotel lobby let alone trying to pick up any girls there."

THIS love of Fleurine's for the Navy was, curiously enough, a passion of absolute and vociferous purity. From Panama to Puget Sound, Fleurine was already becoming a legend; all the Fleet knew her story. You see, Fleurine was a good girl who wanted to marry a sailor, but would lose three hundred dollars a month alimony if she did. Fleurine's problem had bemused many Navy thinkers under the quiet stars on the dog watch. . . .

Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan were in no humor to solve Fleurine's problem this Saturday afternoon. They watched her inexorable approach, grimly:

"Gee, fellas, I'm awful glad I run into you. I jest hadta talk to some boys from the Trimble. How you doing, Tim and Benny?"

"Okay, Fleurine," said Seaman Linn.



ILLUSTRATED BY ROBERT O. REID

"Yeah. We're doing fine, Fleurine."

"I ain't," said Fleurine, simply.

Messrs. Linn and Dunnevan looked at each other without surprise. Fleurine, they knew, never did well. Every time she fell in love with a sailor and wanted to marry him that three-hundred-dollar-a-month alimony reared its ugly head. And the irony of Fleurine's plight was that Fleurine had often been quite willing to lose the alimony. It was the sailors who balked. Alas, they seemed to prefer Fleurine as a pal with three hundred a month to spend in her generous way to Fleurine as a wife with nothing.

"Who's the guy this time, Fleurine?" Seaman Linn inquired, politely.

Fleurine looked tearful.

"I'd kinda like to talk to you boys in private."

"We're awful busy this aft, Fleurine. Fact is, I and Tim has to report to Shore Patrol."

"Yerse!"

"But I thought you fellas knew Hurley Webster? Ain't he on the Trimble?"

"Hurley Webster?"

"Yerse. We know um!"

"Well," said Fleurine, with classic simplicity, "he's jest about broken my heart!"

Seaman Linn stared at her.

SHE was, after all, a simple girl. She wore a bright pink rayon middy blouse and brown flannel sailor pants inadequately laced at either hip. Plump and blond, Fleurine looked at the U. S. Navy with direct childlike trust, a little bewildered by her problem and her legend. The platinum wash on her boyish bob made no effort to deceive. Neither did her assortment of rings, her bracelets or her perfume. The tears now starting in her eyes were honest tears.

"You mean *Yeoman* Webster?"

"Unh-hunh. That's him."

"Agh! The dirty—"

"Pipe down, Tim. What'd Webster do, Fleurine?"

Fleurine dolefully shook her head; it was the Fleurine legend repeating itself once more.

"He broke our engagement—with a post card from Balboa!"

"We'll fix Webster, Fleurine. Don't cry. Yerse! C'mon, Benny—"

Seaman Linn silenced his friend with a scowl of infinite dignity. He turned to Fleurine, now beginning to sob. A crude young boot in the swarming crowd said: "Lookit, that's her. The one that's got three hundred a month, only—" And hearing these words, Seaman Linn was outraged.

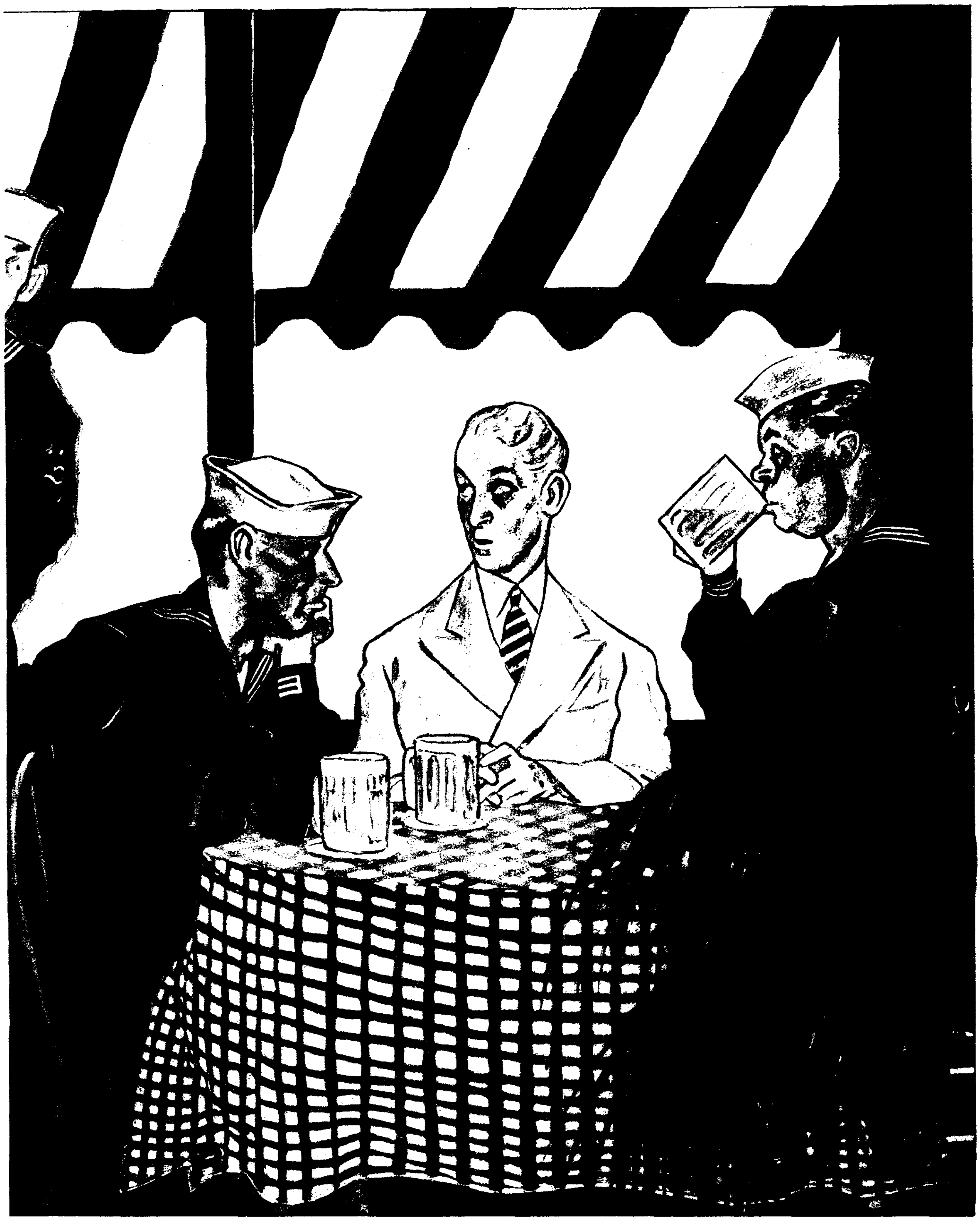
"I would suggest, Fleurine," he said, "that I and you and Tim go to the Silver Spray and discuss this matter like ladies and gentlemen."

Fleurine wiped her eyes.

"Gee, thanks, Benny. And *I'll* buy the lunch."

Gallantly, Seaman Linn shook his head.

"We're buying, Fleurine," he insisted.



Yeoman Webster abruptly commenced to perspire. "Fellows," he blurted, "I'm being terrorized"

"But Benny—" Tim said protestingly.

"Pipe down, Tim. It sure is fortunate you come to us, Fleurine. I and Tim has been expecting Webster to act unworthy sooner or later but we never had no idea he'd try to do anything like this. Did we, Tim?"

"Ner."

"If it was a guy from any other ship we wouldn't have no right to interfere," went on Seaman Linn, righteously, "But Webster belongs to the Trimble. Well, sir, I never thought it. I cert'nly never thought it. Did you, Tim?"

"Ner."

"H-Hurley makes five boys I got engaged to sincet I left Mister Bernwirt—an' they all—"

"All U. S. sailors ain't like Webster an' them others. Well, sir, so Webster tried to work a rannygazoo on you, did he?"

Yeoman Webster—as Fleurine told the story to Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan in a booth at the Silver Spray—had most obviously worked a rannygazoo:

"It's Hurley's mad ambitiousness, see, Benny? It seems like why he don't wanta stay in the Service and settle down and get married. He's alla time thinking up scenario plots for in the movies. So I loant him sixty-fi' dollars to buy a correspondence course in how to write them, figuring maybe he'd get it outa his system, but oh, no, he jest wouldn't. So now he's broke our engagement and still owes me the sixty-fi' dollars and I don't care about the money because a girl who truly loves a fella why she don't think of a dollar and cents and all I want is for Hurley to come back to me and let's get married like he said."

FIREMAN DUNNEVAN and Seaman Linn heard this sad tale with different emotions. Seaman Linn artfully concealed a wicked glee. Fireman Dunnevan breathed stertorously through his nose and growled into his beer.

"Agh! We got something to settle with Webster ourselves, Fleurine, an' now I'll jest sock him double good."

Miss Fleurine shook her head.

"No. I won't let nobody beat Hurley up. I wouldn't let nobody beat up the other boys that all went back on me. I jest can't bear to see a U. S. sailor beat up. It seems like why my patriotism jest can't stand it."

Seaman Linn gently patted the distressed lady's arm.

"We'll handle him delicate," he said. "You wait here or go to a picture show for about a hour. I and Tim are gonna have a talk with Webster."

Fleurine's gratitude was in keeping with the legend and the three-hundred-dollar-a-month alimony. She insisted on paying the check. She bought Fireman Dunnevan a dozen two-for-a-quarter cigars and Seaman Linn a carton of cigarettes. She announced that she would see Marlene Dietrich in "Desire" at a picture show near the U. S. Grant Hotel and await her emissaries in the lobby.

"Benny?"

"Yeah?"

"I'll lay for Webster by the landing an' you take a tour around the beer joints."

Seaman Linn halted impressively on the sidewalk.

"Force *and* brains, Tim. Remember?"

"Ain't we gonna beat up on Webster even now, Benny?"

"No, we ain't!"

"You got a better idea, Benny?"

"I'll have one by time we reach the landing. Shove off!"

SEAMAN LINN had scarcely taken three steps when a young recruit just assigned to the Trimble hurried up.

"Are you Mr. Linn?"

"Yeah."

"Mr. Hurley Webster wants to see you and Mr. Dunnevan right away, sir!"

"Where's Webster at?"

"Jimmy's Pacific Bar."

"We'll be right over!"

This quick shift in the drama caused Fireman Dunnevan's brown eyes to blink. But Seaman Linn nodded, wisely.

"But Benny, why'd Webster send fer *us?*"

"He's a-scared and his conscience is hurting him. He'll wanta make up. Get it?"

"Ner. I ain't gonna make up with—"

"We jest pertend to make up, see? You jest smile friendly an' I'me do all the talking. I got an idea!"

"I knowed you'd get one, Benny. Yerse!"

Fireman Dunnevan followed Seaman Linn with perfect confidence to Jimmy's Pacific Bar.

Yeoman Webster, nattily attired in double-breasted linen cits, was seated at a corner table. A thin-faced, nervous and superior young man, he cringed a little as he saw Linn and Dunnevan bearing down on him, but rallied quickly.

"Hi-yah, fellows," he greeted them, with a great effort at cordiality. "Sit down and have some lunch on me!"

"Thanks, Webster," said Seaman Linn, smiling, "we jest et."

"Yerse!"

"WELL, sit down and have some beer, anyway," young Mr. Webster insisted. "I want to explain to you boys about those liberty cards we had to cancel. It wasn't nothing *personal*—"

"Aw, that's okay, Webster," said Seaman Linn, smoothly. "Maybe I and Tim didn't rate liberty."

"But *Benny*—"

"Pipe down, Tim. What was you about to discust, Webster?"

Yeoman Webster looked with sudden apprehension toward a screened side door. Several cruiser sailors were loitering under the striped awning. One of them, a husky lad, peered in at Webster and grinned in enigmatic fashion. Yeoman Webster abruptly commenced to perspire.

"Fellows," he blurted, "I'm being *terrorized.*"

Seaman Linn glanced at the cruiser sailors waiting patiently without.

"That's why I sent for you," went on Yeoman Webster. "I need a couple of good bodyguards. I been a friend of yours and a shipmate—and—"

"Yerse?"

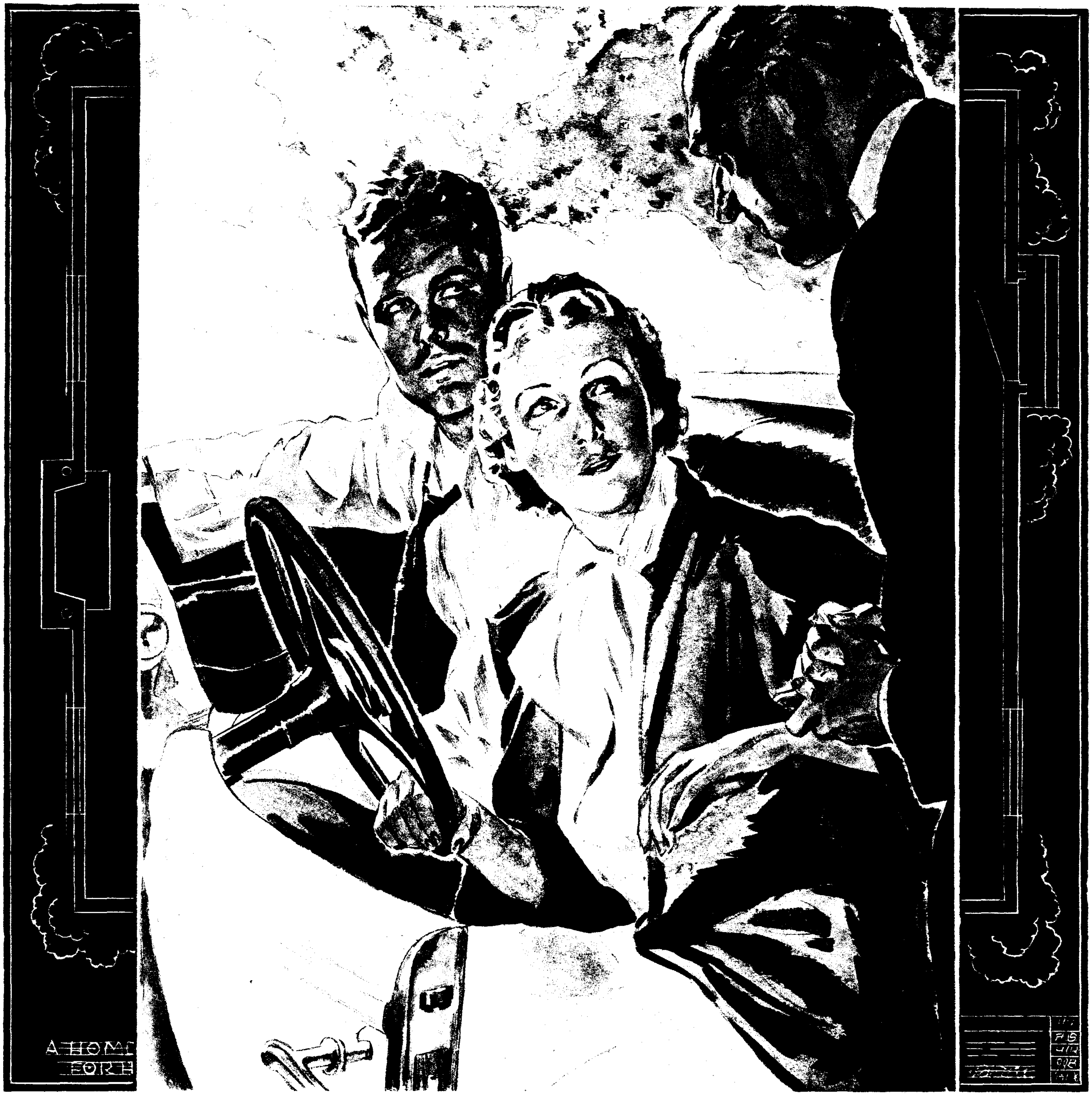
Seaman Linn kicked Fireman Dunnevan's shin.

"Sure you have, Webster," he said, sweetly. "I and Tim had our disagreements with you so on and so forth but I guess you hadta help the Skipper maintain discipline."

Yeoman Webster nodded eagerly.

"You wouldn't stand idly by and watch a shipmate on the Trimble get beaten up by cruiser sailors. I knew you wouldn't. See those men out there?

(Continued on page 26)



"An accident, Rick," she said. "I hit him when he wasn't looking"

A Home for Hilary

The story of Lee Williams, who was hit by Mr. Hurry's daughter and her car—and liked it

By D.K.Findlay

ILLUSTRATED BY ELMORE BROWN

LEE WILLIAMS hung his long legs over the arm of a chair and looked inquiringly at the general manager of the Western offices of the Hurry Construction Company.

"You wanted me, Van?"

"Yes. It's just about four years since you walked in here and told me you had to have a job—any job—and I gave you the job of running the yard derrick."

"Every time I pass that derrick, I tip my hat."

"You weren't there long. You went into the shops—then boss of a bridge gang—and then the machine-design department. And now you are chief assistant architect. A nice record, Lee."

"I got the breaks—and you helped."

"Don't fool yourself. If you didn't have the stuff, the fact that we were at the same college wouldn't have mattered with me. You've developed into a nailing good architect—and the Home Office thinks so too. They've made up their minds at last. They are forming that new division for the production of fabricated houses—and you are to be chief of construction."

"Holy cat!"

"All right, holy cat." Van held out his hand, smiling. "Nice going, Lee. I'm mighty glad—but I'll be sorry to lose you here. I think they picked the right man for the job—this fabricated home business is your baby. They've put some strings on you, though. They've put in a general manager from the costs office and that means your end will be pretty well under the thumb of the costs and sales boys."

Lee Williams' young face set like granite. "That won't do, Van. We've simply got to have a free hand until the public has accepted the idea that we are building them worth-while homes. Otherwise, it'll be a bust. We've got to change that."

"Mr. Hurry's orders."

"What's he like, Van?"

"Like Napoleon—small and explosive. Fuzzy-minded about names but not about anything else. A good boss to have at your back—and a holy terror to have on your neck."

"When do I report to the Home Office?"

"They're giving you a month to clean up here."

"I can do it in a week. Van, let me go East and talk to the chief. If I can get a chance to put my case before him, I think he'll agree. Hang it all, this is the biggest thing that ever happened to me. No darn' little Napoleon is going to spoil my campaign."

TWO weeks later in the East, the Home Office informed Lee Williams that Mr. Hurry was at his summer place in the Catskills. To the Catskills he followed. He left the train at the nearest village and went to the local garage to hire a car. There temptation came upon him in the shape of a battered, perky-looking little roadster. It had led a hard life, but an abundance of new paint made it glitter bravely in the sunshine. Lee persuaded himself that it was just the thing for running about the mountains.

"How much?"

"A hundred bucks, mister."

"Always kidding," said Lee indulgently. "I'll give you fifty."

"Fifty!" reproached the garage man. "Why lookit all that new enamel, mister. Lookit the shine on her. You'd never get another car like that for a hundred smackers."

"I believe you," said Lee. "Sold for seventy-five. Now tell me how to get to Mr. Ambrose Hurry's place."

"Turn left at the fourth milepost. Coupla miles from there. Big place with a wall and iron gates. You goin' to hit up Mr. Hurry for a job, I reckon."

"You're a pretty fair reckoner, too."

"The minit you stepped off that train, I sez to myself: 'Here's another young feller lookin' for the Hurry place.' 'Course I cud tell 'em Hurry ain't got no jobs to give, but that'd be bad for business. G'by, mister. Jes' phone Stebbins' garage if you get into ary trouble."

With this doubtful valediction, Lee sped on his way. He turned left at the fourth milepost and entered a winding country road. It was June. The world was dappled with sunshine, the birds sang and the green branches moved in the breeze. He felt grand—indomitable—fit to take a president by the lapels and shake the right answers out of him. Besides, he had in his bag a portfolio of drawings which he was sure would convince the most brassbound executive that ever execked. And after that—he fell into his besetting sin. He was building houses in the air, graceful, light-filled houses for healthy, happy people.

In his daydreams he failed to see the sign "Gate Ahead." No blast of a horn disturbed him. Suddenly a great gray car burst from a clump of sumacs, swerved and, with brakes screaming, struck the little roadster and flung it on its side. The depth of his abstraction saved Lee—he made no attempt to brace himself for the shock. He described an astonishing arc through the air and fell with his head in the bracken.

"YOU should have jumped sooner," a cool voice informed him.

You're telling me, thought Lee dimly.

Then in a quick movement someone was bending over him. The voice, breathless now, said, "Oh, but you are hurt!"

He felt quite numb. Dying was not so uncomfortable as he had been led to believe. Still, it was a pity. "It was going to be a nice day, too—" His voice trailed off.

Urgent hands were at his collar. "Oh, you mustn't! You mustn't!"

Lee opened his eyes. He always had eyes for a pretty face and this face so close to his own was more than pretty. He decided to put off his decease.

"Not quite fair, you know—bursting out of a hedge like that. You startled me."

"I didn't come out of the hedge. I came out the gate. And I blew my horn."

Over her shoulder, he saw that there was a gate. A tall iron gate and a wall.

"Oh! Do you live in there?"

"Of course. I'm Hilary Hurry. You must have gone at this business slapdash if you didn't know that Old Man Hurry had a daughter."

Something had happened to his head. He heard clearly but the words did not make sense.

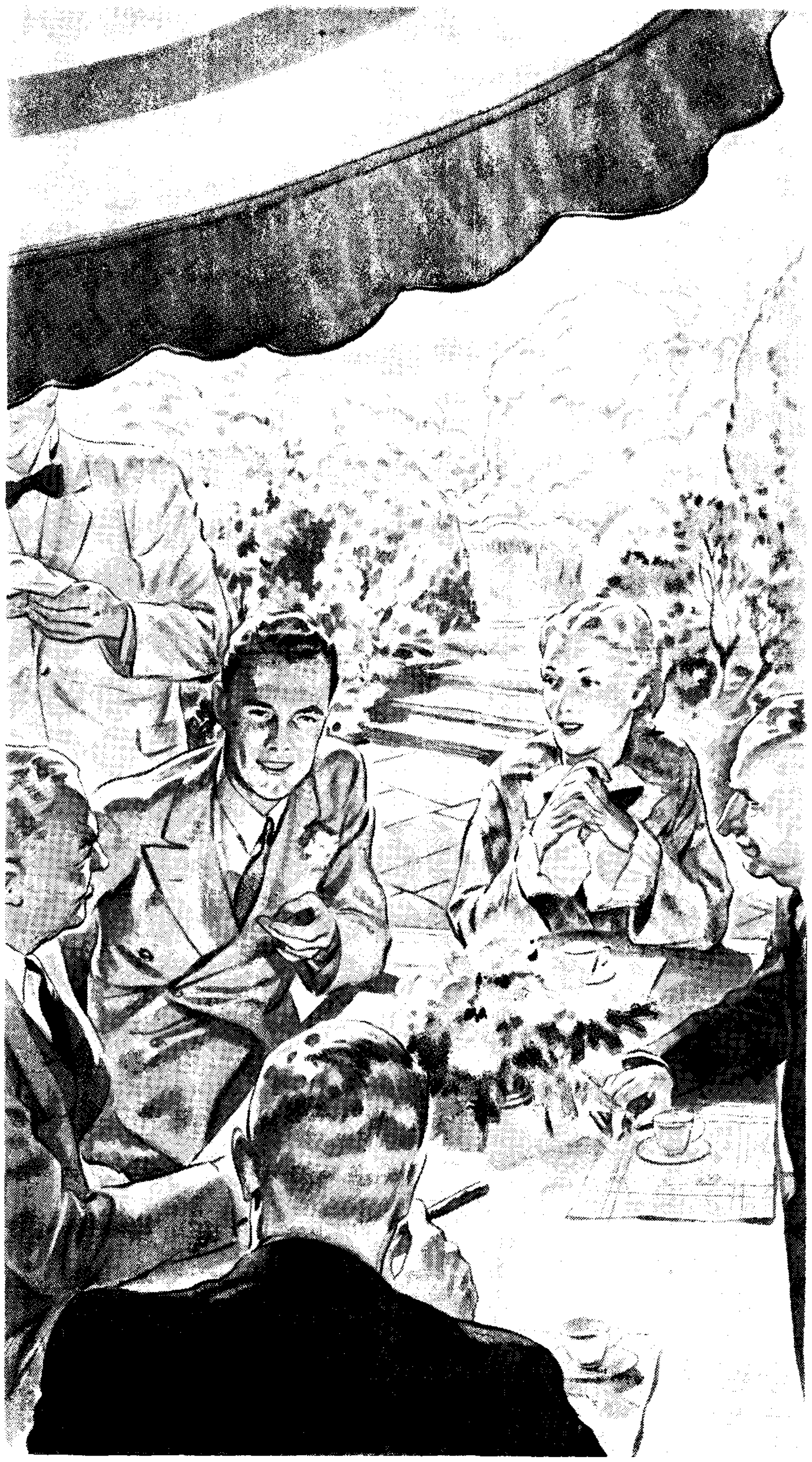
"Why should I know Old Man Hurry had a daughter?"

The girl sat back on her heels and looked at the little roadster. Never was there such a wreck—its wheels and fenders filled the road. At the shock, it had flown apart as if it had been specially designed to do so. Over it hung the raw smell of new burnt paint.

"You came up here to try to see Father, didn't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"About a job with him?" she asked.



"Big business," Lee explained, "imposes a strain greater than the average mortal can endure"

"Sort of," replied Lee noncommittally.

"Sure, they drop out of the trees and hide in the bushes. And you're the umpteenth who has bought an old car and trundled it up here to get in Daddy's way. Sometimes they want damages, but usually they just want a chance to ask for a job. I knew it was that as soon as I spotted that old repainted beetle of Stebbins'. But I must say that you had more nerve than the others—you made a real crash. It is a pity it was wasted on me instead of Father."

"YES—but look here—" He stopped. She had risen to her feet. She was slim and graceful. In his mind, he saw her on the steps of his best house—and she fitted. She even improved it, something he had not thought possible.

"We'd better phone Stebbins to come and clear up this mess. At least, he makes a good thing out of these goings-on."

"I'm sorry to be such a nuisance."

"You forget we are used to it. Can you walk to my car?"

"Of course." But at his first attempt his legs buckled under him and the world rocked.

"Just as I thought," she said. "You can't take such knocks, even in the way of business, without feeling them. Let me help you."

With her help, he reached the big gray car. She turned it gently and skillfully and went smoothly up the long drive. Before the white pillars of a massive, ivy-clad pile, she stopped and a sedate butler came down the steps.

"An accident, Ricks. I hit him when he wasn't looking. Put him to bed and I'll phone Dr. Arbuthnot."

In spite of the healthy young man's conviction that he couldn't be hurt, Lee was glad to creep between the cool sheets. The doctor came, spruce, quick, humorous.

"Well, well, another one! What you youngsters will do to find work! This is becoming an epidemic. I'll have to take on an assistant."

When he had gone, Lee felt his bandages tenderly and voted himself a vacation. A vacation with Hilary. Then he sank back, happiness effervescing through him. "Oh, boy, am I the lucky stiff!"

HILARY visited him after dinner. She wore an inspired frock and looked beautiful and amused.

"Well, Dick Turpin, how do you feel?"

"Great!"

"I doubt it," said Hilary. "I talked to the doctor and he said three days' quiet at the very least. So since you are to be our guest—and a welcome guest—you might tell me your name."

"Lee." Lee believed in starting with first names with this girl.

"Well, Mr. Lee, you are to have an audience with the big chief. I told Father it was only fair after taking such a crack. So get your little sales talk all ready—I hear him panting on the stairs."

Lee heard him too—with considerable alarm. His intentions had suffered a love-change. He didn't want to talk business now. It could wait. He didn't want his vacation tampered with. He wanted to sustain the role of job-hunter as long as it promised him the society of Hilary. Yet he looked with interest at the almost legendary figure of Mr. Ambrose Hurry when it arrived. Mr. Hurry came up to specifications. He was short and round and bristling and he walked in a cloud of cigar smoke. When he was still, he seemed to be about to move off in all directions at once.

"Mr. Lee, my father," said Hilary, and prepared to leave.

"Don't go, Hilary," said her father. "Are you aware, sir, that this young

(Continued on page 48)

Hopping John

This is the red-headed Kansas cyclone named Hamilton who is chairman of the Republican National Committee. Catch a glimpse of him as he whirls about, trying to drop Alf M. Landon into the White House

By Walter Davenport

AS SOON as we have caught our breath and recaptured a measure of our customary calm, we shall tell you all we know about this Hamilton man. We have just left him, having been in and out of his company for a week or more. It has been something like playing handball on a runaway merry-go-round—something we've never done although the sensation would not now be novel. When we left Mr. Hamilton he was saying something like this:

"Howfarzit to Frisco? Make it in twelve hours? Including twelve-minute conference and half-hour talk at Omaha? Plane outa Frisco for New York nine tonight? D'ja hear Farley? Where's everybody? Howfarzit from Frisco to Indianapolis? Gotta cigarette? Where the hell's my hat? Howfarzit to Dallas? Got those new pictures of Landon? What do you hear? How are we doin'? Howfarzit to—"

We didn't catch the rest of it. Mr. Hamilton had leaped into a motorcar and with a wild shout had taken off madly in all directions. And we, the thing being highly communicable, leaped into the nearest taxicab, dashed to the nearest airport where we ran around in circles for an hour before the next plane departed at a mere two hundred miles an hour for the East. And there, still seething with the spirit of John Daniel Miller Hamilton, we put down our head, plunged both feet down hard on the accelerator and have no idea what might have happened to us if Policeman S. Scozzafavva, mounted on a motorcycle, hadn't caught up with and informed us that those red glares we had passed were not Mr. Hamilton bound for Chicago, Cincinnati, Denver, Boston and Washington, but traffic lights.

America's Busiest Man

But now that we've regained our composure, we shall organize Mr. Hamilton for you. You have probably heard of him. This early in the fracas we are not at all sure whether he is Alfred Mossman Landon's campaign manager or merely his legs. We don't know whether he is the skipper of the new paint job they call the Republican party or its engine. We don't know whether he is a great man or a terrific boy. We don't know whether he's a king-maker or just naturally nervous. But he's going somewhere and with very little added effort might not stop until it's everywhere. He is the cyclone for which Kansas has been famous. Apparently he can rise vertically as easily as he can dash to right or left. He can get madder and happier within the space of a minute than any man we've ever seen. In three consecutive minutes we saw Mr. Hamilton bound out of a towering rage into back-slapping joy and back into foaming anger before emerging with hearty laughter into thirty seconds of unbridled jubilation. All in three minutes. As a campaign manager he is a perpetual-motion machine lubricated with dynamite. His idea of a holiday is to take an hour off some Sunday afternoon and play a hole of golf.

You may take this from him: Politically he is neither a liberal nor a conservative—just a Republican, always a Republican. If he can write the party's policies, all the better; but if he can't they are good enough for him anyway. Personally he is neither a roughneck nor a smoothie—just a Kansas fella. And you may take that from his friends. From running a convention to buttoning his shirt he puts everything he has into whatever he is doing at the moment. He shies like an unbroken colt from tasks which do not seem to him to underwrite their own success; but being a gambling man he'll plunge if the stakes are high enough.

Valor with a Tinge of Wisdom

But there has to be something to plunge for. For example, with his build, speed, energy and temperament he might have made quite an athlete of himself. But in school and college he ignored every sport from ping-pong to football because he was convinced that he couldn't play any of them well enough to elevate the redhead of John Daniel Miller Hamilton above the mob. When dying had to be done for dear old Northwestern, John Daniel Miller Hamilton wasn't interested. No career in that.

(Continued on page 60)

CLEVELAND
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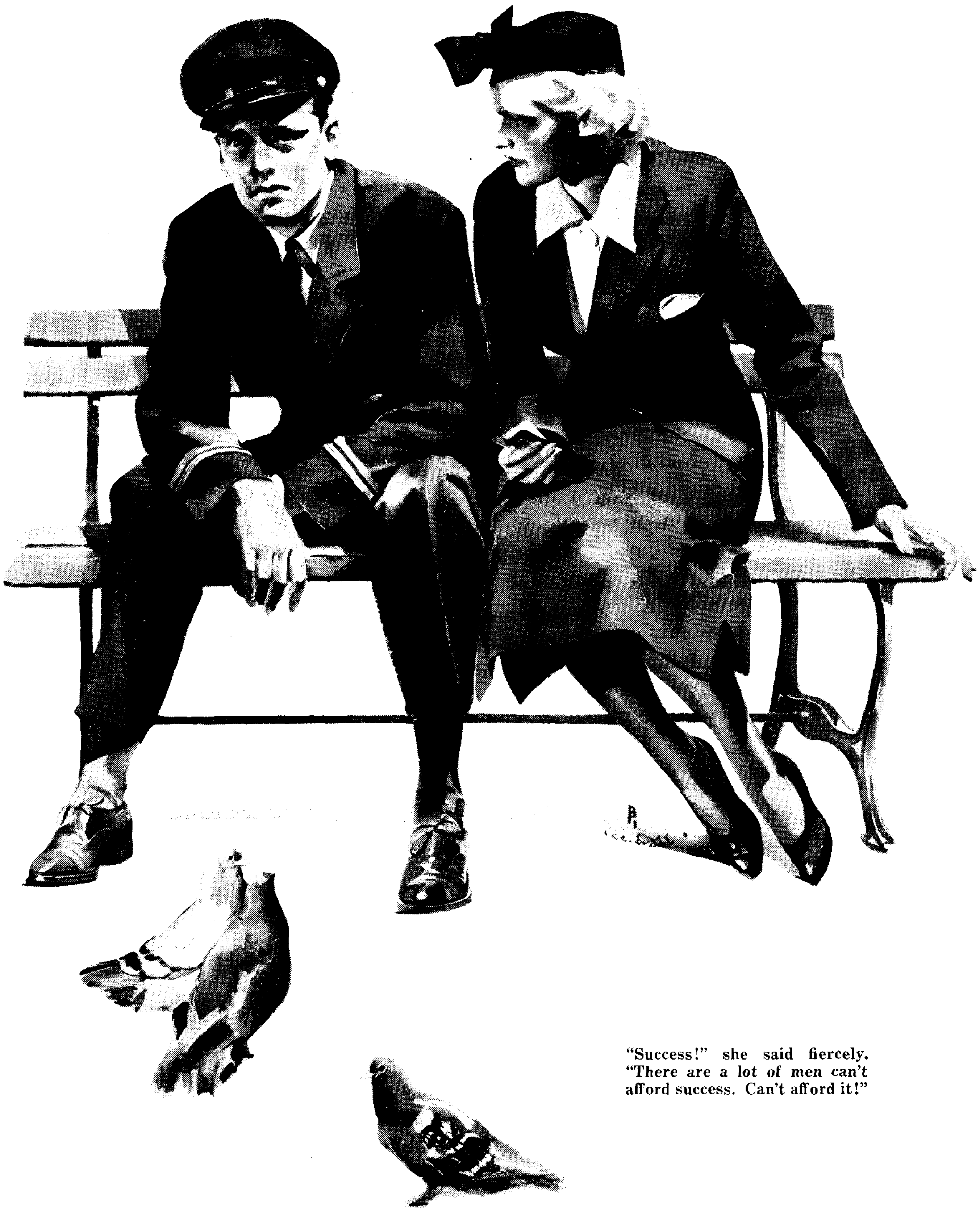
WIDE WORLD

Distance means nothing to the dynamic John Hamilton as he hops from city to city to advance the cause of Alf M. Landon



"Success!" she said fiercely. "There are a lot of men can't afford success. Can't afford it!"

Friday's Girl

The story of a man who had to fight a jinx—and of a girl born on Friday

By Jacland Marmur

FROM the deck of the liner Willamette, the sea boat was lost to sight in the hollows of the long running seas. Only now and again it appeared poised suddenly for a startling moment on the crest of a roller, distinct but woefully small, as if hurled upward in the instant before destruction. Close aboard a foundering wooden hulk, the liner lay in the weather, arcing her slender masts in the stars of the middle watch, with a fresh gale thrumming her funnel stays.

The soiled, gray storm scud still hung in ragged tatters above the horizon's edge, but the half of a moon swung overhead, frozen and brittle and marble-white. It lit up the North Pacific plainly with a ghostly radiance: the Willamette, drooling foam from her sides, the dismasted schooner gutted and all awash, and the small boat in between, cast out to make her way alone in that ruthless fury. Only a few men watched her struggles: the master, anxious on the bridge, and two or three hardy souls in the shelter of the glass promenade. The liner's cabin lights were dark; her passengers slept. And the small boat fought the ocean alone, as if a good deed had nowadays to be done surreptitiously, by stealth and with few witnesses, so as not to offend the modern gods.

It was David Prichard, the Willamette's second officer, who stood in the sternsheets down where the ocean roared, with the steering oar in his fists and the icy spume on his face. A narrow, shyly intense face, with blue eyes that glittered at the green loom of towering seas. The straining faces before him, rocking to the pull of the long ash sweeps, lifted at the end of each stroke, wet and pleading. . . . It's no go, sir, no go. . . . They were only human after all.

But Mr. Prichard would not give in. He held them to it. He had had enough of failure: he wanted the taste of success. He peered forward through the shots of spray as the small boat soared aloft and fell away. In those short moments on the crests he saw clearly the dark specks of men clinging to the battered hulk in the distance. But in the cold green hollows of the seas he lost sight of them altogether. And it was down there he heard suddenly the deep nasal blare of the Willamette's whistle like a summons or a warning. Damn! he thought. What's the Old Man booming it off for? The next moment the small boat lifted sickeningly, and he knew.

"Stern!" Mr. Prichard screamed. "Stern all!" And bitterly he put his weight on the steering sweep.

He saw the full looming bows of the wreck up-ending bleakly to the sky, and a few dark forms leaping into the sea as he fought the boat head to weather.

"She's gone!" he roared at the double bank of straining faces on the thwarts. "Watch that wreckage!"

The Willamette's whistle blared again. But Mr. Prichard and his boat crew kept to the oil-slicked sea. Most of the middle watch was gone when at last they hooked on and gained the liner's deck, drenched, staggering, and exhausted. And the second mate, dragging himself up to the bridge, stopped and stood swaying at the ladder's head.

"Picked up four of them," he reported in a cracked, hoarse voice. "I'm sorry, sir. I tried my—"

"I never hope to see a man try harder," the master interrupted; and he put his hand on Prichard's arm. "You couldn't help her sinking under their feet. Poor devils! Better get below and forget it . . . as soon as you can."

David Prichard turned away. Mechanically, he hauled himself into dry clothing, leaving a dripping heap on the deck of his room. And mechanically he dragged himself into the pantry, drew a mug of bitter black coffee, and with it before him sat himself down at the messroom table, his chin on his chest, his large hands resting loosely on his knees. Seen under that bright light, with the Willamette rolling eastward for the coast once more, his face took on again that shy, sensitive look, and his sand-colored hair gleamed a little in uncombed clusters.

He was still there, brooding, when the first assistant came in, sleepy-eyed, growling. He stopped his complaint when he saw Prichard there, and said nothing until he sat down, coffee mug in front of him, a crust of bread in his paw.

"Coffee!" he boomed disdainfully then. "Tastes more like lye, the time it gets to us. Serves a fellah right for standin' the mornin' trick."

David only grunted, without bothering to raise his head. The engineer looked at him sharply, understandingly. "Stow that!" he growled suddenly. "Stop your moonin'. Ain't your fault the bloomin' hooker sank under 'em. You did a job all right. I heard."

Prichard shook his head; a faint, moody gesture. "Muffed it again, Jock," he murmured.

"Poppycock!" The engineer gulped down a mouthful of hot coffee. "Makin' a misery up for yourself, Davy, that's all. Fellahs have got to expect to drown sometime, sailin' in an old tub like she was. Whole fault's in goin' to sea at all. Why any one does it I never could figure. That schooner was British, wasn't she? Ha! I know." The first assistant snorted again. "Three pound ten a month and . . . well, an expense-free funeral; there's that much to say. An' maybe a big bell to toll for you at Lloyd's . . . if they ain't too busy sellin' corn."

THE second mate of the Willamette grinned wryly, but he didn't move. That old, old familiar complaint. As old as the blubber of the wind outside the deadlighted ports. "Aye," he muttered under his breath.

The engineer pursued his melancholy judgment between swallows of bread sopped in coffee. "You're better off than them chaps by a devil of a way. Ain't you? An' what do you get? I ask you. What do you get? Skipper's berth of a rusty tramp when you're hoary an' crabbed . . . *if* you're in the way o' luck. An' what've you got when you got it? Less'n a chief clerk in a freight office ashore, an' no mistake. In the old days maybe it was different, Davy my boy. But not today. In them days a skipper had his will an' his way. He was master an' no nonsense, either. An owner'd tip his hat, by God! But not today. A skipper or a chief engineer ain't more'n dust beneath a port superintendent's boots. Because we ain't as profitable as once we were. An' that's the real truth of it, Davy m'boy."

He sighed profoundly, wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, and pulled at a whisker-stubbled cheek. Eight bells tinkled faintly on the bridge, and a moment later clanged out on the long bar far below. The first assistant leaped to his feet.

"There she goes. Rise an' shine!" He hitched his belt and went for the alleyway door as though he meant to tear it apart. "Forget it, Davy," he counseled over his shoulder. "Turn in an' rest your eyes."

But David Prichard remained seated, with half his coffee still untouched, thinking it over with himself.

He had heard all that before. It wasn't new. The incubus of failure hung over David Prichard, and he wondered if he should ever walk free from under its dark shade. Failure was a rotten thing. Everyone made you understand that. Funny, but it had never bothered him before. But there was Alice Denton now. And Alice was plainly cut out for all the trappings of success. Alice was pretty, gay, and languidly free in the modern manner. Grab off as big a chunk of the world as you could, no matter how, but at the lowest cost. Prichard frowned, alone in the officers' mess. What a cad! thinking things like that about a girl he loved and wanted to marry. There was no nonsense about Alice, that was all. She knew the sea was a beggar's game. Nothing in it; nothing at all. And she had friends, lots of them who could put a fellow like Dave in the way of something good ashore. That's what he ought to do. You couldn't marry a girl like her on a second officer's pay. He winced. He wasn't a fair-haired boy. Things came hard for him: he hadn't a skipper's rig.

Now Milly was different. Milly wouldn't mind a thing like that. David Prichard frowned darkly. Why should he be thinking of her at all? Someone whose correct name he didn't properly know. But he found himself smiling, that shy wistful smile, as if the stuttering whine of the moderating gale and the noisy hiss of the sea was somehow faintly amusing now. Funny how he met Milly.

It was at the time of another failure of his. He was just out of the Custom House in 'Frisco, and he came walking gloomily along until he struck Post Street and wandered idly into Union Square, a little green park facing St. Francis Hotel; a quiet refuge in the midst of commerce, with the city's stonework making a shadowed well of it at dusk. He dropped wearily to a bench and stared before him, dejected. On all sides the traffic hummed, but opposite him an old man was placidly feeding the pigeons, and the sky, free of fog for once on that mild evening, seemed exceptionally blue, it was so unusual to see. He must have looked woefully forlorn, for of a sudden he heard a voice, calm, with a slight boyish huskiness.

"Out of a job, Mister?" it said consolingly. "Don't let it get you down that way."

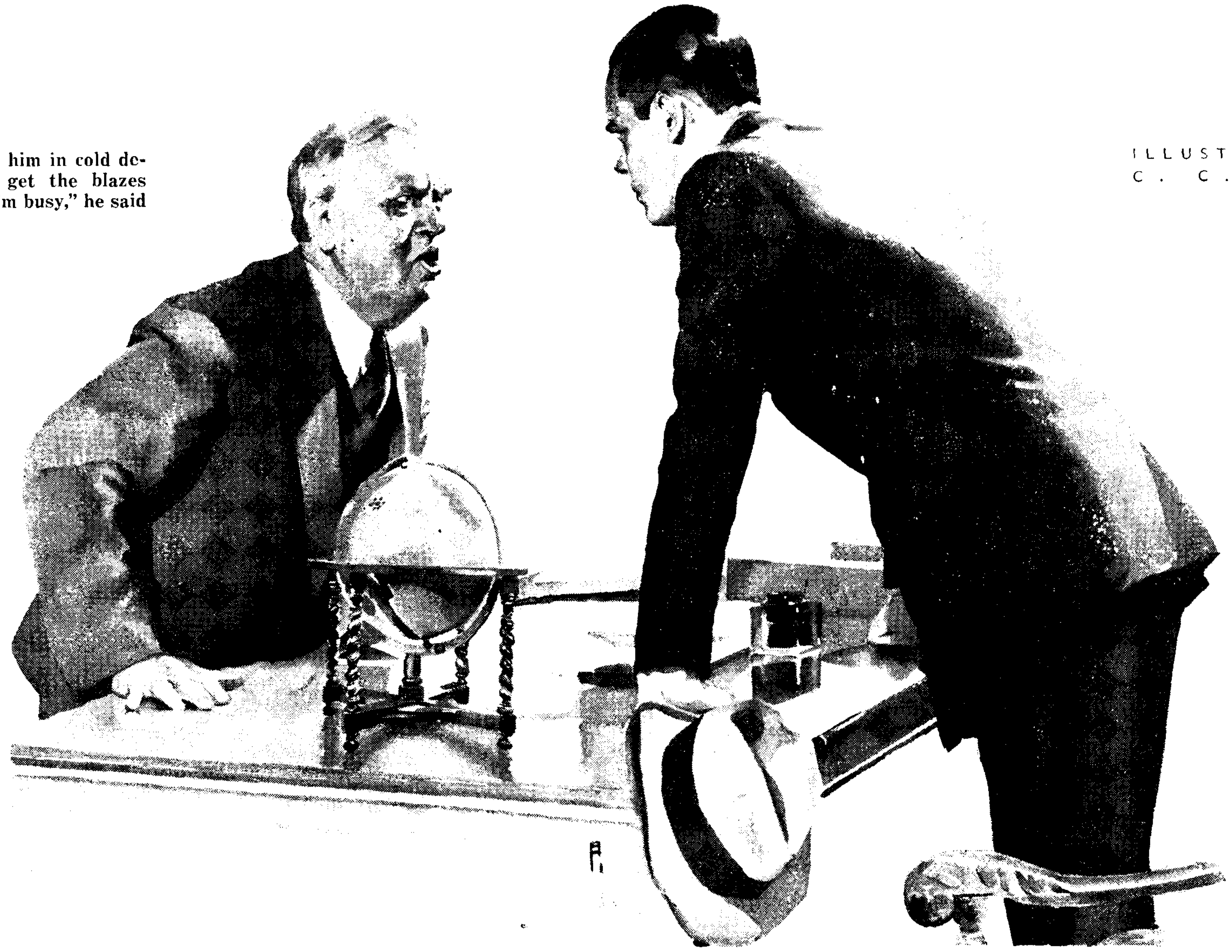
HE TURNED to look at her, sitting beside him. He hadn't noticed her before. A trim little thing in a business suit of dark blue, with a small rakish hat on the side of her head and a pertly up-tilted nose. Her large eyes twinkled, but you could tell at a glance it wasn't to be making fun. And she was munching daintily from a chocolate candy bar she broke off in small bits. David Prichard smiled and shook his head. You couldn't help but smile at her.

"No," he murmured. "I just muffed my exam' again; that's all."

She considered this in sober silence for a moment. Then: "I didn't think you were a college boy. I wouldn't have spoken if I'd known."

He grinned. "I'm not. I'm a sailor.

(Continued on page 42)



DeNeville eyed him in cold derision. "Now get the blazes out of here! I'm busy," he said

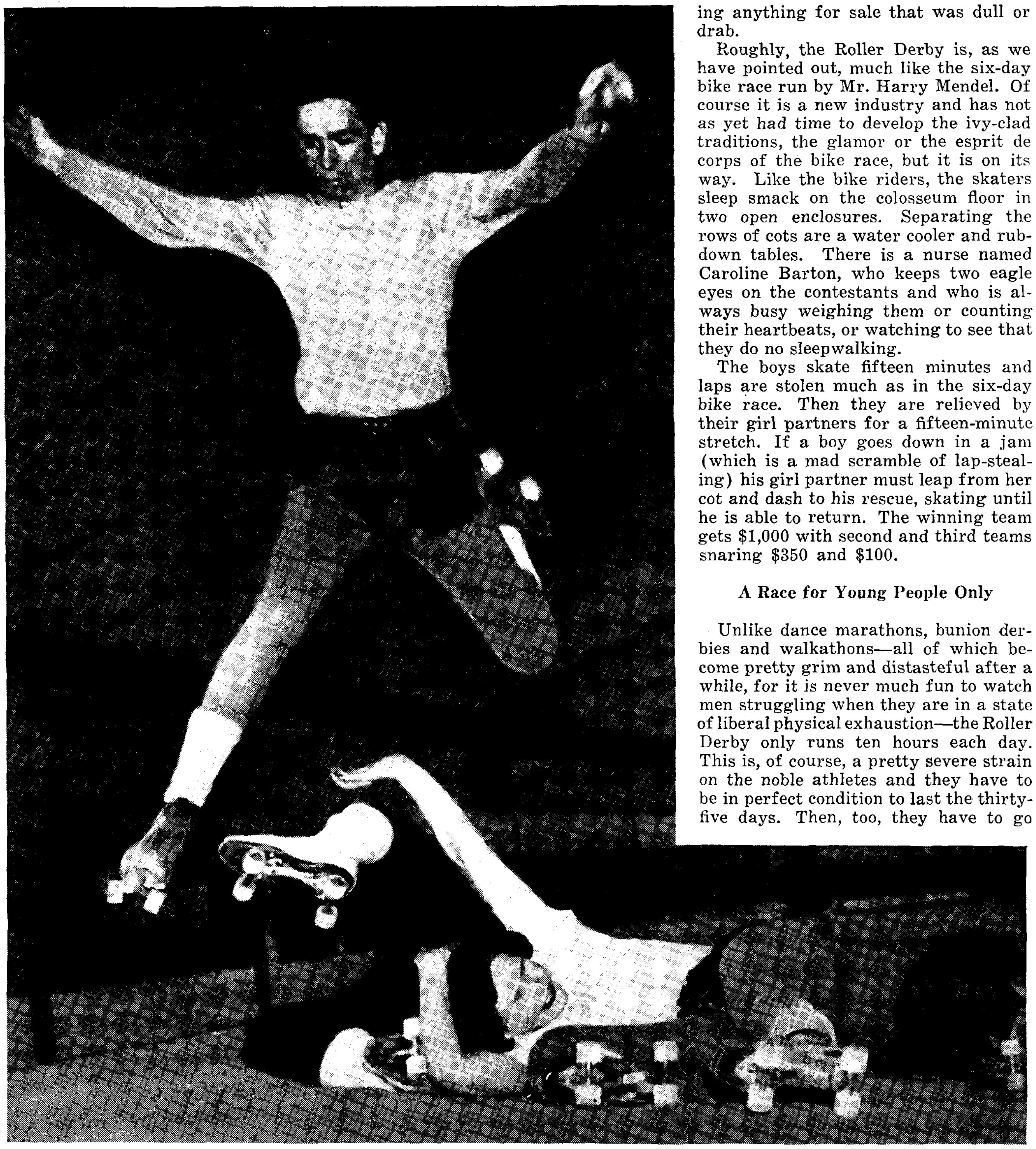
ILLUSTRATED BY C. C. BEALL

ROUND & ROUND

It's a new device to keep you from getting too much sleep. They call it the Roller Derby and it's spreading across the country like measles, with the fastest skaters in the world competing. Give it a whirl

By

Quentin Reynolds


A racing skater hurdles a spilled field during one of the Roller Derbies

COLLIER'S PHOTOGRAPH

IT WAS the night before the Kentucky Derby and everyone was mouthing the names of Brevity, Granville and other Derby candidates which were carrying the hopes and spare change of the racing fraternity. Damon Runyon walked into the midst of a group gathered in the Kentucky Hotel and with a slightly dazed look in his eyes began telling whoever would listen about Schoolboy Creekmore, Joe Nygra, Clara Scholl, Johnny Rosasco and other names which were quite unfamiliar to those who had come to Louisville to watch the gee gee's run.

"Do you think Bold Venture has a chance?" someone asked Runyon.

"That Rosasco, now, is the fastest thing I've ever seen," Runyon said.

"Rosasco? Is that an added starter and who owns the horse?" a puzzled horseman asked.

Runyon gave him a withering look of contempt. "Johnny Rosasco, I mean. The skater. The roller skater. He's in that Roller Derby they're holding over at the Fair Grounds. You should see that thing—nothing like it. Like a six-day bike race except there's girls in it—the fastest skaters in the world."

The boys looked at Runyon with sympathy.

"He's been sitting up too late with that racing sheet," one said.

"All sports writers wind up punch-drunk," another said, and they walked away murmuring darkly of the peculiar conduct of their friend.

But Runyon continued to talk about the Roller Skating Derby when he returned to New York. To date the Roller Derby has been held in Chicago, where it drew 125,000 spectators; Louisville, Miami and Kansas City. A return engagement in Chicago pulled in 225,000 of the faithful and it must now be agreed that this business of six-day bike racing on roller skates is well on its way to becoming a popular fad.

A Roller Derby usually consumes about thirty-five days and it is, if you become an enthusiast, a sure bet to keep you out of bed during a great deal of that time. However, Promoter Leo Seltzer, who invented, owns and operates the Roller Derby (he has it copyrighted now), is a bit kinder than his colleagues who run the six-day bike race. His skaters start about noon and continue only until a little after midnight, thus giving the customers a chance for at least an abbreviated sleep.

"I think a man, even a paying customer, should have four or five hours sleep a night," Seltzer says, solemnly. "Otherwise he would not have the strength to cheer the skaters on the next day."

A New Note in Professional Sport

The Roller Derby is something like this. As in bike races there are teams, but Mr. Seltzer, with one eye to beauty and the other on gate receipts, has introduced a pulchritudinous note which has always been neglected in bike races. The teams are co-educational, so to speak, consisting of one boy and one girl. I might add also that the Roller Derby is in no sense a barney, a boat race, a fakeroo, nor is the eventual result ever in the bag, not even a small bag. It is as on-the-level as a cat fight and it was this strictly amateur aspect of a professional event which caused Mr. Runyon to wax enthusiastic over it, for Mr. Runyon has been peering at lackadaisical prize fighters, weary ball players and rheumatic athletes of all kinds and of various degrees of larceny-mindedness for many years and the sight of thirty-five youngsters going hell bent for leather during a gruelling thirty-five days was to him both a novelty and a delight.

But to get back to what the Roller Derby is like. There are usually about seventeen teams entered in the race which is, roughly, a four-thousand-mile affair. A huge map is placed at one end of the colosseum or arena and on the map are colored lights snaking a path from San Diego to New York. Each day the skaters must go a prescribed distance and to add a bit of zest to it the distance is always placed between two towns—for instance, the skaters on one day must go from Meeker Creek, Wyoming, to Point of Rocks, Wyoming, which is about ninety miles. The next day they will go from Point of Rocks to some town approximately ninety miles east. This adds what is known as customer interest or color to the whole affair. In fact this Roller Derby is just full of color, due to the fact that Mr. Leon Seltzer is a very colorful gent himself and he would never think of offering anything for sale that was dull or drab.

Roughly, the Roller Derby is, as we have pointed out, much like the six-day bike race run by Mr. Harry Mendel. Of course it is a new industry and has not as yet had time to develop the ivy-clad traditions, the glamor or the esprit de corps of the bike race, but it is on its way. Like the bike riders, the skaters sleep smack on the colosseum floor in two open enclosures. Separating the rows of cots are a water cooler and rubdown tables. There is a nurse named Caroline Barton, who keeps two eagle eyes on the contestants and who is always busy weighing them or counting their heartbeats, or watching to see that they do no sleepwalking.

The boys skate fifteen minutes and laps are stolen much as in the six-day bike race. Then they are relieved by their girl partners for a fifteen-minute stretch. If a boy goes down in a jam (which is a mad scramble of lap-stealing) his girl partner must leap from her cot and dash to his rescue, skating until he is able to return. The winning team gets $1,000 with second and third teams sharing $350 and $100.

A Race for Young People Only

Unlike dance marathons, bunion derbies and walkathons—all of which become pretty grim and distasteful after a while, for it is never much fun to watch men struggling when they are in a state of liberal physical exhaustion—the Roller Derby only runs ten hours each day. This is, of course, a pretty severe strain on the noble athletes and they have to be in perfect condition to last the thirty-five days. Then, too, they have to go through a long course of training before they are allowed to compete in the race. All of the skaters are former amateur champions and the Roller Derby field comprises perhaps the fastest group of skaters ever gotten together.

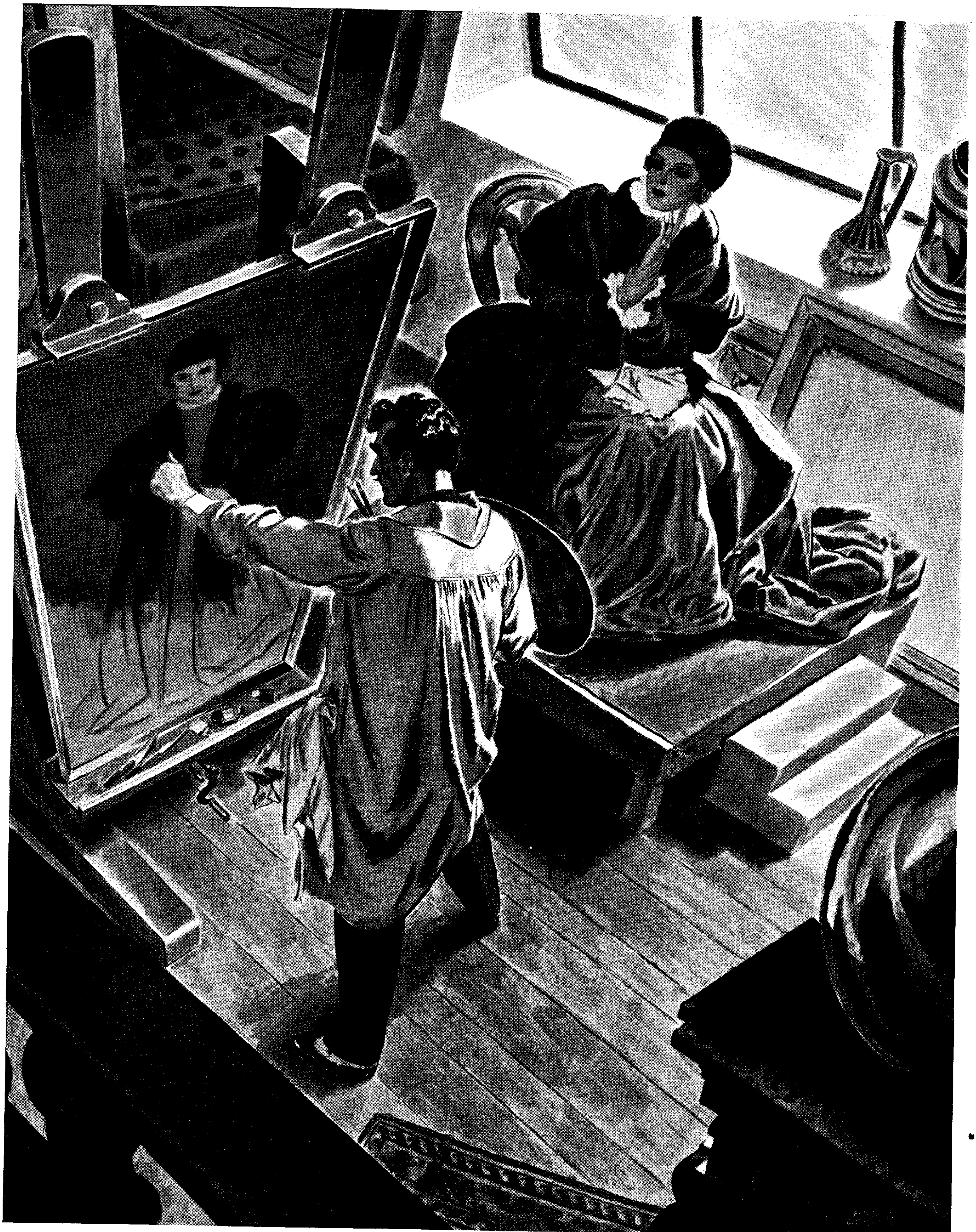
Joie Ray tried it last year. Once greatest of runners, he performed creditably in dancing marathons and walkathons but the league of youngsters in the Derby was too fast for him. After five days the kids ran or skated him dizzy and he had to retire. This is distinctly a young man's game, which brings us, of course, to the consideration of "Ma" Bogash and her son Bill.

Ma Bogash is forty-two and is the only contestant in the race (almost invariably the field is the same in each contest) who is over thirty. She and her son form one of the sturdiest teams in the race.

"I've been roller skating all my life," she laughed when I asked her how she ever got into this peculiar form of madness. "I always loved skating too. I went into an amateur race just for fun and I won it. I won a few more and then started encouraging my son, Bill, to skate. When the Roller Derby came along we naturally teamed up."

The toughest part of the race is the

(*Continued on page* 38)



"These," Ross St. Hubert said lightly, "have been the happiest days of my life, I think." He worked away attentively, not looking at her

Bread into Roses

By Kathleen Norris

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ILLUSTRATED BY MARIO COOPER

The Story Thus Far:

SUSANNAH FARJEON and the wealthy Johnny Wardell meet in China. A high-pressure courtship ensues; and presently Susannah's mother—Eva Farjeon, a widow, who has had a hard time making both ends meet—learns, to her joy, that "Sanna" has promised to marry the young American. Mrs. Farjeon's happiness is short-lived, however; on a trans-Pacific liner, en route from China to San Francisco, Sanna tells her mother that she has been jilted!

A proud woman, Eva Farjeon is furious. Sanna, on the contrary, accepts the situation philosophically; she had never really loved Johnny Wardell. . . . The boat pushes out to sea, and within a few days Sanna meets a man she *does* love: Alexander Hazeltyne, New Yorker, world-wanderer, capitalist. When he asks her to marry him, she accepts him without question.

Their wedding takes place in the Park Avenue apartment of Sanna's aunt, Madame Fernando di Mendoza. Glorious, never-to-be-forgotten days follow. Alex (married once before, to a lovely New Yorker who had died) has a three-year-old son: Phil. The boy is put in a baby school; after which, the Hazeltynes plunge into a mad whirl of social activities, interrupted only by the birth of Sanna's baby, a girl.

And Sanna is ecstatically happy. It does not occur to her that anything can mar the bright perfection of her life. But something can. And something does. Alec has a protégée: Merle Sargent, a Russian-English girl. He introduces her to Sanna, brings her to his home from time to time. Sanna rather likes her; she regards her as an innocuous young person who is, perhaps, a trifle too innocent for her own good, in a city like New York.

It is quite by accident that she learns the truth. Following a luncheon party, downtown, Alec (who has "business" awaiting him at the office) walks away with Merle. Sanna steps into her car, and drives off. Glancing up, a few moments later, she sees her husband and the girl. Alec is smiling at his companion. And well Sanna knows that smile—the age-old smile of the admiring, humoring, conquering male, in the presence of his quarry!

IV

THE wretchedness of knowing that she had lost her husband burned in Susannah's heart like an acid, but she could say nothing about it that afternoon when Alec came into the warmth and pleasantness of Ross St. Hubert's studio. A dozen of his friends were there, artists, musicians, Bohemians generally; there were cocktails; Susannah and Alec loitered until the last possible moment, and then took three other persons uptown with them in their car. No chance for a word alone, and no chance before the early opera dinner, for which they dressed rapidly in their separate dressing-rooms. Susannah came home before Alec did from the after-opera party, and was established comfortably in bed and reading when he came in at one o'clock.

He looked extraordinarily handsome in his full evening dress, she thought, with his hair somewhat untidy and his mood good-natured and mellowed after a good evening. But then Alec was always handsome.

"Sneaked out on me, did you?"

"Well, you'd just started another rubber, and I knew that if I went Kathryn could get to bed."

"Pretty good music. I mean what's-his-name, the little Frenchman."

"André. Yes."

She was answering him guardedly, only waiting her moment to strike. The resentment that had been burning in her heart ever since luncheon had long ago formed itself into the words she meant to use. Susannah lay comfortably in her pale rose-colored pillows and soft satin comforters; her reading lamp sent a rosy glow over her serious face and the hanging superb braids of bronze hair. The ivory satin of her nightgown was no softer in color and texture than her skin.

Alec proceeded unsuspectingly with his preparations for bed. He went to and fro in the dimly lighted place, sometimes yawning a little and sometimes humming.

"Think opera's worth while?" he presently asked.

"Sometimes." Should she begin now? "Alec," she intended to say quietly and firmly, "you hurt me very much when you asked me especially to lunch alone with you on my birthday, as it happens—not that that matters—and then ask Sam Paulheim and Merle Sargent to come too. It isn't that I don't like Merle, and that I'm not perfectly willing to lunch with your men friends, but I simply want to ask you how *you* would feel if I took a great fancy to some attractive young British-Russian *man*, and asked him to come along on our parties—included him in everything we did— What did you say?" she ended, aloud, suddenly realizing that he had asked her some question, and had paused in the center of the room expecting an answer.

"I ASKED you if Lynn told you about Barb and Lippy."

"No," Susannah said, startled out of her determination to be brief and unfriendly. "What is it?"

"Splitting."

"Not getting a divorce?" Susannah asked, shocked.

"Yep. She found out about him and that little blonde—remember? The girl he had at the theater that night, when she was in Europe. We saw them."

"But Alec, with those two little girls! I think that's awful."

"Why should she care?" Alec demanded, sitting down as he took off his shoes. "Why should she *care* what he does?"

"Well, but Alec," Susannah argued, but in a much less firm tone than she had intended to take a few minutes earlier. "If he actually did—if he actually *was* unfaithful to her, don't you think she had a right to resent it?"

"Not in that case I don't."

"You mean on account of Freddie?"

"Well, of course. I was best man for Lippincott when he was married to Barbara Watts," Alec said. "I've known them both since I was a kid. She never has had any sense!"

"Yes, but Alec, she never went as far with Freddie—I *know* it, I know it from the way she talks! Barb wouldn't—she'd go pretty far—but nothing serious. Honestly."

"That's the way women work it out, that everything's all right as long as they don't actually jump over the traces," Alec observed, returning from the bathroom in pajamas, and getting into his own bed. "My Lord, I'm tired!" he interpolated with a yawn. "They can hurt a man, make a fool of him, get everyone talking," he went on, "but just so long as they stop short of the final thing they're not to be blamed, and they can kick him out if *he* goes too far. Lippy has had an affair with this little Ada—Ida, whatever her name is—everyone knows that! But Barb never knew about it until it was practically all over. He never flaunted his affair in her face the way she did hers with Freddie. He never played with it and gloried in it the way she did! Why, I remember, down there at Alan's once—you were there, and she came down to the dock and said that she was going into town in Freddie's yacht—remember?"

"Yes, I know. But after all—that's Barb. She was proud of having gotten Freddie away from Marlys. She was just showing off. It seems perfectly terrible to me to have those people break up. Those nice little girls and all—"

"You can bet it seems terrible to me," Alec said, jerking covers about and shoving pillows away preparatory to sleep. "And some day I hope women will get it through their heads that it's just as rotten to pretend to be doing a thing—to want to do it and not have the nerve, as to do it!"

Distracted from her original intention, Susannah lay musing in the soft pink circle of the night light. And as she mused a certain mood of satisfaction, a certain sense of well-being took possession of her. Men and women must not be too critical of each other; marriage did not transform them into angels. Hers was an exceptionally distinguished position; she must not hold Alec to any line of conduct as a mill girl might jealously hold her man. Everyone in Alec's circle flirted; there was far too much freedom; it was considered smart—almost necessary—to be playing with some little love affair on the side. She must stop thinking about Merle.

Alec, just going off to sleep, roused up. "Oh, the Len Grants wanted us for Sunday. It was rather a satisfaction to say that I couldn't possibly go."

Instantly her jealousy was burning at white heat again. He had an engagement with Merle, of course! In a rather constrained voice Susannah said:

"What are you doing on Sunday?"

"Why, aren't all of us going to Palm Beach on Saturday?" he demanded, sleepily surprised.

"Oh, of course we are!" Susannah was trying to laugh at herself and her fears as she went to sleep.

JUST a month later the sittings to Ross St. Hubert began. Susannah had recently attended a bal masqué in a costume copied from Holbein's beautiful portrait of Christina, Duchess of Milan. The severely plain lines had been so flattering to Susannah's splendid height and regular features that it had been decided between herself, Alec and the painter that the new portrait should be fashioned after the old one.

Standing on the model's platform in Ross' big studio Susannah dreamed endless dreams, and remembered one by one the events of her crowded thirty months of married life. When one day the painter said curiously:

"What are you thinking about, Mrs. Hazeltyne, when your eyes go blank that way?" she could answer with a laugh: "Everything. I've not had time to think like this for years."

The bright panorama was only a panorama, that was the trouble. Under its undeniable joys and excitements, the pattern of flattery, travel, the opera, visits, dinners and swims, the tennis and dancing and theater, the opera box and the Tiffany pearls, there was a strange emptiness, a feeling that somehow reality was escaping her, that the business of being amused was altogether too successful. Life wasn't, after all, only amusement, or was it? Was one supposed to be fortunate in finding it only a matter of hurrying into delightful new clothes, racing to new places, meeting new people, helping oneself to chicken aspic, shaking one's head at the terrapin, consulting with 'Liza about Friday's dinner, sending flowers to the Dinsmore funeral, the Spottiswood wedding, the Frawley baby, and to poor Tina Morris, still in the hospital?

ALL these things were pleasant, of course, and to be young and nice-looking and popular was more than pleasant. But somehow one never had time to stop and savor the taste of life as the stream of it flowed by. It would be good to find some quiet inlet where the waters were still enough for reflection, where one might sense the joy of the moment, rather than plan breathlessly for a dozen mingled treats in the future.

The two or three weeks immediately following Evelina's birth should have been a peaceful time. But between her own two nurses and the baby's nurses, scores of boxes of flowers to admire and acknowledge, and a daily stream of callers, Susannah had found that this time flew by like a dream with all the rest. The trip to Europe had been only a succession of social events, on the boat, in London, in Paris, back on the boat again; there had been always cocktails, men and women in evening dress, bridge and dancing, brief walks about the deck constantly interrupted by greetings, by stewards with bouillon or tea, by encounters with friends, old and new.

Palm Beach had of course been the same thing, accentuated and underlined as everything was in Palm Beach.

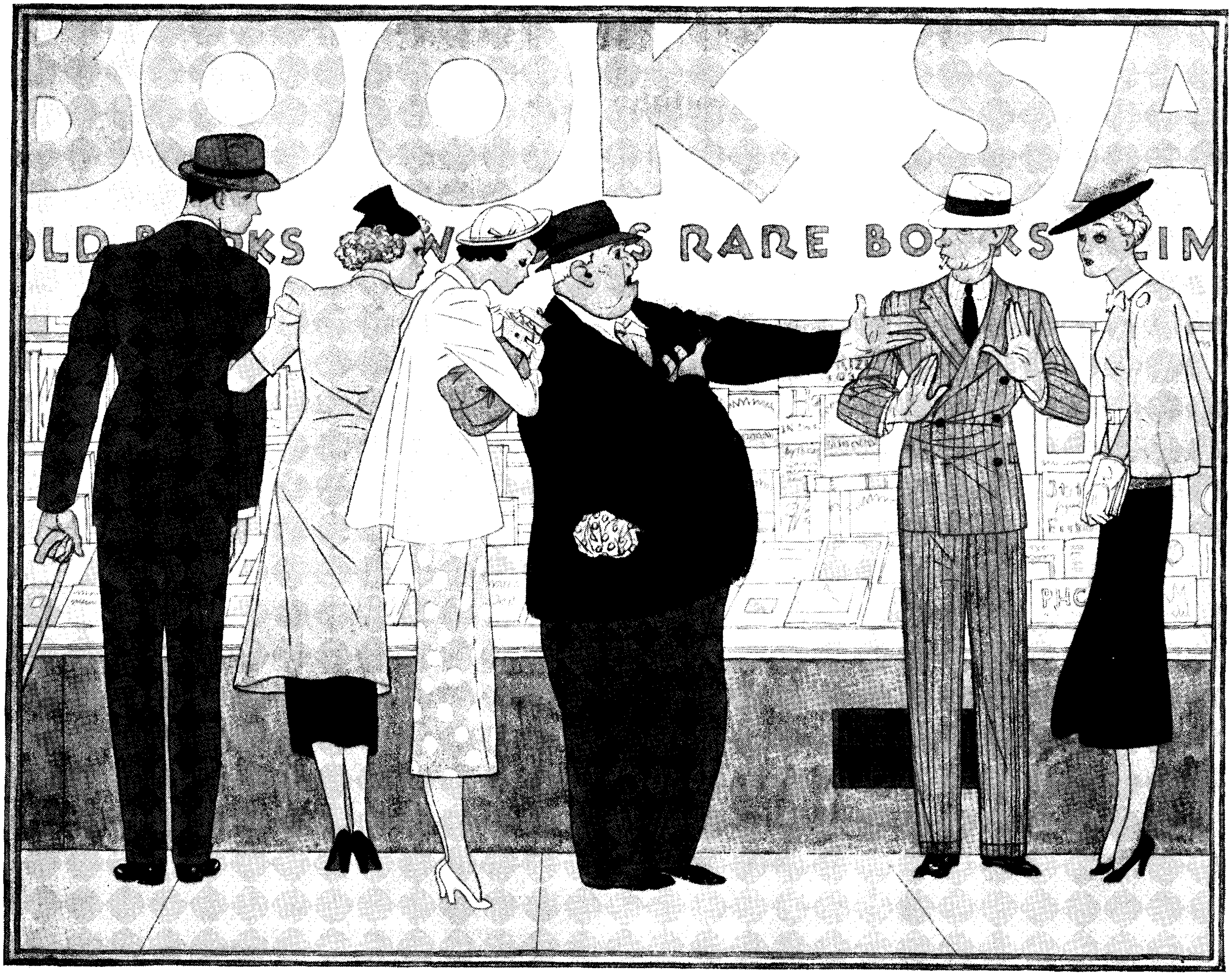
"Why couldn't there be some little place where Alec and the baby and I could be alone together?" Susannah mused. "Nothing normal can live in this sort of atmosphere—nothing normal *does* live. These men and women aren't really married; they don't depend on each other, need each other. The children haven't any real home life, any real parents. Divorce has split up most of their homes, and even the others have no home associations. Boarding schools and summer camps, tutors taking them to the Junior Symphonies and the Academy of Natural History, tickets for every movie or show that seems educational or suitable for children—that's not the right way to bring them up."

And she thought with an ache in her heart of the tiny Evelina. Well, she really was only a lump of sweet little unconscious baby flesh now; Nursey and Milly could do more for her than her mother could do. It would be a ridiculous affectation for Susannah to assume full charge of her, exhaust herself giving the baby baths and bottles, sit beside her while she slept.

But the months were moving fast—

"I'll be sorry when these sittings are over, Ross," she said one day. The

(*Continued on page 28*)



"I'll work these ten fingers to the bone before I'll beg," he cried

Moocher's Day

By Arthur "Bugs" Baer

The edifying story of an adept in the art of getting something for nothing

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF

MOOCHER disappeared by stepping out of the shadows into the sunlight. It was a neat trick by a man who was a bag of neat tricks. The police wanted to interview him about a matter in which he was an innocent bystander. In Moocher's world the innocent bystander was guilty. Certain gentlemen also desired to interview him before the official catechism took place. They didn't want answers to their questions. Not desiring to join either civic movement, Moocher deserted the caves of Broadway and came forth into the day.

"Find Moocher," said headquarters. "He will talk like a sailor's parrot."

"Grab Moocher," said the certain gentlemen, "before he turns on the record. He was vaccinated with a phonograph needle."

Thereupon, Moocher evaporated by simply reversing the clock, which uckcooed instead of cuckooing. The night clubs, those upholstered sewers, knew him no more. His removal from the nocturnal pastorale reduced the number of multiple financial lacerations suffered by those who walked at the twitching hour of midnight in the catacombs of the late martyrs. For Moocher was what Broadway called a cheap chiseler. Equipped by disposition with three sharkish rows of teeth, he preferred to nibble.

Physically, he was as harmless as cold tea. And just as clammy. He was in a world under the underworld. Like a tassel on a white elephant's ceremonial harness he was on the fringe of big things. Headquarters knew Moocher as a pidge. The neighbors' children regarded him in much the same way without ever having the proof that would have frozen him to the eight ball.

MOOCHER was safe in the daytime because his world, including its custodians, awoke at twilight and went to sleep at dawn. He had to learn new ways of making a living. Which he did inside of ten days. Like a snail, he eased the friction of his progress with a faint streak of slime, visible for a few minutes after he had gone. A chiseler is a man who would steal burning celluloid and never notice the odor. In the official ratings of larceny he is a retailer. Drop him on a continent impoverished and devastated by flood, famine, drought and poverty, and he would rob the dead.

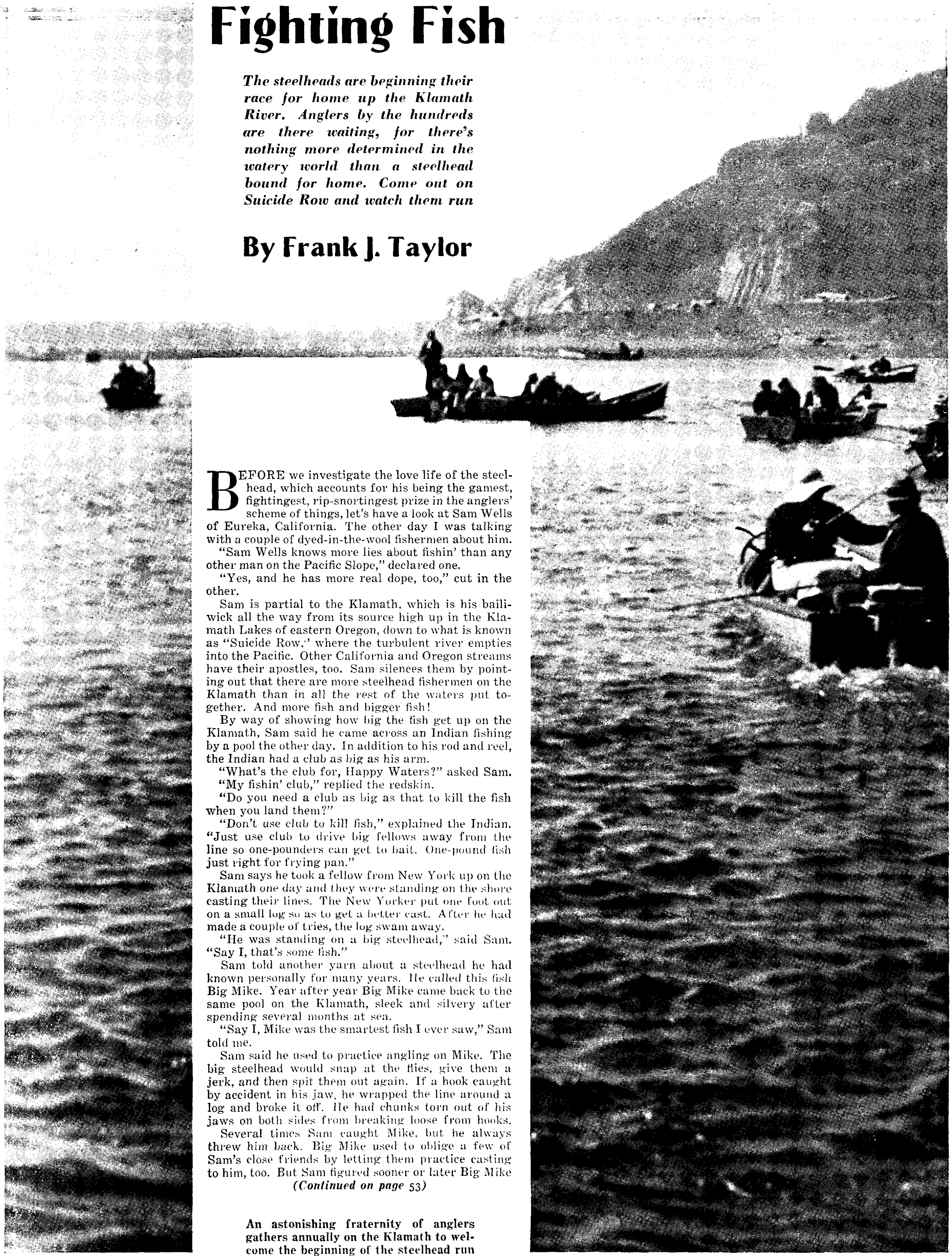
He emerged from his brownstone front on as nice a June morning as the summer could afford. Although feeling reasonably safe in his new environment he swiveled his neck east and west in a furtive survey of his concentrated horizon. He was arranged as neatly as stamps in an album, and wore high button shoes so he could carry a button hook. Strange, but as true as the Greenwich meridian. Under his arm he carried a package endorsed with the name of the smartest men's store in town. A package like this, even when empty, is like epaulets in the Navy. It will get you into the best society. It is something like a paper hat and a horn on New Year's

(Continued on page 51)

Fighting Fish

The steelheads are beginning their race for home up the Klamath River. Anglers by the hundreds are there waiting, for there's nothing more determined in the watery world than a steelhead bound for home. Come out on Suicide Row and watch them run

By Frank J. Taylor



BEFORE we investigate the love life of the steelhead, which accounts for his being the gamest, fightingest, rip-snortingest prize in the anglers' scheme of things, let's have a look at Sam Wells of Eureka, California. The other day I was talking with a couple of dyed-in-the-wool fishermen about him.

"Sam Wells knows more lies about fishin' than any other man on the Pacific Slope," declared one.

"Yes, and he has more real dope, too," cut in the other.

Sam is partial to the Klamath, which is his bailiwick all the way from its source high up in the Klamath Lakes of eastern Oregon, down to what is known as "Suicide Row," where the turbulent river empties into the Pacific. Other California and Oregon streams have their apostles, too. Sam silences them by pointing out that there are more steelhead fishermen on the Klamath than in all the rest of the waters put together. And more fish and bigger fish!

By way of showing how big the fish get up on the Klamath, Sam said he came across an Indian fishing by a pool the other day. In addition to his rod and reel, the Indian had a club as big as his arm.

"What's the club for, Happy Waters?" asked Sam.

"My fishin' club," replied the redskin.

"Do you need a club as big as that to kill the fish when you land them?"

"Don't use club to kill fish," explained the Indian. "Just use club to drive big fellows away from the line so one-pounders can get to bait. One-pound fish just right for frying pan."

Sam says he took a fellow from New York up on the Klamath one day and they were standing on the shore casting their lines. The New Yorker put one foot out on a small log so as to get a better cast. After he had made a couple of tries, the log swam away.

"He was standing on a big steelhead," said Sam. "Say I, that's some fish."

Sam told another yarn about a steelhead he had known personally for many years. He called this fish Big Mike. Year after year Big Mike came back to the same pool on the Klamath, sleek and silvery after spending several months at sea.

"Say I, Mike was the smartest fish I ever saw," Sam told me.

Sam said he used to practice angling on Mike. The big steelhead would snap at the flies, give them a jerk, and then spit them out again. If a hook caught by accident in his jaw, he wrapped the line around a log and broke it off. He had chunks torn out of his jaws on both sides from breaking loose from hooks. Several times Sam caught Mike, but he always threw him back. Big Mike used to oblige a few of Sam's close friends by letting them practice casting to him, too. But Sam figured sooner or later Big Mike

(*Continued on page* 53)

An astonishing fraternity of anglers gathers annually on the Klamath to welcome the beginning of the steelhead run

Trouble Shooter

By Ernest Haycox

The Story Thus Far:

THE great "race" between the Union Pacific Railroad and the Central Pacific (the former building west, the latter building east) is on—which will reach the junction point first? While the nation observes with interest, Frank Peace, a young Union engineer, is striving hard to control a gang of ruffians, who, directed by "Big Sid" Campeaux, a noted gambler, are causing the Union much trouble.

As the rail-head moves ahead, two girls go with it: Eileen Oliver, who, engaged to Peace, accompanies her father, a rail-end store-keeper; and Nan Normandy, who, for reasons of her own, has come West with Campeaux, and who is searching for her father, supposed to be somewhere in the West. Thrown constantly with Nan Normandy, who opens a little restaurant at each rail-head, Peace learns to admire her; and, since he makes no effort to hide his feelings, Eileen becomes jealous—hating the West, she urges Peace to go East.

But Frank Peace does not go East. He is engaged in a desperate struggle with Campeaux's men who make many attempts to assassinate him. Once, seriously wounded by a gang of hoodlums, he falls unconscious; and Nan Normandy, who witnesses the shooting, has him carried to her room. Whereupon, Eileen's jealousy finds fresh food. . . .

Nan Normandy succeeds in finding her father. Known as "Bill Wallen," he has been roving the West for years. . . .

The Union reaches Ogden, Utah, its first train steams into the little city—and the race is won. Three hundred miles to the west, the Central is still laying track frantically. In Ogden, Bill Wallen comes to his daughter. They discuss their plans, agree that they should leave Utah. "I'd like to see the rails come together," Wallen says. "Then we'll go." When he leaves, Nan sits motionless for a long time. It is not possible to shut out of her mind's eye the picture of a man—the man she loves. She can say goodby to him; but she can never forget—*Frank Peace.*

Conclusion

DUKE RING came through the alley door into Campeaux's office. Campeaux stirred a little in the chair, shoulders rolling. He lighted up a half-smoked cigar. "Ring," he said, "you're a pretty good blackjack player."

"Sure," said Ring.

"I hear Roy Lovelace's luck ain't been very good."

"That's right."

Campeaux opened a drawer. He laid a roll of gold pieces on the desk. "Take that," he said, "and go bust him. If you lose, come back here for another thousand. If you win, drag your thousand and play his money. Double it up."

Ring listened to his instructions carefully. "It's his cards I'm buckin'," he observed.

"He's square," said Campeaux. "He's square—and a fool. Do what I tell you."

Ring put the money in his pocket and left the room. He started to shut the door, but Brett and Cordray had been waiting there. They came in. Cordray closed the door and put his back to it, his skeleton-thin body needing support. Campeaux had turned to his desk, but he swung around again and took a long, cool look at these two men. Brett showed him a dry grin.

"Just to jog your memory, Sid. We want our money."

"What money?"

Brett's grin lengthened across his lips, pale and containing no humor. He talked over his shoulder, to Cordray. "Hear that, Jack? Sid don't remember. We thought you wouldn't, Sid. Four thousand dollars was the amount we took from old man Oliver's store in Bryan. That's ours."

"Sure," murmured Campeaux. "But you don't get it, now."

"No," said Brett smoothly. "No?"

"This business is about over," stated Campeaux. "I can see you boys are gettin' restless to pull out. I've made a meal ticket for you, Al, all the way from Fremont and I guess you've done a little for gettin' yourself."

"Peace?" suggested Al Brett.

"Afraid of him?" asked Campeaux.

"I'll pick my time," said Brett.

Campeaux's scorn was more and more evident. "I've heard that before. Here's Cordray, wholly useless to me. And here you are, goin' yellow."

Brett's cheeks whitened until only two round small bright stains of color remained high on his cheekbones. "You're a little brash, Sid."

"I saw you back up from Peace," growled Campeaux. "He backed you and Cordray against that wall. He called you every name a white man ain't. Both of you brave boys stood there, sickly as ever I saw men look."

Cordray shook his head. He said in a dead, weary tone: "Never mind, Sid. Never mind. Brett knows what he's doing."

"And what's he doing?" challenged Campeaux.

"Holdin' off, Sid. Holdin' off till Peace forgets to be careful. That's—"

BRETT grunted: "Be quiet, Jack." Yellow light flickered out of his eyes—heatless and wicked. "No man speaks to me that way, Sid. You hear?"

"I spoke to you that way," retorted Campeaux.

Whiteness crept more and more around the edge of Brett's nose—the pure pallor of a man sickened in his stomach, or of a man whose passions crowd his blood back into its main channels. But in the end Brett let his stiff muscles relax. "All right, Sid. You're welshin' on that money. That's bright. You make a small fortune and use men like me to do your dirty chores. Then you welsh on 'em. Very bright, Sid. But listen. I'll ask you once more for that money. When I do, I want it."

"You know how to get it."

"That's right—I do," said Brett. "Come on, Jack."

Outside, Brett stopped Cordray. He only touched Cordray's arm, but the latter's body was so weak that this little pressure whirled him half around. "Listen, Jack. I don't want Peace to see you and me together. Catch the next work train out to Blue Creek."

Cordray was seized by a long and terrible spell of coughing. Standing back, Brett watched the man with a glance that was impersonal and without sympathy. Cordray finally got possession of his breath. "We better get this over with soon," he gasped. "I ain't got much farther to go."

"It'll be soon," said Brett; and stood in the shadows, watching Cordray walk uncertainly toward the depot.

Peace came in from Blue Creek that night, as weary as he had ever known himself to be, and went to Eileen's. She saw the dull, ground-in need for sleep when she kissed him. It impelled her to push him toward a chair—and to go make a cup of coffee.

He had the satisfaction of knowing that the long fight was about over; for this day Durant of the Union and Huntington of the Central had come at last to an understanding. The two right of ways which, if the fight kept up, promised to parallel each other from Omaha to San Francisco without ever joining, were to meet ten miles beyond Blue Creek, at the top of the Promontory Range. He told Eileen that.

"But it's been a hell of a month. We got caught short at the edge of those hills. There's no decent grade from the flats up into Promontory. We've been working twenty-four-hour shifts, lifting the grade by long fills."

SHE brought him his coffee, and sat beside him. "But it's over?" she said.

He noticed the deep relief in her voice. "Almost," he said.

She said: "Are you glad, Frank?"

"I suppose so."

She considered him, calm and clear-minded. "I have wondered. It is your life. So much so. When it is done there will be so many things to regret losing, so many friends to leave."

"How do you know that, Eileen?"

She said: "Your feelings are very deep, Frank. You don't show them—but they are."

He said: "It's time you and I did some talking."

She got up, plainly agitated by his words. She moved around the room. "Whatever you wish," she murmured.

"Dodge wants me to be in Texas within a month. We have that month, Eileen. I think we had better begin it pretty soon."

She whirled. "Frank," she said swiftly, "are you sure?"

He dragged himself out of his thinking. Excitement unsteadied her features; and faint fear was in her glance. He got up and went over to her. "I answered that question once before," he told her.

"I know. But sometimes I'm frightened."

"Why?"

"Things happen to you. They always do and they always will. You can't help being what you are. You can't ever stop men from liking you—and women from loving you. You can't ever stop other men from wanting to kill you. I wish we were a thousand miles from here."

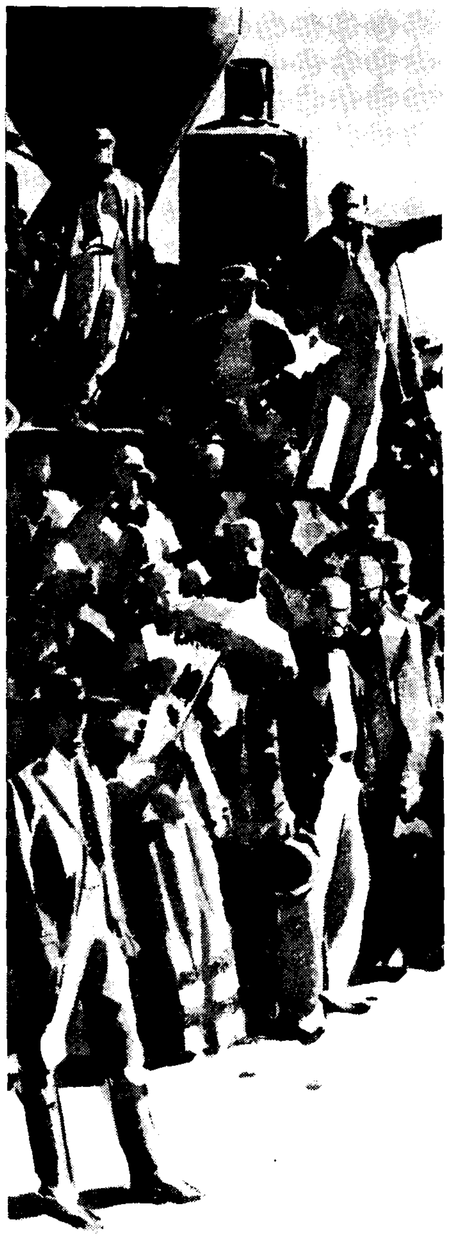
"SPRING'S here," he said gently, "and the world's a pretty pleasant place. Let's have a look at this Queen City. I'd like to hear Abe Klein up on a soapbox making a speech about real estate in Corinne."

They went through the store. Ben Latimer stood in the doorway, staring into the restless traffic and not hearing them come up behind him. Eileen said, "Ben," in an affectionate voice. He stepped aside for them, looking soberly down at the girl. He had no answer for her smile; and afterward, ignoring Peace, he wheeled back into the room.

They went along with the flow of the crowd, her hand holding Peace's arm.

"Ben," said Peace, "feels badly about this. He loves you."

"Do you mind?" she whispered.



ILLUSTRATED BY DONALD TEAGUE

He looked down at her and his smile was very gentle. "How could he help himself? I'm sorry for him."

"You're—you're not jealous?"

"No," he said. Afterward her silence turned his eyes again; and he saw that his answer had in some strange way hurt her feelings.

Down the street a tar flare sent up a round smoky light; and a crowd blocked the corner entirely, listening to a man speak from an impromptu platform.

Al Brett turned the edges of this crowd, coming forward. He saw Peace, and stopped; and his reckless face showed a thin smiling as he removed his hat and bowed to Eileen. Peace, covering this man with an alert and steady stare, felt Eileen's fingers dig into his arm. But Brett's smile broadened.

"Peace," he said, "I wish you well."

Peace drawled, "From you, Al, that's an unnatural wish."

"I realize it sounds poorly," murmured Brett. His yellow head stirred and his glance jerked around, sizing up the crowd; it was a habit he could not break, rising as it did from his self-preserving instincts. The ruddy, cream complexion of the man strengthened in the guttering light of the tar flare; vitality and arrogance showed plainly through him. "I've been looking for you," added Brett.

Across the narrow space the straight-stacked Rogers of the Union faced the Central's *Jupiter*. *Spectators crowded around*

"I'm here," stated Peace. Eileen's fingers hurt him with their increasing pressure.

"No," said Brett. "No trouble, Bucko. The road's about done. I'll be soon gone. You and I've been on different sides of the fence—that's the way it had to be. But I want you to know I'm through working for Campeaux, which is what I want to tell you. I hold no resentment. I hear you'll be married shortly. Well, my congratulations to you and my best wishes to the lady." Brett's laughter seemed to Peace then a stronger and stronger thing. "Maybe you don't get it. I'm no hand to explain. We ain't in each other's way any more, so why should I be holdin' a grudge? It's a big world and I figure we won't be meetin' again. Leave it go like that."

He was pleased with himself; the long lips of the man framed that assured grinning as he swung back into the street. Peace watched him go; and not until the man had disappeared somewhere beyond Campeaux's did his own muscles relax. Eileen murmured: "Don't believe him! Don't trust him!" Peace, keen to the shapes and sounds of this boiling street, saw Overmile stroll out of a doorway and walk over the street—and take a position opposite the alley down which Al Brett had disappeared.

"Don't trust him," repeated Eileen.

"Never—never—never!" shouted the man on the platform. "You will never again see a chance like this! How would you like to own a corner in the middle of Chicago? Gentlemen, your chance to be millionaires lies here—tonight! Some day these corners will be as valuable as those in Chicago. Why not? Look around you and see this land. No town ever had Corinne's opportunity!"

Bill Wallen came along the street and stopped. "Frank," he said, "I found my daughter the day you brought her to the end of track, beyond Benton. I wish I could thank you."

SUDDEN embarrassment caught hold of Peace. Eileen was a still shape by his side. Wallen was trying to hide an emotion; he cleared his throat and spoke again. "You were mighty kind to her. It is a thing I'll remember. We're leaving as soon as the tracks are joined."

Peace said, woodenly, "Good luck," and watched Wallen go. He turned with Eileen and they went back to the Oliver-Latimer store. He said, "I've got to find Reed. I'll see you again tomorrow night."

She looked up at him, whispering: "Will you see her, Frank?"

"No," he answered and did not realize his voice was flat. "Why should I?"

"I wish," she murmured with an intensity that astonished him, "we were a thousand miles from here tonight."

"Eileen."

She paused in the doorway, darkness lying across her features. He removed his hat and the edges of his unruly hair dropped down on his forehead; he had an expression then that showed the raggedness of his temper. Her glance, always so sharp and discerning, saw this. "Go see her, Frank, if it will help you."

"Don't read things in my head that are not there, Eileen."

She murmured humbly, "I'm sorry, Frank," and touched his arm, and hurried into the store.

Going back down the street toward the depot, he was intercepted by Overmile. "What was Brett wantin'?"

"Nothing. He wished me luck."

"Yeah?" intoned Overmile. "What kind of luck? I saw Cordray pull out on the work train. Why? You better go see Lovelace. Duke Ring bucked his game tonight—and busted him."

"Now what will Helen and the twins do?" groaned Peace.

"Go see him."

But Peace shook his head. He remembered Lovelace's haggard expression, and the misery in Helen's eyes. They would be having a bad evening and his presence wouldn't help. He said, "I've got no business there tonight. Let's go over to headquarters."

They strolled on. Presently Peace said: "You'll be here tomorrow. Do me a favor. Find out if Roy's got any immediate plans. I've got to stand back of them."

"Yeah." Then Overmile said, very casual with his words: "I hear Nan and her dad are pullin' out after the rails meet."

Peace didn't answer. Overmile's glance whipped across his partner's cheeks and fell thoughtfully aside.

LOVELACE revealed no expression; and his voice didn't change. He said to Ring: "That's all."

"Another thousand?"

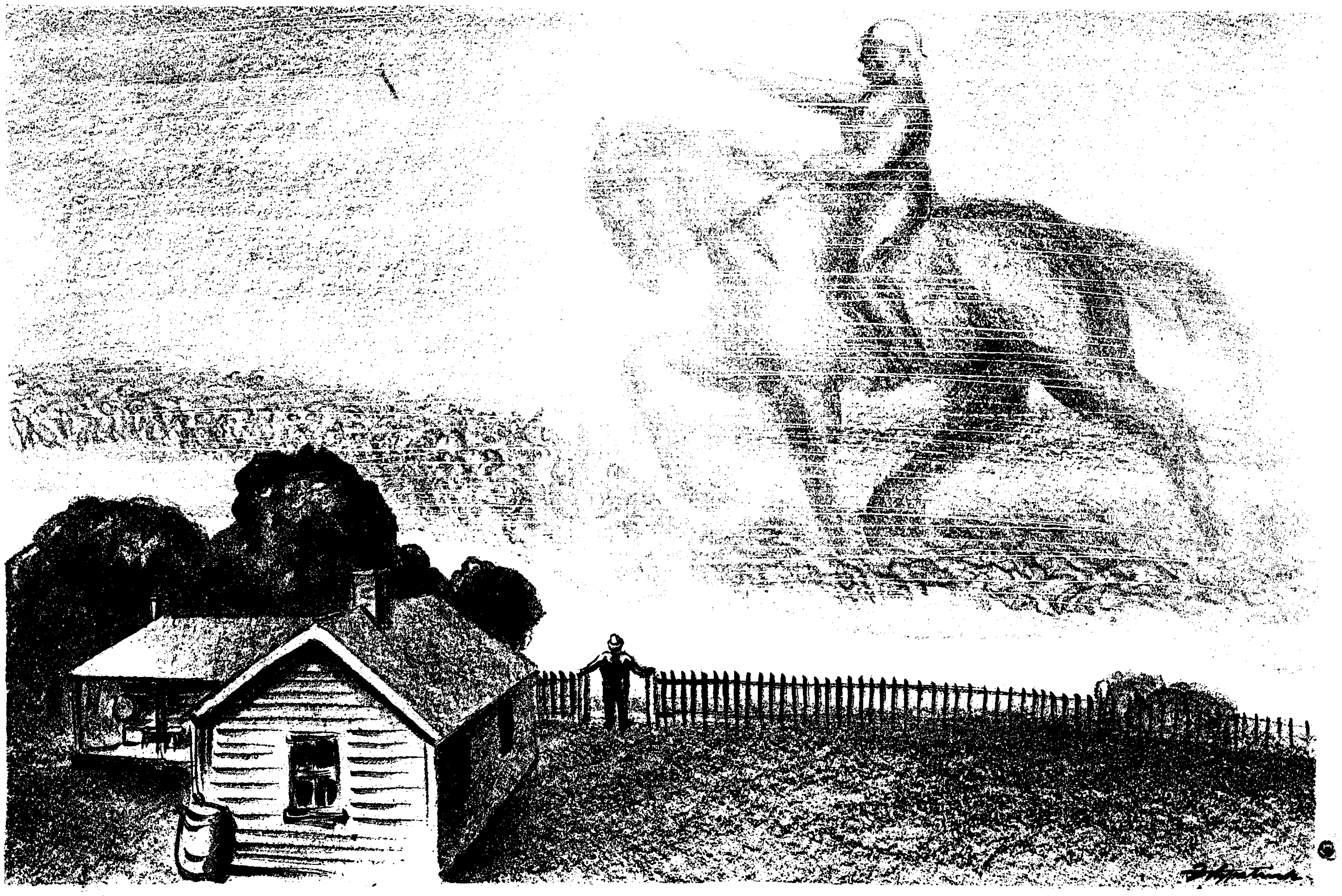
"Game's closed," said Lovelace.

He watched Ring's short, broken-boned fingers pick up the money on the table and drop it into a coat pocket. Ring's face was soft and greasy, the crushed lips pulled at the corners by nervous muscular spasms. "Go back to Campeaux," said Lovelace, "and tell him you did your job."

"What?" said Ring, narrowly.

"I realize he's had his way with me at last," droned Lovelace "Tell him that."

(Continued on page 55)



Some of the most powerful nations have definitely chosen to subordinate the citizen to the life of the State

What Good's a Constitution?

By Winston Churchill

Squint your eyes and tilt your head a bit and the Constitution may appear to be a heavy chain binding us to the forgotten and benighted past. But all through that past it has been the principal bulwark of our individual liberties; do we think we have no further use for it now in the none-too-enlightened present? Mr. Churchill, comparing it with England's unwritten constitution, demonstrates what we owe to these safeguards of our freedom

CARTOON BY D. R. FITZPATRICK

NO ONE can think clearly or sensibly about this vast and burning topic without in the first instance making up his mind upon the fundamental issue. Does he value the State above the citizen, or the citizen above the State? Does a government exist for the individual, or do individuals exist for the government? One must recognize that the world today is deeply divided upon this. Some of the most powerful nations and races have definitely chosen to subordinate the citizen or subject to the life of the State. In Russia, Germany and Italy we have this somber, tremendous decision, expressed in varying forms. All nations agree that in time of war, where the life and independence of the country are at stake, every man and woman must be ready to work and, if need be, die in defense of these supreme objects; and that the government must be empowered to call upon them to any extent.

But what we are now considering is the existence of this principle in times of peace and its erection into a permanent system to which the life of great communities must be made to conform. The argument is used that economic crises are only another form of war, and as they are always with us, or can always be alleged to be with us, it is claimed that we must live our lives in a perpetual state of war, only without actual shooting, bayoneting or cannonading.

This is, of course, the Socialist view. As long as Socialists present themselves in an international guise as creators of a new world order, like the beehive or the ant heap, with a new human heart to fit these novel conceptions, they could easily be beaten, and have been very effectively beaten both by argument and by nature. But when new forms of socialism arose which were grafted not upon world ideals but upon the strongest forms of nationalism, their success was remarkable.

In Germany, for instance, the alliance between national patriotism, tradition and pride on the one hand, and discontent about the inequalities of wealth on the other, made the Weimar Constitution "a scrap of paper." Either of these two fierce, turbulent torrents separately might have been kept within bounds. Joined together in a fierce confluence, they proved irresistible.

Once the rulers of a country can create a war atmosphere in time of peace, can allege that the State is in danger and appeal to all the noblest national instincts, as well as all the basest, it is only in very solidly established countries that the rights of the citizens can be preserved. In Germany these rights vanished almost overnight. Today no one may criticize the dictatorship, either in speech or writing. Voters still go to the polls—in fact, are herded to the polls like sheep—but the method of election has become a fantastic travesty of popular government. A German can vote for the regime, but not against it. If he attempts to indicate disapproval, his ballot paper is reckoned as "spoiled."

The tyranny of the ruling junta extends into every department of life. Friends may not greet each other without invoking the name of Hitler. At least on certain days, the very meals that a family eats in the privacy of its home are regulated by decree. The shadow of an all-powerful State falls between parent and child, husband and wife. Love itself is fettered and confined. No marriage, no love relation of

(Continued on page 39)

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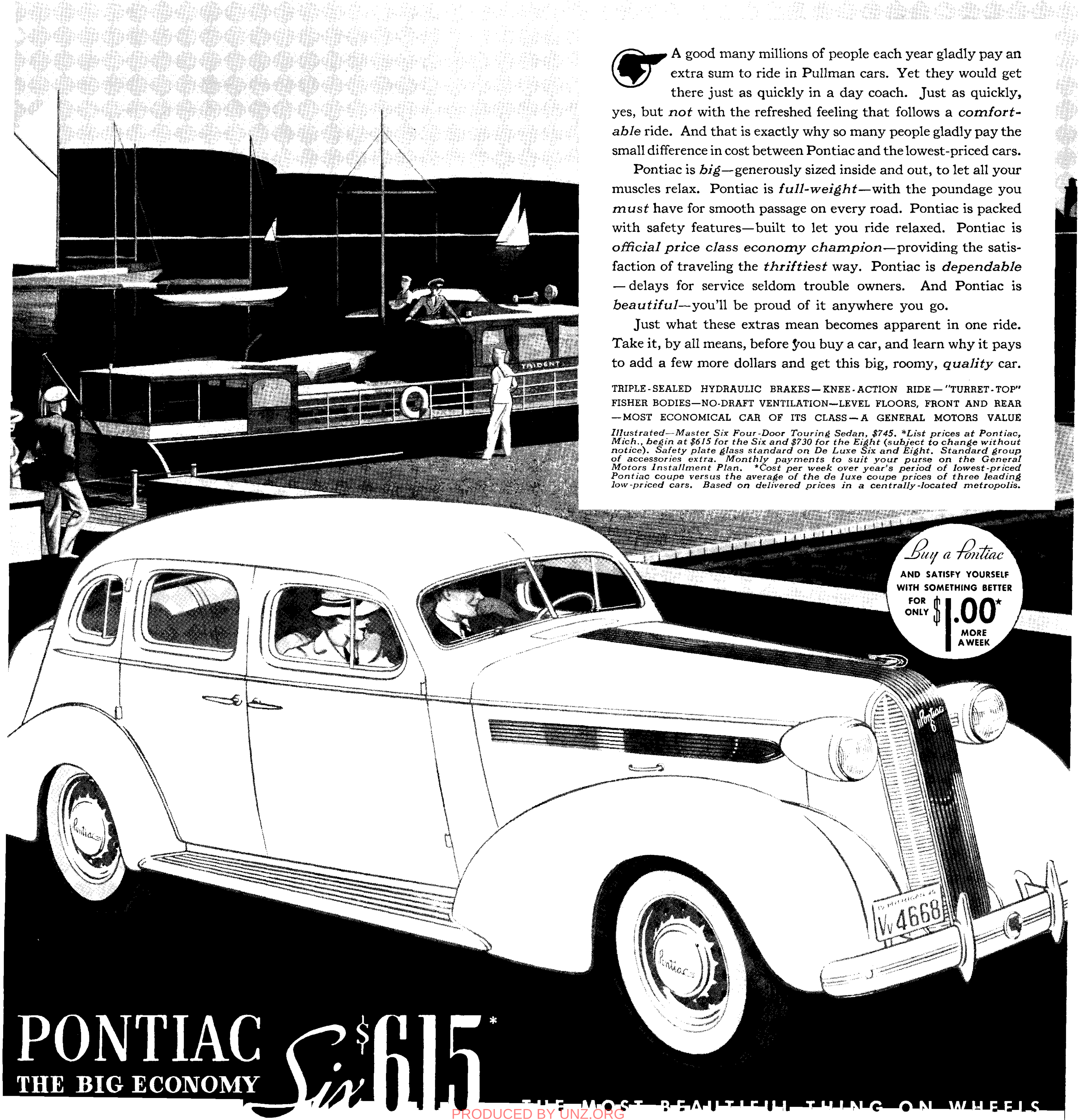

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THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON WHEELS

In the Heart

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Heywood Broun

WHAT'S this about Fred Bay can't play ball on Sunday?" asked Tom Kelly.

"It's in his contract," answered Dan Burke, the old scout of the Yankees. "I told you about it when we signed him up last February. No Sunday ball and he quits us on September 1st. He's going to get himself ordained."

"You never said anything to me about his wanting to be a priest."

"He don't want to be a priest," the scout explained patiently. "He's some kind of a Protestant and when he finishes at the college in the spring he's going to be a missionary to China."

"You mean Japan," corrected Kelly. "I was there with McGraw and Comiskey. They'll never amount to anything. All suckers for a curve."

"I mean China like I said. This hasn't anything to do with baseball. It's religion he's going to teach the Chinamen."

"I wonder if he means it positively. He certainly has got a lovely hook slide. Somebody ought to talk to him."

"You talk to him," suggested Burke.

"That's your job," replied Kelly. "You scouted him. And he's as good as you said he was."

"Just how good do you think he is?" inquired Burke persuasively.

"I almost hate to tell you," said Kelly with great earnestness. "You and I have seen too many morning-glories explode in our faces. I can't tell you anything about his hitting yet, but I don't see how I can be fooled on his base running. He's faster than Ty Cobb. But he don't know yet what his spikes are for. Once he learns that, they're not going to stop him."

"Well, Boss, that's just what I thought," explained Dan Burke, "and that's why I signed him, missionary stuff and all. You see, when I was a kid my mother wanted me to be a priest and I was figuring on it myself but somehow it just didn't happen. It was one of the good fathers in the school when I was only nineteen who sent for me and had a long talk and he said how nobody should go into the Church unless his whole heart was in it. And he got me talking on a theory I had about blocking a double steal and when I was done he told me, 'The priesthood is not for the likes of you. You've got the game too much in your heart.' Father O'Reilly could see thirty years ago I had the makings of a great catcher."

TOM KELLY grinned. "So it was Father O'Reilly said you had the game too much in your heart and you'd grow up to be a great catcher. I knew Father O'Reilly before you were born. Even a priest can make one mistake. But mostly he was right. He dug up Babe Ruth and he sent us Tim Flanagan, and Roy Moore and Mickey Walsh and Jim Reynolds and Hugh O'Connor and more stars than you see in the bright sky at night. He always said you've got to have the game in your heart—"

"That's exactly what I'm getting at, boss. How much do you think Bay's got the game in his heart? And if it isn't there could we put it there maybe?"

"You know better than that," said Tom Kelly. "You and I and Father O'Reilly have seen 'em come and go these thirty years and either they have it or they haven't. You can't play both the pulpit and the outfield."

"How about Billy Sunday?"

"I pitched to Billy Sunday," said Kelly stoutly, "and he never got a foul off me. If he'd gone after the devil with nothing but a baseball bat and that .220 average of his there wouldn't have been a soul on the mourners' bench."

And suddenly an idea most palpably ran across the broad red face of the manager. He patted Burke on the back and exclaimed, "Dan, I've got it and score yourself with an assist. Bay's contract says he don't have to play ball on Sunday but it doesn't mention his putting on a uniform and sitting on the bench. We'll put him there and then we'll know for sure whether this kid has got the game in his heart or whether he ought to be farmed out as a missionary to China."

Kelly was firm with Fred Bay when he saw him in the clubhouse office on Saturday. "We can't win the pennant and get in the World Series," he wound up, "unless there's a feeling that we're all working together. I'm simply asking you to put on your uniform and sit on the bench. Don't you think you owe that much to the rest of the fellows on the club?"

"I see your point, Mr. Kelly," said Fred Bay, "and I'll do it."

Nobody kidded Bay when he sat out his first Sunday game. Burke passed the word to leave him alone. Still, Tom Kelly was not too hopeful of the success of his experiment after the first Sunday. "He just sat with his head in his hands and paid no attention," the manager told Dan Burke. "He did look up when Eddy smashed that long one into the right-field bleachers. For a second I figured he was going to clap his hands, but then he thought better of it and bowed his head again."

The first month of the recruit's Sunday immolation on the bench ended in the beginning of a crucial series with Boston. In the stretch run for the pennant both ball clubs were whipping for victory and tearing along neck and neck. On this particular Sunday the Yankees found themselves facing Lefty Main at the top of his form. Sad Sam Wilbur was pitching a lot of good baseball for the home club, but Main was simply unhittable. In the first nine innings he struck out thirteen men and not a runner reached third. Wilbur, for that matter, held the Red Sox scoreless; but five double plays had been most helpful. And then, with two out, Keith came up for the Yankees in the last half of the tenth and lofted a Texas Leaguer into right. Clay tried for a shoestring catch and the ball rolled past him to the running track for a cheap three-bagger.

With two gone, Main could concentrate upon the batter. He was working slowly but very coolly.

Tom Kelly, on the bench beside Fred Bay, soliloquized, "If I only had a fast runner on third to worry Main."

Fred Bay heard him. "Mr. Kelly," he said, "send me in." The game was halted while the man with the megaphone announced, "Bay running for Keith." Out from the bench sprinted Fred Bay like a college halfback in to get his letter. He was a long-legged lad with high knee action. He danced off the bag.

MAIN started a slightly shortened windup. "He's coming in," said Kelly in a frightened whisper, for with the pitcher's motion Fred Bay lit out for the plate. His cap blew off. His hair was flying. Did you ever see Man o' War come down the stretch? But for all that the pitch beat him and Fred Bay leaped for the plate feet first with his spikes a yard in the air. They cut away Drake's right trouser leg and both catcher and runner rolled over after the crash while the ball dribbled into the Yankee dugout. The run had scored.

Some say that Drake called Bay an ugly name before the student of theology punched him in the nose but there was little excuse except excitement for the fact that he also punched Beans Rafferty, the umpire, who tried to separate them. The police escorted him from the field and for a time he was held at the West One Hundred and Forty-fifth Street station on a charge of simple assault. On account of its being Sunday, Kelly could not find the proper official to quash all that nonsense until Monday morning. Burke was sent, bearing bail, and he also brought the prisoner a telegram.

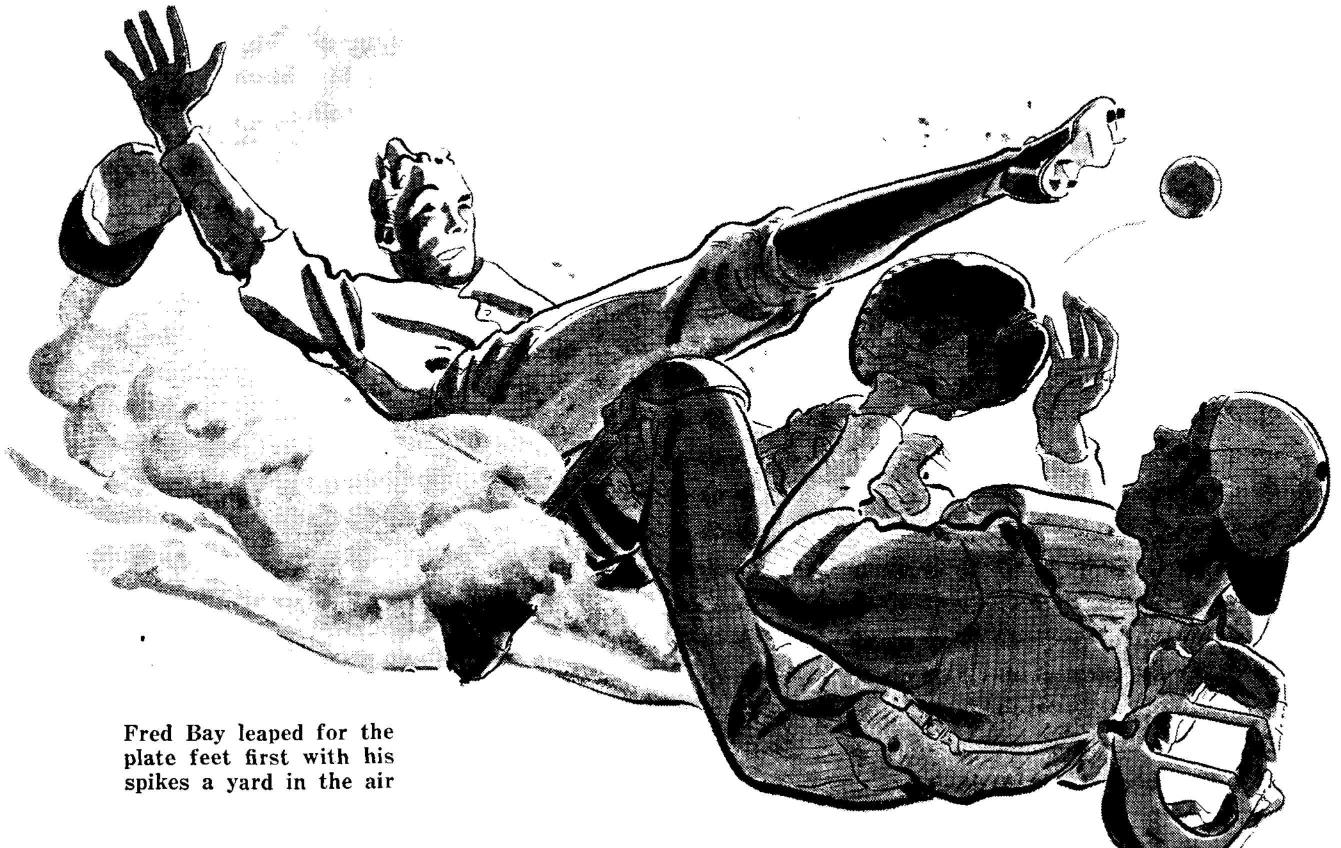
"Not bad news?" he asked solicitously. Bay handed it to him and the old man read: "Your actions have disgraced Meadowbrook Theological Seminary. I wish to inform you that you are hereby expelled. Lucius T. Terwilliger."

"Don't take it too hard, my boy," said Dan Burke. "What would you be doing in China? You've got the game in your heart."

"I guess you're right, Mr. Burke," said Fred Bay. "You know at night when I said my prayers I always used to pray for the Chinese. My Aunt Kate got me to do that when I was a little boy. She said it would be good practice for me when I got over there. Well, Saturday night before the game I suddenly found I wasn't praying for the Chinese at all. I'd forgotten all about them. Do you know what I was praying, Mr. Burke?"

"I'd be very interested to hear," said Dan.

"I found I was praying, 'Oh, Lord, you know we Yankees have just got to win that pennant!'"



Fred Bay leaped for the plate feet first with his spikes a yard in the air

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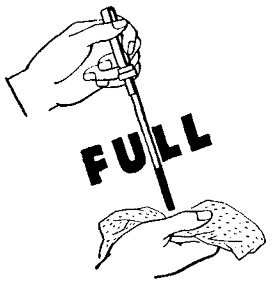


longer

The "FURFURAL'd FILM" does it!

True to the Navy

Continued from page 9

Well, that big one is Joe Porkomis of the New Orleans. He's been terrorizing me every time I come ashore."

"What about?"

"Oh . . . we both went with a certain young lady, fellows. You know how it is. She didn't mean anything to me; and I was perfectly willing to let Porkomis cut me out, as far as that goes. But he's got the idea I'm still seeing her; and he's threatened me. Not that I wouldn't fight him to my last breath if he was alone, y'understand, Benny? But look at the thugs he's got with him!"

Seaman Linn cleared his throat.

"You been going with Fleurine, Webster!"

Yeoman Webster gaped, then his face put on a smirk.

"Yes, that's right, Benny. How did you—"

"That ain't neither here nor there, Webster. I and Tim has this town of Dago in the palms of our hand. But we sure been surprised at you that you would let Porkomis break it up between you and Fleurine."

Another glance at the side door told Yeoman Webster that Mr. Porkomis and friends were still there. But he managed to smile nobly.

"I'll be honest with you, fellows," he said. "It wasn't terrorism or threats that brought me to my decision to set Fleurine free. I just couldn't be that selfish, y'understand, Benny? The little girl has three hundred dollars a month income; and if I married her she'd lose it. No . . . I just couldn't do it!"

"Yerse, Webster—"

A TERSE, sad shake of the head from Seaman Linn produced silence.

"Ain't you heard the news, Webster?"

"W-what news?"

"The State Supreme Court rendered down a decision that Fleurine gets the alimony no matter whether she marries or not!"

Yeoman Webster's eyes goggled.

"You sure it was Fleurine's case, Benny? Wouldn't she have told me about it—"

"I thought you yeomen was supposed to be very bright! If you was to ast Fleurine cold turkey she'd probably deny it. The gal has her pride; and she'd think you wanted to marry her on account of the three hundred bucks. Fact is, she told I and Tim she was gonna deny it even when guys showed her the paper in black and white; she wants some guy to love her for herself, see?"

Yoeman Webster nodded.

"A man who would let three hundred dollars influence him would be an awful heel, fellows—"

There was a restless stirring at the side door.

The effect on Yeoman Webster was magical. A great white light dawned for Yeoman Webster.

"I get it now, fellows," he said in a dramatic whisper. "That's why I'm being terrorized! That bohunk Porkomis wants to marry Fleurine for her money! Why, of course—"

Seaman Linn struck hard.

"Sure, sure, Webster. He's chased you away and it's all a setup!"

"He hasn't chased me away!"

"Yeah? Okay . . . come on, Tim, let's I and you be moving."

"Wait, fellows. . . . I'll pay. . . . I'll pay you ten dollars if you'll go out there and tell Porkomis to lay off of me—"

"It's worth fifty bucks a week to bodyguard you, Webster," said Seaman Linn levelly, "and we gotta have the first week's pay in advance."

"But fellows, I've only got about twenty dollars to my name—"

"Hand it over, Webster. We'll take your check for the rest. The Skipper'll make you pay it if it ain't good!"

Machinist Porkomis of the New Orleans was becoming impatient. He half opened the screen door and peered within. Yeoman Webster hastily handed Seaman Linn about twenty dollars in cash and wrote a check for the balance.

"Okay, Tim!" said Seaman Linn, briskly, "Let's go talk to the bohunk!"

Machinist Porkomis was a stout lad; but Fireman Dunnevan was taller, wider and brawnier.

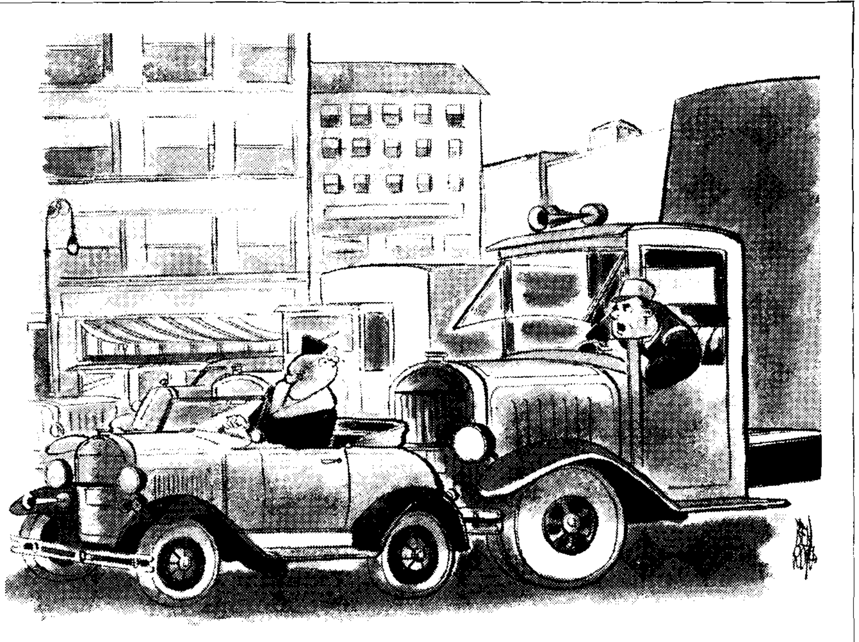
"It ain't no fair," Mr. Porkomis stated, "I leek that falla in fight if he fight weeth me. *Heem.*" Hastily indicating Yeoman Webster. "I no leek Meestair Tunnevan. I gat nothing against Tunnevan. Ees no fair, hey?"

Seaman Linn shrugged.

"That's the way it is, Porkomis. You lay a hand on Webster and I and Tim will beat the tar outa you!"

"That's the Navy spirit, fellows!" yiped Yeoman Webster. "All for one and one for all—"

"Shut up!" said Seaman Linn, briskly. He turned to Fireman Dunnevan: "Tim, you walk along with Webster and see that he meets up with Fleurine at the picture show. You stay with 'em wherever they go until I catch up with you. I got some phoning to do. Get it?"



"Guess what color the light is now, lady"

BEN ROTH

Fireman Dunnevan was dubious.

"Agh! Do I got to pertect him from jest *anybody*, Benny?"

Seaman Linn gave his buddy a wink.

"Our contract says pertection from Porkomis or any of his friends. Tim. You carry on till I tell you different. Get it?"

"Ner . . . yerse."

"Shove off!" said Seaman Linn.

Obediently, Fireman Dunnevan trudged off with Yeoman Webster.

Very rapidly, Seaman Linn trailed Machinist Joe Porkomis to the Bide-A-Wee Café.

MR. PORKOMIS, seeing Mr. Linn unaccompanied by Fireman Dunnevan, was at first inclined to be belligerent. But Mr. Linn said, quickly: "I come to you for your own best interests, Porkomis." He then proceeded to relate to the distraught swain what he had told Yeoman Webster.

"She still gat three hundrad a month if she marry me, hey?"

"Sure, sure. Why didja suppose Webster was willin' to pay I and Tim a hunderd a week fer pertection? With you outa the runnin' he'll have Fleurine married to him in maybe two or three weeks!"

Machinist Porkomis groaned.

"You ain't lost her yet, Joe," said Seaman Linn. "Webster's contract with I and Tim runs out in seven days. For private reasons we don't like Webster. We'd rather work for you after the seven days is up. Get it?"

FINALLY, Machinist Porkomis got it. He and Seaman Linn quickly came to terms. Seaman Linn pocketed thirty-one dollars on account and a check for sixty-nine dollars more. But, as Seaman Linn very properly said: "You can't run Webster off till after seven days, Joe. We gotta be honest, see?"

"I wait saven days, Banny!"

Thus it happened that, later in the evening, Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan walked along a pleasant, shady street in San Diego. Twenty paces ahead of them strolled Yeoman Webster and Fleurine.

"Benny?"

"Yeah?"

"After our week is up with Webster—what if Webster wants to hire us for another week?"

"No soap. We're contracted with Porkomis for the next week."

"Yerse, but won't Webster hire two other guys an' not get beat up after all?"

"He'll hafta act fast, Tim. Porkomis is all set to jump him soon as we go off duty. Get it?"

Fireman Dunnevan sighed.

Up ahead, Yeoman Webster and Fleurine turned into the walk leading to the bungalow. They moved arm in arm, heads together, lost in love's sweet mystery. Then, abruptly. . . .

"Who's this guy?"

"Oh . . . oh . . . *you!*"

"Yeah, Fleurine, it's me. Who's this punk?"

"Why, Oscar, I thought you was in Hollywood workin' fer MGM! Why . . ."

"I got fired last week. Who's this punk an' what's the idea of lettin' him holt his arm around you?"

Fleurine's reply was inaudible to Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan. Above her stricken tones they heard the shriek of Yeoman Webster:

"Benny! Tim! Help . . . hurry . . ."

"I'll teach you to go makin' love to my wife!"

Splat . . . thud . . . whack . . . pow!

"Benny! Tim . . . Ohhhh . . . ow . . ."

For a few moments Seaman Linn wavered. But honesty won.

"We got to help him, Tim. It's in the contract. The guy might be a friend of Joe's. C'mon!"

Two minutes later, there was a strange tableau on Fleurine's lawn. Stretched on the grass lay Yeoman Webster of the U. S. S. Trimble, badly battered. Seated beside him, his head still ringing from Fireman Dunnevan's straight left, was Oscar Bernwirt, former Electrician 1st cl. U. S. N., one-time high-salaried technical expert for MGM, and former husband to Fleurine.

The lady herself stood in a daze, looking from Yeoman Webster to Oscar Bernwirt.

"Call a taxi, Tim!" said Seaman Linn, examining Yeoman Webster. "We'll hafta take Webster back to the ship. He's punch-drunk!"

Fleurine recovered her voice. She advanced timidly to Oscar Bernwirt, ignoring Yeoman Webster.

"Is your jaw busted, Oscar?"

"Wouldn't be a bit surprised," said Mr. Bernwirt; and then, with husbandly bluntness, "Fine bunch of mugs you been trailing with down here, Fleurine."

His former wife dropped to her knees and helped Mr. Bernwirt dispose of a loose tooth. She was all tenderness now; utterly oblivious of Yeoman Webster, Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan.

"Was you really on your way back to me, Oscar?"

"What do *you* think? I got jealous, didn't I? I socked the young punk, didn't I?"

"Oh, Oscar! You . . . you gonna marry me again, actually?"

"What else can I do, honey? I lost my studio job. I can't pay you no more three hundred bucks alimony—"

Fleurine gave an ecstatic cry and threw her arms around former Electrician Bernwirt's neck. The Fleurine legend was no more.

"Pooh fer the old alimony, dearie!" said Fleurine. "I jest wanta be married to a sailor. I do, I do!"

Seaman Linn quietly motioned for Fireman Dunnevan to take Yeoman Webster's feet. But as they prepared to carry Yeoman Webster to the curb and the waiting taxi, Seaman Linn thought of something.

"The U. S. Navy can always use a good electrician, Bernwirt," he said. "When you an' Fleurine get settled, come over to the Trimble an' let Chief Macksen discust re-enlistment with you!"

Yeoman Webster stirred faintly.

FIREMAN DUNNEVAN and Seaman Linn, their faces brightly shining, stood at attention in the cabin of Lieut. Commander Herrick, skipper of the Trimble.

"Um . . . er . . . Linn and Dunnevan," he said in the manner of a man about to speak of a miracle, "it has come to my attention that you fellows did Yeoman Webster a great service the other night. He states that . . . uh . . . ah . . . you rescued him from a gang of waterfront thugs—"

"He's a shipmate, sir!"

"Y-yerse."

"Very commendable spirit. I . . . ah . . . wish to thank you both! I also was pleased to learn that Linn was instrumental in persuading Electrician Bernwirt to return to the Service. Well done, Linn!"

"Thank you, sir!"

"That is all. No . . . oh, yes . . . I think we can arrange a restoration of all pay you men were fined during the last cruise with perhaps . . . a . . . ah . . . little bonus for Bernwirt's re-enlistment!"

Seaman Linn and Fireman Dunnevan saluted with fervent gratitude, with unction, with greasy and preposterous virtue.

FIRST CAME STEEL ... THEN COP-R-LOY

THE STEVENS HOTEL, *Chicago*

LAKE LOUISE THE LOVELY . . . *in top-of-the-world Canadian Rocky resort-land.*

"AND IT'S JUST AS *Cool* AT THE STEVENS" says Manager Otto K. Eitel's announcement of further air conditioned comfort in the largest hotel in the world. In addition to the lobby, main dining rooms and coffee shop, the Grand Ballroom which seats three thousand persons, the South Ballroom, the West Ballroom and the six spacious private dining rooms are now also cooled with fresh, dry and draftless air by means of the very latest equipment for efficient air conditioning. For this additional project COP-R-LOY Galvanized Sheets and COP-R-LOY Pipe were selected. COP-R-LOY assures a much welcomed economy. At moderate cost it provides major service. It answers industry's fabricating needs; it answers *your* needs for sheet metal work, for plumbing and heating lines and air conditioning. It is a time tested copper alloyed steel sold by leading distributors of sheet metal and tubular products. *It's Wheeling Steel.* Wheeling Steel Corporation, Wheeling, West Va.

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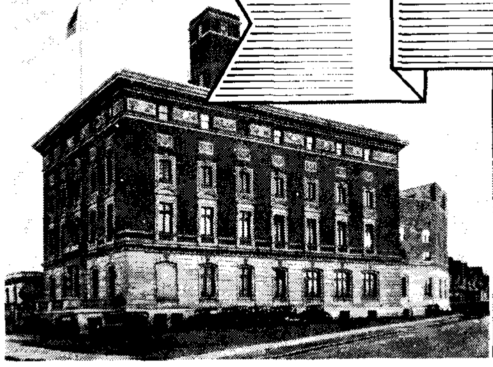
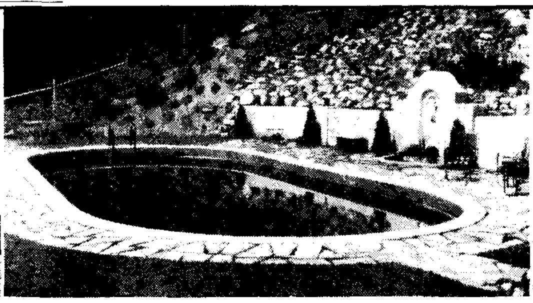
COP-R-LOY

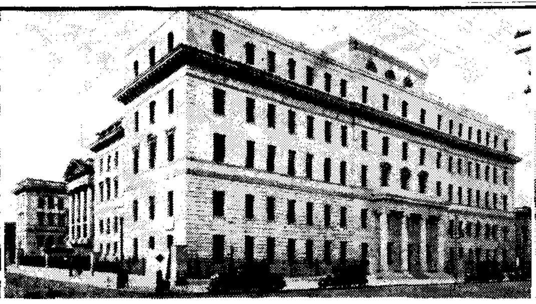
Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



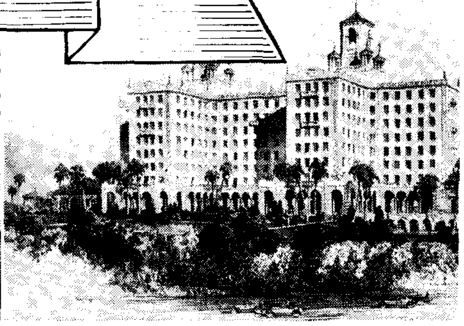
COP-R-LOY Sheets were used throughout for the ventilating system in this fraternal club building. It's Wheeling Steel.



COP-R-LOY was used for both pipe and electrical conduit in this modern illuminated swimming pool. It's Wheeling Steel.

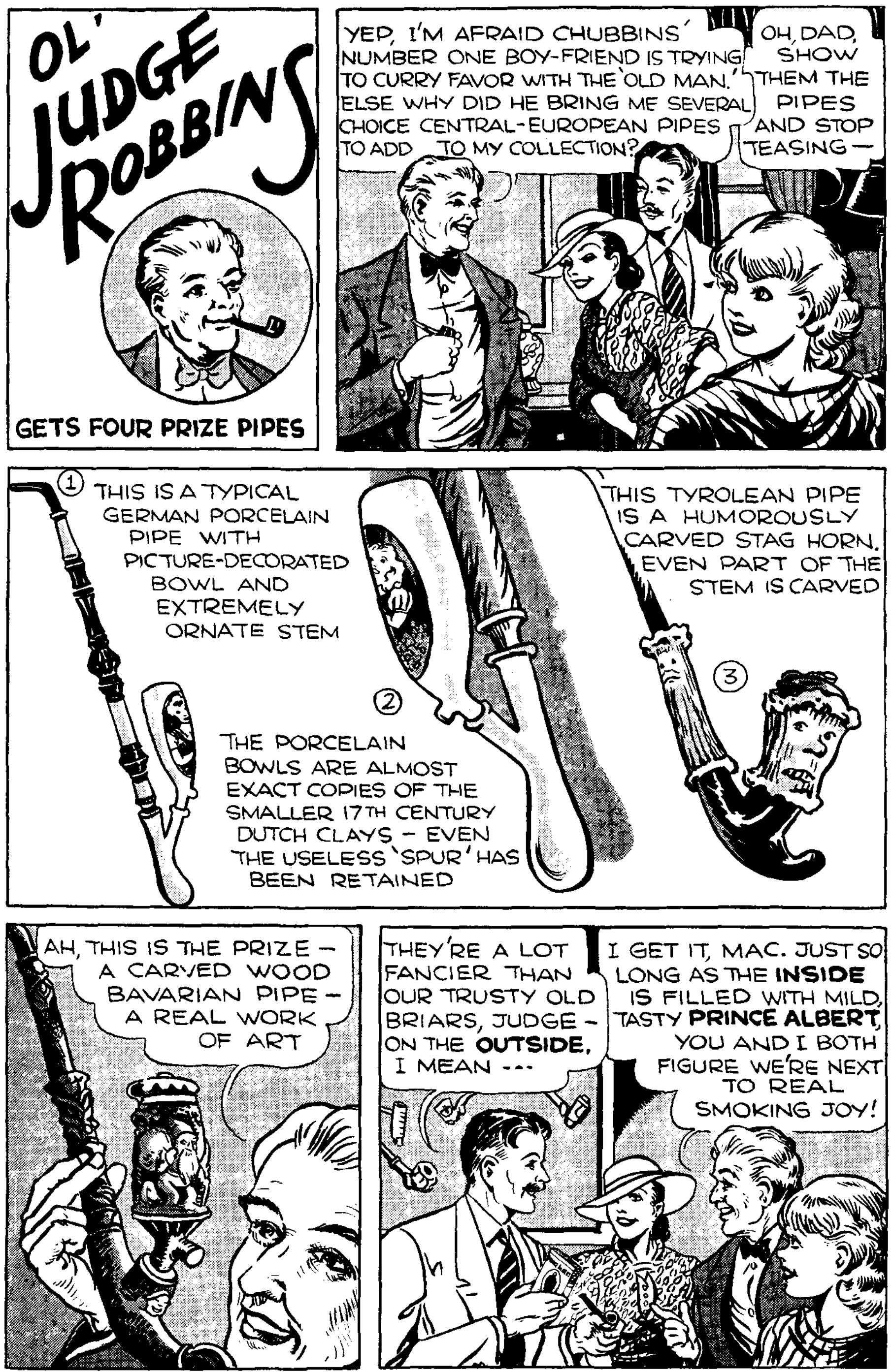


This metropolitan hospital is equipped with plumbing, gas and air lines of COP-R-LOY Pipe. It's Wheeling Steel.



COP-R-LOY Sheets were used exclusively for the ventilating system of this large hotel in Havana. It's Wheeling Steel.

IT'S WHEELING STEEL


OL' JUDGE ROBBINS
GETS FOUR PRIZE PIPES
YEP, I'M AFRAID CHUBBINS' NUMBER ONE BOY-FRIEND IS TRYING TO CURRY FAVOR WITH THE 'OLD MAN.' ELSE WHY DID HE BRING ME SEVERAL CHOICE CENTRAL-EUROPEAN PIPES TO ADD TO MY COLLECTION?
OH, DAD, SHOW THEM THE PIPES AND STOP TEASING—
① THIS IS A TYPICAL GERMAN PORCELAIN PIPE WITH PICTURE-DECORATED BOWL AND EXTREMELY ORNATE STEM
THIS TYROLEAN PIPE IS A HUMOROUSLY CARVED STAG HORN. EVEN PART OF THE STEM IS CARVED
②
③
THE PORCELAIN BOWLS ARE ALMOST EXACT COPIES OF THE SMALLER 17TH CENTURY DUTCH CLAYS – EVEN THE USELESS 'SPUR' HAS BEEN RETAINED
AH, THIS IS THE PRIZE — A CARVED WOOD BAVARIAN PIPE — A REAL WORK OF ART
THEY'RE A LOT FANCIER THAN OUR TRUSTY OLD BRIARS, JUDGE — ON THE OUTSIDE, I MEAN ---
I GET IT, MAC. JUST SO LONG AS THE INSIDE IS FILLED WITH MILD, TASTY PRINCE ALBERT, YOU AND I BOTH FIGURE WE'RE NEXT TO REAL SMOKING JOY!

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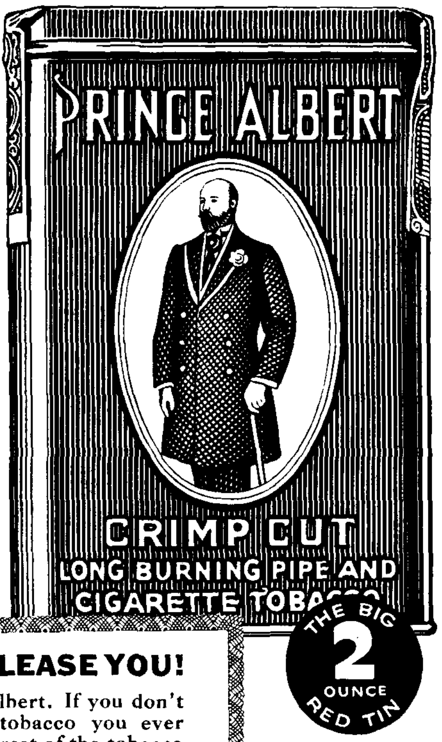
GET YOUR PIPE GOIN' ON P.A.

Prince Albert speaks for itself when you fill up your bowl with the fragrant, golden-brown particles . . . light up . . . and settle back to deep, satisfying smoking contentment. P. A. smokes cool and sweet . . . doesn't bite the tongue . . . has a mild, hearty flavor all its own. There's no other tobacco like P. A., men. Being "crimp cut" and having the "bite" removed, this princely tobacco offers you extra dividends in smoking joy every time you load up your pipe. You can spin out trim, tasty roll-your-owns with Prince Albert too.


PRINCE ALBERT
CRIMP CUT
LONG BURNING PIPE AND CIGARETTE TOBA
THE BIG 2 OUNCE RED TIN

PRINCE ALBERT *MUST* PLEASE YOU!

Smoke 20 fragrant pipefuls of Prince Albert. If you don't find it the mellowest, tastiest pipe tobacco you ever smoked, return the pocket tin with the rest of the tobacco in it to us at any time within a month from this date, and we will refund full purchase price, plus postage. (*Signed*) R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

PRINCE ALBERT THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE!

50 pipefuls of fragrant tobacco in every 2-oz. tin of Prince Albert

Bread into Roses

Continued from page 17

painter stepped back from his canvas and regarded it and his sitter with narrowed eyes.

"I will be, I know," he said simply.

"It's restful, standing here, and it gives me a chance to think," Susannah pursued it, not without a queer little twinge of wonder as to what his tone meant.

"You can sit down if you like. I'm working on the dress."

She sat down.

"These," Ross St. Hubert said lightly, "have been the happiest days of my life, I think."

He worked away attentively, not looking at her, smudged something with his thumb. Susannah, choosing to assume that there could be no possible significance in this remark, did not change her expression, but continued her idle study of the room.

"For which remark," Ross presently added in the same light tone, "I apologize. It was not intentional. As we say in chess, '*c'est simplement que j'adoube.*'"

Her senses just a little fluttered, Susannah said:

"How does it happen you speak such easy French, Ross? Whether it's good or not I don't know. But it sounds so easy."

"I did all my model work with Rochette. I was four years in Paris."

"That must be a wonderful experience."

They talked idly of Paris; what they liked and what they did not like, and of the places they knew; the Dome and La Rue's and the Tour D'Argent. Ross had never been to the Crillon or the Ritz; Susannah knew very little of the Left Bank, but there was plenty to say. It began to get dusk in the studio and Susannah said that Alec was coming to get her, and Ross said that that was good because he wanted to talk about a party.

"What sort of a party?"

"Cocktails. Music. Everything. To celebrate the finish of the picture."

Susannah got down from the dais and began to walk about the room in her magnificent robes; Ross studied his canvas through a hand mirror held close to one eye. The bell rang; someone always came up at this time; perhaps it was Alec.

"Yes, my lady," Ross said, laying on a bit of paint with the thin blade of his palette knife, drawing back to see the effect; "it has been that way since you first walked into the studio. I don't defend it. It seems that I can't quite end these sessions without letting you know it. There's just one person in my world now. There's just one standard of beauty and fineness and charm. Funny, isn't it? Very, very, very funny," he murmured, apparently absorbed in his work. "Very funny indeed."

ALEC came in with Nini Chandler and Connie Ide. He said that he was hag-ridden, that they had met him early in the afternoon and made him buy them things. They all looked at the picture, and the women said that it was the divinest thing that Ross had ever done.

"Yes, it's good," Alec said; "it's swell, Ross. Stand there a minute, Sanna, with your jaws squared a little more. I don't know—maybe that jaw line—but it's awfully good. It'll make you famous, Sanna; three hundred years from now someone'll be trying to buy the St. Hubert portrait of Mrs. Alexander Hazeltyne."

"My grandchildren will have it, Alec! D'you suppose you could get them to part with Grandma's picture?"

Some men came in and there were the usual drinks and crackers; it was all very safe and flattering and happy in the romantic studio setting. Alec settled himself on a hassock at Susannah's knee; just the touch of his shoulder against her, the nearness of his smooth head, the sound of his voice, was happiness for her. Ross went about waiting on his guests; once his eyes met Sanna's steadily and she felt her color rising in the instant before he turned away.

It was arranged tonight that the tea for a private showing of the portrait should take place in just a week, and Susannah went home happily with Alec, flattered that the much-courted painter had chosen to do a little courting in his turn, and as always exquisitely content when she had her husband to herself. Afterward she remembered the gracious softness of the spring city in the lingering light.

A WEEK later a hundred carefully picked persons came to the studio tea. Among them, Merle. She said in her simple innocent way that Ross had asked her to come and play and that she had been perfectly delighted to get "an engagement." Susannah, knowing who was paying for the portrait, had no difficulty in deciding from just what source Ross had derived the idea.

Merle wore a plain shabby little frock of olive green brocade; her head was bare except for a strange Russian crown of gold and glassy stones, green, red, purple, yellow, that winked in the light as her dark-gold hair moved against the violin. She and her music were a great success, and she stood, after she had played, in the full stream of praise and laughter that flowed about her at the big piano, looking like a happy little girl. Susannah somehow felt foolish in her heavy furred velvets; she went up with the rest.

"Beautiful, Merle," she said. Merle's strange oriental eyes flashed at her gravely.

"I owe it all to you and Alec," she said.

It was on this day, when her heart was sufficiently heavy with the increasing sense of her own helplessness and a wretched conviction of the other woman's charm, that that moment arrived that struck a definite death knell to Susannah's happiness. Happy she would be again in this world, but never with the old freshness and confidence that had been hers since those days on the Queen Augusta, when she and Alec had leaned on the rail and watched the dark night waters flowing by, and the ship's white wake mingling with them, and had first found each other.

The circumstance was in itself trifling. Only a few words, but they were words she was not intended to hear, and their significance was unmistakable.

It was when the tea was over, and the spring sunshine was dying away from the grimy big city and the lofty studio, and when the hilarious men guests and the women in their smart frocks and Easter hats were beginning to drift away by twos and threes that Susannah, standing in the little passage between the studio and Ross' own quarters, and half listening to something Rosa Arnheim in the bedroom was saying over the distribution of coats and bags, heard Merle's voice, quick and quiet, somewhere out of sight.

"If you're taking Sanna home look out for my gloves in the car," Merle said; "like a fool I left them there."

"I will, dear. I'll remember," Alec said.

That was all. But the simple words left Susannah stunned, and she went home in a dream of pain and bewilderment.

From that day on she watched and pondered. No use raging, reproaching Alec, giving way to futile tears. This was a problem, not a mere grievance; she would gain nothing by lessening her own charm for her husband.

Merle had left the office and moved herself from the English boardinghouse where she had first lived to an attractive little apartment in an old brownstone dwelling near Washington Square. Its high-ceiled narrow rooms and deep window casings spoke of a long-gone era, but there was a roomy spacious living-room with white paneled walls and a coal fire, and three floors down was a long strip of back garden into which Merle could escape, whenever she liked, for a breath of air. Susannah and Alec went down to see her shortly after she had moved in; the sparseness of her furnishings and her satisfaction in them were in themselves charming. There was something very natural and appealing in the contrast between the handsome old samovar, the valuable violin and the splendid table linens, and the china and glassware that had come from the five-and-ten-cent store. She was getting real money for private engagements now, she told them elatedly; she was being asked to play for club luncheons and private dinners. And while Sam Paulheim had not been immediately encouraging, he had asked her to come and play for him again.

What was there in this girl that so fascinated Alec, Susannah wondered, watching every movement of Merle's as she went about admiring and interested. What *was* it that made every word of Merle's important to Alec, bound him to her every gesture and intonation, blotted out the rest of the world for him? There was no answer; there never would be an answer. The mystery that draws one human being toward another must remain a mystery to the end.

Outwardly the life of the Alexander Hazeltynes flowed on with its wonted brilliance. Susannah and Alec loitered over their late breakfasts in their own breakfast room with the summer sun shut away by jalousies, or in Newport house, or on ocean liners, yachts, in the country places of friends. Little Evelina, tottering on small unsteady feet encased in diminutive buckskin pumps, or tinier than ever in a span-length bathing suit, continued in Nursey's jealous charge, with occasional affectionate intervals for Mother. Tennis, golf, prize-fights, opera and theater, bridge hands and divorces were discussed by the women, idling on the sands or on awninged porches.

AND all the time, under this glittering upper current flowed the deeper one of Alec's infatuation for a gold-headed, oriental-eyed girl who played the violin. Everyone knew of it now; he was with Merle almost every day. He did not want to accept an invitation that took him away from her, and when she went into the Berkshires to a quiet little camp for a month, Alec was constantly there.

At home he treated his wife with the friendliest courtesy imaginable. He read her excerpts from the news at breakfast, discussed his plans for the day and hers, took an approving look at his daughter, demure among blocks and woolly animals in her white-and-pink-and-blue pen, and was gone. Sometimes he said briefly: "I won't be home for dinner, dear"; sometimes the message came later through his secretary and Susannah's butler. Mr. Hazeltyne was sorry but he would not be able to get home for dinner, and sent his love.

Occasionally he even quoted Merle to Susannah, or spoke of her. She was a "funny, ambitious little thing." He had never in his life seen anything like the gratitude and appreciation she showed for his first helping interest; why, the girl wouldn't buy herself a hat without his approval.

"She's in love with you, Alec," his mother had said once sharply, hearing something of this. Alec had only laughed unalarmedly.

"Well, if she is it won't hurt her! She's nineteen; she's got to be in love with somebody. Your son is forty-one."

The insufferable thing was that Susannah had to go on, her head held high, her eyes sealed to what they could not help but see, her ears deaf to whispered pity and whispered sympathy alike. In marriage it was always in the power of one partner so to hurt—so to shame another; it must be borne, that was all.

HER own mother, fluttering back from California to admire the wonderful grandchild, fluttering ecstatically to Europe, and thence to China, "where all my old friends are, really, Sanna," could be no help. Eva Farjeon did not want to hear that anything was wrong with Susannah's life: her return to the Orient was planned for the principal purpose of boasting to the old crowd of Susannah's success, her happiness, her incessant triumphs. She never spared Aunt Nona a detail of it.

Alec's mother, brooding over her poetry books, asking old friends to rich luncheons, retailing the embittered adventures of her life with spicy relish, was an equally unsuitable confidante. Susannah even suspected her of a sort of enjoyment in the mischances of other women. "Well, if she couldn't hold him," she would say, with a warped old mouth twisted into a smile, and the silk and lace of her narrowed old shoulders raised in a shrug.

Aunt Nona had moved to distant Pasadena to spend her remaining years in the sunshine; Lola's and Anita's lives ran in quieter and different currents from Susannah's. They had never achieved her social heights; St. Hubert had never painted their portraits; their names were not included in the list of boxholders on Monday nights at the opera.

But Susannah did have a close friend in lovely and gentle Margot Fielding, to whose old-fashioned comfortable home in West End Avenue she went for the quietest and realest hours she ever knew. Margot was older than Susannah; her two girls were seven and nine years old. But there was a boy of Evelina's age, and as Evelina grew into enchanting babyhood, Susannah sometimes took her out to spend an afternoon at Margot's house.

"Margot, mind hearing about my troubles?" Susannah said one day, when the two babies were asleep, and their mothers were talking beside an autumn fire.

"Sorry to hear that you have any, Sue," Margot said, with a glance up from her knitting. "It's Alec, of course," she said.

"How did you know?"

"I don't know, Sue," the other woman said honestly. "I've just—heard. I knew something was worrying you, and I supposed it was that. Is it the little violin girl?"

"Merle Sargent. Yes."

"Isn't she Russian?"

"Her mother was a Russian countess, but she died when Merle was only a baby. Her father was English."

"How serious is it?"

"Alec's affair with her? He says, or he implies, that it's just big-brotherly protection and advice. He says that she's absolutely straight."

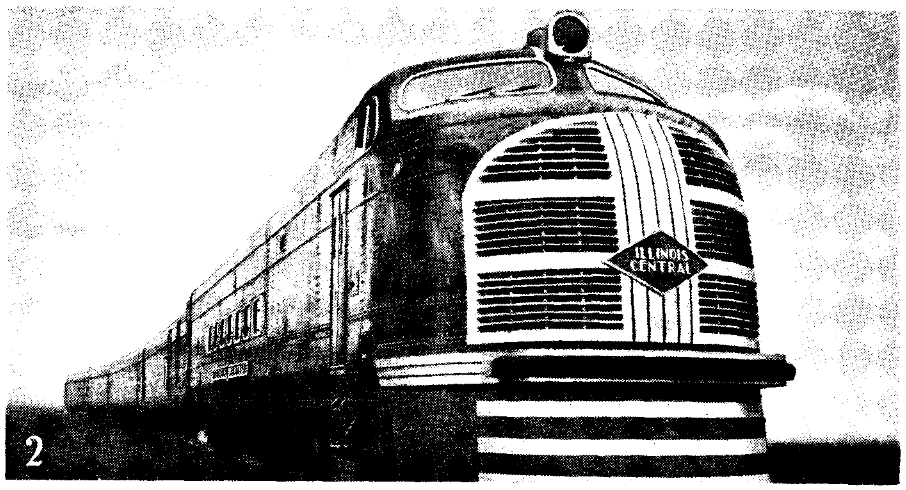
"Well," Margot said, knitting away busily, "perhaps that's true."

"Meanwhile I have no husband," Susannah said dryly, and stopped, her voice thickening.

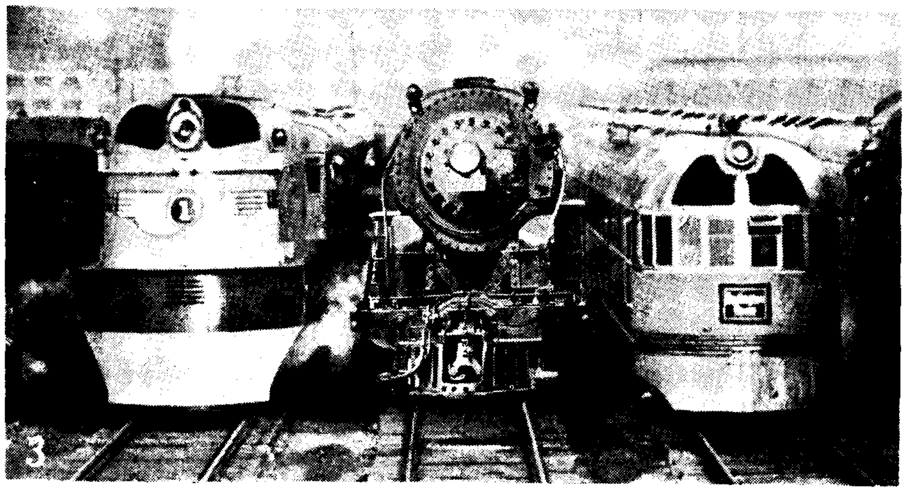
"He's never home? You were together at the Allens' the other night."

(*Continued on page 31*)

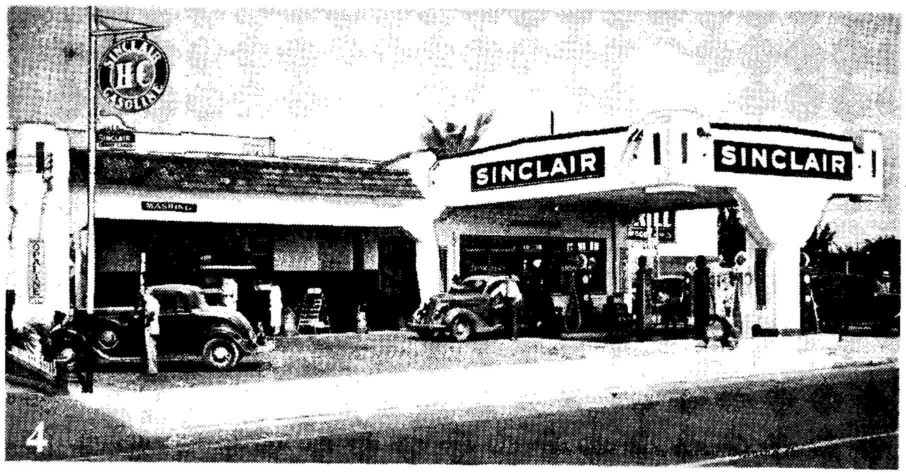
Beautifully designed is the observation end of the lounge car on the Illinois Central's new . . .



. . . 6-car streamlined train, the Green Diamond, built for daily round trip operation between Chicago and St. Louis. Illinois Central is one of the 150 American railroads whose . . .



. . . engines travel a total of 120 million miles a year on Sinclair lubricants. Sinclair's tremendous lubrication experience benefits you when you . . .



. . . take your car to your nearby Sinclair dealer's. He has been thoroughly schooled in applying Sinclair high quality lubricants to each make and model of car.

New U. S. Law on Gin Labels in Effect August 15th

An excerpt from Section 5, Paragraph E of the Federal Alcohol Administration Act reads as follows:

LABELING: ". . . will require an accurate statement, in the case of distilled spirits (other than cordials, liqueurs, and specialties) produced by blending or rectification, if neutral spirits have been used in the production thereof, informing the consumer of the percentage of neutral spirits so used and of the name of the commodity from which such neutral spirits have been distilled, or in case of neutral spirits or of gin produced by a process of continuous distillation, the name of the commodity from which distilled . . ."

What these new Federal requirements mean to you . . .

After August 15, 1936, the American Public will be able to tell from gin labels:

1. **The Source from which the gin is made—grain, cane products, etc.**
2. **The Method by which the gin is made—either compounded or distilled.**

On the Fleischmann label you will find this statement:

"DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN"

This means that Fleischmann's Gin is distilled in one continuous process, directly from American grain.

Since 1870, interrupted only by Prohibition, Fleischmann has been distilling gin in this, the time-honored American way.

Fleischmann starts with the purchase of the grain and controls every step in the smooth-flowing process which ends with the finished bottle.

Fleischmann is convinced that there is no better way a distiller can consistently produce a uniform, well-balanced gin, especially suited to the distinctive American taste. The Fleischmann Distilling Corporation, Peekskill, New York.

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.
FLEISCHMANN'S
ESTABLISHED 1870
DISTILLED DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN
Distilled by Fleischmann Distilling Corporation Peekskill, New York
4/5 QUART
90 PROOF
DRY GIN

"DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN"

Fleischmann's Gin is distilled directly from grain . . . in one continuous process, from the grain to the finished bottle . . . the time-honored American way. 90 Proof.

(Continued from page 29)

"Oh, yes; he's home most of the time. Always at night. Kind and affectionate; never an ugly word. We go to occasional dinners, we go to parties. If she's there he doesn't make me conspicuous by neglect. But we're both dead—dead—*dead*," Susannah said, suddenly breaking and finishing on a desperate note.

"H'm," Margot mused. "It happens that way sometimes," she reminded the other woman briefly. "Do you quarrel?"

"Oh, no; Alec won't quarrel. If I say anything bitter he just walks away. He doesn't feel that he's doing anything wrong. He has just discovered this wonderful girl, and given her a helping hand, and she's grateful."

"She's in love with him, of course."

"Obsessed. He's her god."

"How much does he see her?"

"Constantly. All the time. She played with a symphony in Montreal last month; Alec was there to hear her. He told me that business would take him up there—as a matter of fact he has real estate interests in the town."

"But you don't think she's his mistress?" Margot asked thoughtfully.

"I'm sure not. I don't think that would satisfy Merle," Susannah said, her lip curling, her eyes narrowed.

"Then it won't stop there," Margot said. "Has he asked you for a divorce?"

The room began to sway in slow circles for Susannah; she gripped her hands dizzily on the arms of her chair. It was all nightmare; the pleasantness of autumn sunshine at the windows, the little sucking noise of the coal fire behind the polished steel rods of the grate, Margot's pleasant full figure and bent brown head over her knitting.

"No," she whispered. "He daren't!" she meant to add, but the words would not come.

"I think you have to face it," Margot said, looking up with her kind face a mask of sympathy and distress. "Dudley's always been like a father-confessor to Alec, you know. Dud came home last night worried to death about it all. He thinks that's what is in Alec's mind. You've got to think, Sue, if his infatuation for this girl really is as bad as it seems, just what you're going to do."

"SANNA," Alec said. He folded his newspaper, cleared his throat, looked at her across the breakfast table.

Susannah's heart stood still with instant instinctive fear. She faced him soberly, shadows in her brown eyes.

"Alec." She said it quietly, expectantly. She knew what he was going to say. But if she had steeled herself to listen, she could see that he had steeled himself also to speak. No attitude on her part would stop him now.

"This is the thing," he said. "Do we want to go on this way?"

"This way?" Susannah swallowed with a dry throat.

"What do you feel about it?" he asked.

She looked down, too shaken to answer. The bright colors of her plate swam together; the water in her crystal goblet sparkled like a diamond. There was a great square diamond flashing back at it on the trembling hand with which she laid down her spoon.

"I mean, neither one of us is happy this way," Alec argued.

"No," Susannah said, very low, her throat hurting her, "neither one of us is happy this way."

"Well, what about it?" he said.

"You mean—what, Alec?"

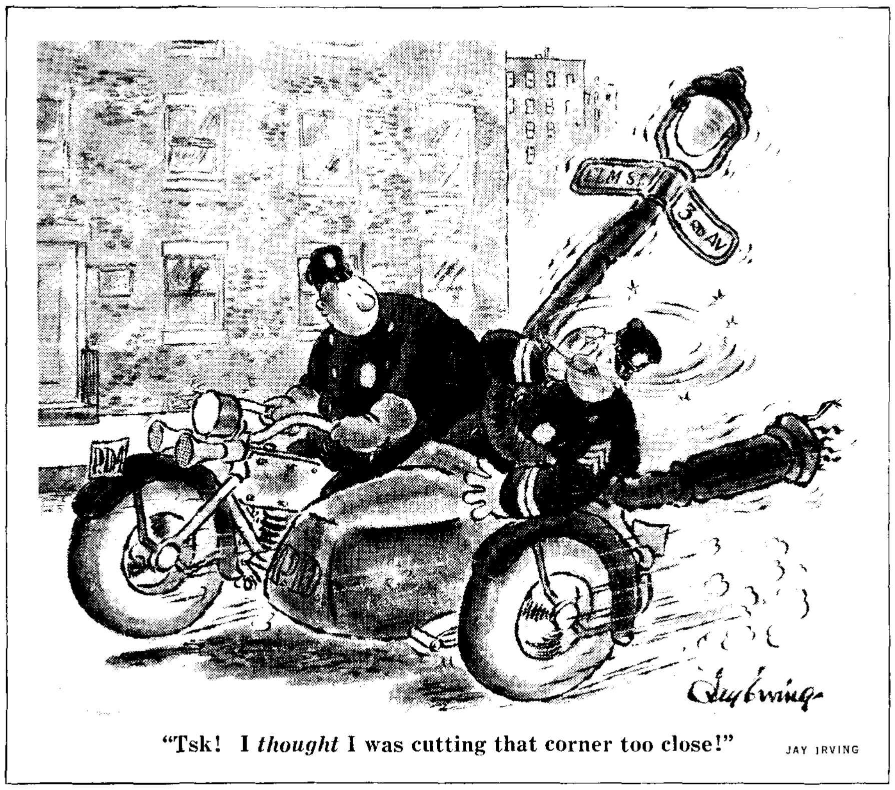
He came over to her side of the table and sat down near her, squaring a chair about so that he could face her. Outside of the high penthouse windows a gray heavy sky lowered over the city. Susannah could hear the rush of the elevated trains far below, and the sound of whistles on the river. Agnes came in with hot coffee, went away again.

"I'm as sorry about this as I can be," Alec began in his kind, anxious voice. "You know that, Sanna. It's going to be rough on you—not as rough," he added, in the inevitable self-defense, "as it would have been when things were different. But I know how you're going to hate it."

"How do you mean 'when things were different,' Alec?" Susannah spoke lifelessly, her heavy shadowed eyes upon him.

"Just that," he answered simply. "The truth is this, Sanna. Why don't we face it? I want—" he went on seriously and steadily, his face reddening a little, but his eyes fixed on hers without flinching. "I want to marry Merle. We've come to love each other. We're neither one of us happy about it. It's a wretched situation. But I suppose it isn't the first time it's happened. This half-and-half gets us nowhere. It's making me completely miserable, and it's killing her."

A sudden wild fury shook Susannah like the grip of giant fingers. She felt a sensation of actual vertigo; she felt her mouth suddenly water and her limbs suddenly weak. She got up and walked to the window and stood looking out at the bleak unfriendly winter day. Alec followed her and stood beside her.



"Tsk! I *thought* I was cutting that corner too close!" JAY IRVING

"This isn't a sudden impulse," he said. "It isn't a thing I wanted to happen. As far as you're concerned my feelings haven't changed; they never will change. I'll always feel for you the deepest—the *sincerest*—"

"Oh, please!" she said, suffocating. There was a moment of silence.

"LOOK here, Sanna," Alec suddenly began again, in that tone of affectionate comradeship that had gone straight to her heart at the very beginning of their acquaintanceship, "what *am* I to do about it? This way—the way we've been going on for weeks, isn't fair to anyone. It's a sort of half-life; not one thing nor the other. You're unhappy, I can see that; anyone could see that! I'm unhappy, feeling that I'm failing you and not one bit closer to her, and of course—but I'm not bringing Merle into it because she naturally hasn't any rights in your eyes. But she's heartbroken, of course. She feels that she's your friend, that you were kind to her—"

He stopped on an eloquent note of appeal; Susannah's back, turned toward him, did not move a muscle, her head was held high.

"I'm not going to waste words telling you that I think you have lost your mind," she finally said icily. "But you must be crazy to talk to me this way. Are you seriously proposing that I step down and give my place to a Russian girl of nineteen who happened to be on the steamer crossing with you last year? I love you too much—" Susannah faltered, suddenly breaking, "to let you make such a *fool* of yourself!"

"I'm sorry you feel that way about it," Alec said stiffly in the silence.

SHE turned about and faced him, and put a hand on his shoulder.

"Ah, Alec, it can't be you and I talking to each other this way! What's gone wrong, dear? How have I failed you? You and I loved each other once, such a little time back! What's the matter now?"

He went to the table and sat down, and put his head into his hands, his elbows among the scattered plates and glasses.

"I don't know," he said in a whisper.

"I don't know. I only know that I can't help it, Sanna. It's the only thing I ever met in my life that I couldn't lick! When I'm with her, then it seems so easy. It seems so easy to keep it friendship, to like her and help her, and let it go at that. When I'm away from her I'm sick; I'm thinking of nothing else, wondering what she's doing, wanting her—wanting her—"

He finished on a mere breath. He did not look up. It was as if he spoke to himself.

"But that won't last, Alec," Susannah pleaded eagerly, sitting near him, her fingertips touching his arm. "Think what it means, dear. To your mother—Evelina—myself, everyone! This is only a passing thing; it can't be permanent. Couldn't we go away—anywhere—Europe or California or China again—*anywhere!* You can't break up everything for an impulse—an emotion—"

He raised his head and looked at her with wretched eyes.

"Sanna," he demanded simply, "what *else* can I do?"

"Ah, well," she said, confidence rushing back like a great freshening tide into her heart. "You can't do *that!* Because I love you, Alec, and for my sake, and the baby's sake, and your mother's sake you're going to stay with the wife who loves you. You're going to be fair to Evelina and me, and yourself, too. This would hurt me so, Alec, and our little girl, too, and you most of all! Darling, try to see that side of it."

Was he listening as the eager low flow of her words went on? She could not tell. His handsome, haggard face was strangely set as he looked off into space, his eyes narrowed, a faint frown on his forehead.

"I don't know why you love me, Sanna," he said presently, in a despairing tone. "I don't know why I get this way about a girl who could easily be my daughter! I know, I know exactly how it looks—an old fool taken in by a pretty face! I don't defend myself, God help me! But I've been *crazy*, seeing you the way you've been for weeks, listening to her—knowing that it was up to me to do anything if anything is going to be done. I tell you I've been crazy!"

He put his head back into his hands again, gripping it so that she could see the muscles of his fingers whiten. Susannah sat silent, finding nothing to say.

"Crazy!" Alec said again in a whisper. "Well!" he added, in a different tone, "I'm late now. Cutter's here from Washington and was to be in the office at ten."

She walked with him to the door, dismissed Frost with a nod, and held his big coat for him.

"I will never let you go, Alec," she said seriously.

"Why do you want to hold on to an ass like me—" he answered, with a broken little angry laugh.

"Ah, well, that's my business."

He turned suddenly, shamefacedly, in the little hallway, after she had pressed the bell for the elevator.

"Kiss me, Sanna."

And with the kiss for the first time she broke into tears, and went back blindly to her bedroom when he had gone, crying bitterly.

THE day went on. Susannah went in to see Evelina in her bath, to take the big towel from the polite and patient Nursey and dry the firm little wriggling body herself, to hurry away to the first of the morning's engagements. Her program included a stop at the beauty parlor at eleven, a hospital call at noon, luncheon at the club with Elinor Jessup and ten other exquisitely dressed and groomed and perfumed women, and a pleasant nine-blocks walk with Marjorie Hunter, afterward, to the gallery, to take another look at the portrait. It was decorated now with two prize ribbons: the Paul Stein portrait prize, the Peabody International Medal. And it was to be sent to Boston for further competition.

Ross was there looking at it, and when Marjorie rushed away to meet a friend at the Penn Station, Susannah and the artist strolled down the avenue together in the glum cold shadows of afternoon, and looked at the brilliant windows and the cars twinkling and slipping on the frozen dirty remnants of last week's snow. The sky, far down toward the Washington Arch, turned cold opal at five o'clock; Susannah declined tea at Pierre's; she wanted to get home to see Evelina to bed, and at six some people were coming in.

"You can loiter about for a cocktail if you like, Ross."

"No, thanks. I've got to get home and dress. Any chance of your coming up to Boston to see what we have to beat, Sanna?"

"Not much. I'd love to, but it does bite out such a big slice of one's day. Five hours there and five hours back. I had a card. After Christmas, is it?"

"January. They're making quite an occasion of the opening. Evening reception, Mayor and all that. My sister's coming all the way from Washington for it, and she will stay overnight at the Bellevue."

(Continued on page 34)

WHO SERVES PROGR

Shall we all have More — or Less?

Every American concerned with his own and his country's future needs to ask himself this question. If his answer is "more"—let him think upon the things which made this nation great. It was not by dividing wealth, but by multiplying it. It was not by stabilization, but by driving forward. It was not by making fewer things at higher prices for fewer people, but by making more things at lower prices for more people. It was not by preserving the old, but by utilizing the new. Never was there a time with more limitless possibilities than

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ow for multiplying jobs, for creating new work, for producing ew wealth, for demonstrating again that *opportunity has no eiling in America!* The heart of this opportunity lies in rebuilding America's production plant on the basis of the vast adances won by science and industry during the depression years. Rebuild on this basis and you create not alone more jobs, but better goods and services and values. You lower costs not by reducing wages, but by increasing efficiency. You make more attractive things more attainable, and so widen markets. You serve progress, and who serves progress serves America!

N A GENERAL MOTORS CAR

UICK LA SALLE CADILLAC

(Continued from page 31)

"Mrs. Ames. Is she? When are you going, Ross?"

"I'm going to fly up the day of the opening."

"Ah." They walked on in silence. "It'd be fun," Susannah said.

"Here's your doorway. No, I'm not going up. Sanna," Ross said, his dark, handsome sinister face very earnest as he held her hands in goodby, "there's something I want to say to you, and I don't know whether it'll make you mad or not. It's this: if the time ever comes when you would feel happier to know that there's someone in the world who worships you—I sound like a kid, but I'm not a kid, and I *worship* you. I don't ask anything and I don't expect anything; it isn't that. It's just that there are times in our lives when we need—we need to think well of ourselves—we need to know that we're loved, that we make the whole scheme better for someone. I'm saying this rottenly, but that's what you mean to me. That's what you'll always mean. And now good night, my dear."

Before she could speak, if indeed she could have found anything to say, he was gone. Susannah stood looking after him as he went away. Then she turned slowly and entered the elevator.

"Colder, Mason."

"Yes, Madam. Yes, Madam, it is colder. It is almost like snow tonight, Madam."

"More snow!"

SUSANNAH went into her room and got into a loose comfortable dress. 'Liza knocked discreetly before coming in, delivered the not unexpected message.

"Mr. Hazeltyne telephoned, Mrs. Hazeltyne, and he will not be here for dinner. He said that he knew you would have your bridge game without him, and that he would be in at about ten o'clock. He was suddenly called to Philadelphia."

"Thank you, 'Liza." The Philadelphia fiction was not for Susannah's benefit, of course. Alec had long ago stopped that farce with her. That was what she was to tell Rosa and Bob Arnheim and Peter Eckles when they came in for an informal dinner with her tonight. That was what Alec would plead when he got home fresh and friendly at eleven.

"I'm horribly sorry," he would say. "Hello, Miriam, Bob. Awfully sorry not to be here, Mr. Eckles, but something came up at about four in the office, and I was able to catch my man in Philadelphia and rush down there to have a talk with him. Hello, darling."

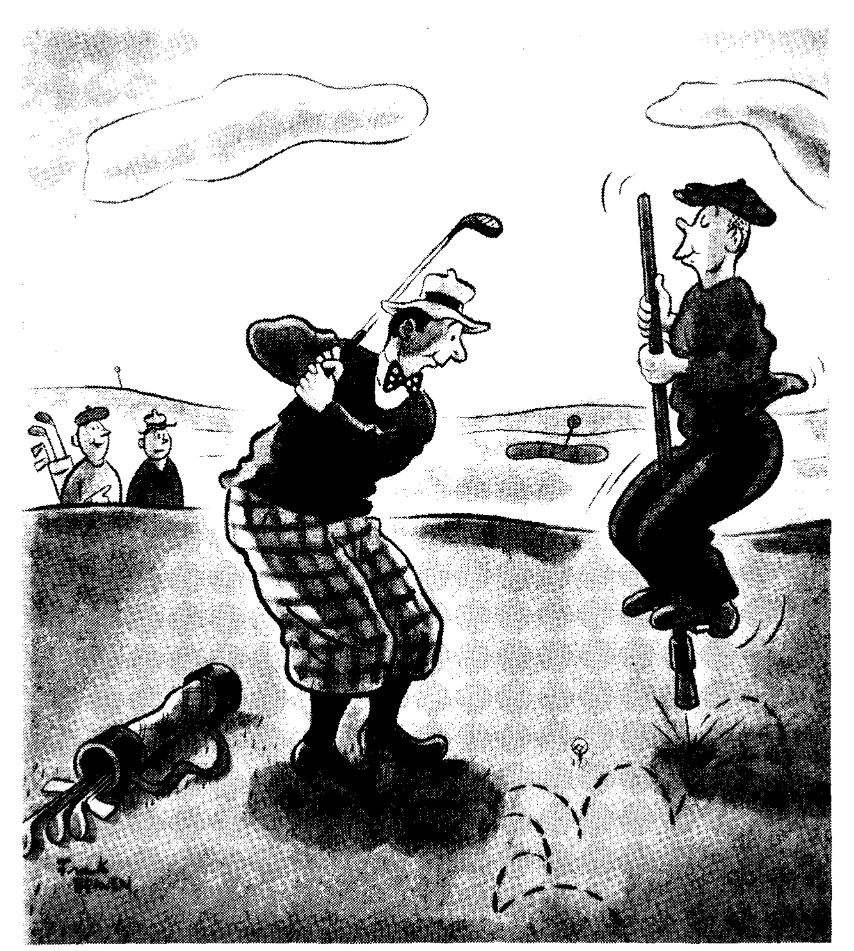
And immediately, with that confidence and friendliness and charm that were his peculiar assets, Alec would be the center of the group, playing a few sensational bridge hands, challenging Bob to three games of backgammon, winning the strange new Englishman just as inevitably as he always won anyone he cared to win. Remembering Merle's sad, shy sweetness at dinner, glowing from her last words of loving and despairing good night, he could do that, and yet not be insincere about it, not be contemptible or false.

Afterward, when the guests were gone, he would say one or two civil things about lights or weariness or weather or the friends who had just been with them, and disappear. He slept now in what had once been his study; there was a bed there not half as comfortable as his own. When moving, three weeks earlier, he had made a little ostentatious explanation for the benefit of the servants; he had a heavy cold and he did not want Mrs. Hazeltyne or the baby to get it. But the trifling cold he had had was long gone, and he did not come back to his wife's room.

The wretched balancing of scales went on. Susannah suspected from his manner that there were scenes with Merle; perhaps she reproached him, tried to terminate the fruitless affair. Sometimes when he came from her he turned toward Susannah with such a wistful, such a pathetic effort to restore the old confidence between them that her heart ached for him, in spite of its anger and hurt.

But even when that happened she knew from his manner that the chain that bound him to Merle was not broken. He would listen nervously for the telephone bell, start up eagerly. "Was that for me, Frost?"

And if it were for him, he deceived neither himself nor his wife when he answered it hardily as one man to another: "Oh, is that you, Hutchinson? Wait a minute, I'll take that in my study. Windows open in here!" or "Radio going in here," or "Everyone talking in here!" Any excuse would answer that gave him a chance to say hurriedly and penitently to the woman who held him in so complete a spell, "So am I. Desperately sorry. No, I didn't mean it. You were a darling to telephone. Yes. Yes. Yes, you know I do. Yes."



"The course is so easy, he takes him along as a mental hazard"

FRANK BEAVEN

ONE cold, dark day before Christmas, when she herself was recovering from a cold brought on by fatigue and worry, and by utter lack of heart in what she was doing, Susannah canceled all her engagements, and stayed at home on the excuse that the baby had a cold. It was Nursey's regular afternoon off; Evelina's nap would carry her safely from one until almost three o'clock, and Milly was on hand to make herself useful as an assistant. Susannah, after a delicious hour of play with Evelina, was standing at the drawing-room window looking down into the street, with Evelina in her arms, when Merle Sargent walked into the room.

The two women had not seen each other since late summer, when they had been together on the three-days yachting cruise. It had not been long after that that Alec had made his awkward, ineffectual bid for freedom; since then Susannah had wished neither to see Merle nor to hear her name.

She looked at Merle now with a level measuring gaze that might well have daunted a less confident woman. But Merle had steeled herself to this encounter; she was ready for anything.

"She can kick me out, dearest," she had said to Alec at luncheon; "she can have Frost open the door for me. But I've simply got to go see her. Something inside of me—something stronger than I am—is making me go."

"WHAT funny little twist of honesty is that, do you suppose?" he had asked, watching her. "You'll not accomplish anything by it."

"Oh, I know I won't! I know I won't!" Merle's strange eyes had shone upon him darkly. "But I have to go, just the same," she had said.

And now she was here, actually in the stronghold of Susannah's drawing-room, nervously putting a hand upon the small Evelina who was in her mother's arms.

"Well, you darling!" Merle said, her eyes all for the child, "how you grow up! And curls! I've not seen the curls before."

Milly, apprised in the mysterious way in which the servants always seemed to be aware of what was going on, had appeared in the doorway.

"Take the baby, Milly," said Susannah, "and get her started on her cereal. I'll be there in five minutes."

She turned cold eyes upon Merle, and they walked to the fireplace together. It was just five o'clock, but Susannah made no gesture toward tea; she sat down and Merle sat down on the wide divan near her, and spread out her arms, flattening her palms against the rich dark red velvet of the upholstery. So posed, she was the incarnation of exotic youth and beauty; she was all in black today, except for a twist of salmon-colored scarf at her throat and the coral balls in her ears. Susannah thought her thinner than she had been, more like a lissome young panther than ever. Lean and young and appealing, Merle tried to smile as she opened the conversation.

"Sanna, I think I'm doing the very hardest thing I ever did in my life!"

Susannah answered unencouragingly, quietly.

"I wonder why, Merle."

"You—you wonder why?" Merle stammered, a little at a loss. This open, undisguised unfriendliness was unexpected. Perhaps she had felt that Susannah would at least keep the surface smooth.

"Because I'm so unhappy," she improvised quickly. "Because I want so terribly not to hurt—not to have any of us hurt—and perhaps to have you understand, Sanna, how—how all this happened."

"All this," Susannah said, without expression.

"Well—" Merle began waveringly. And in a rush she added: "You see, Sanna, we're both horribly sorry about this! It isn't what you think—I mean, our just liking each other and being selfish about it no matter what it costs you! We've tried to break it up—we can't."

"I don't quite see—" Susannah began and stopped. When she spoke again it was in a different tone. "We accomplish nothing by this," she said.

"I came to ask you—I came to ask you," Merle insisted, "if you couldn't possibly see things our way! I know how strange it must sound to you, but Sanna, it's destroying both of us. And you're not happy! You're not happy. If you were—"

"What on earth," Susannah asked icily, as the other woman paused, "do you expect me to do? I've known for months that you wanted Alec. You don't suppose I'm in any doubt about that? I wouldn't have gone out of my way to talk of it, Merle. But since you've come here to—well, I don't know exactly what to do, I may as well say that I prefer to discuss things that concern us with Alec directly. And really—really—" Susannah finished, getting to her feet and moving toward the door, "I haven't anything further to say on the subject."

MERLE was up with the quick spring of a panther, between her and the door, holding to Susannah's shoulders with both her young hands.

"Please—please!" she said. "Don't talk that way! Please be honest, Sanna, and help us all! I'm not proud of it—I'm not enjoying it; God knows I've shed more tears in the past few months than in all my life before! But you've got to be generous, Sanna. He says you're the most generous woman in the world. Give him to me! Won't you? Won't you? It's not his money—listen to me, please—*please*—I'd go barefoot with him—I'd go anywhere—any little hole in India or China—where we aren't known—anywhere—"

Susannah shook herself loose and walked from the room. For a few instants the wild rush of words went on; then there was silence. She went slowly down the hall to Evelina's room, sat mechanically handling the baby, her small garments, her gold spoon and bowl. After awhile she rang for Frost.

"Did Miss Sargent go, Frost?"

"Yes, Mrs. Hazeltyne. I saw her to the elevator."

Susannah brooded, breathing hard. She was completely incapable of thought; she made no attempt to reason. Her emotions swept her consciousness about blindly; now she was rehearsing something that she must say to Alec, now remembering some actual word of Merle's, always fevered, confused, her senses plunging about without order or sequence, her mind one wild confusion. And for a little while she thought that she would die.

(To be continued next week)

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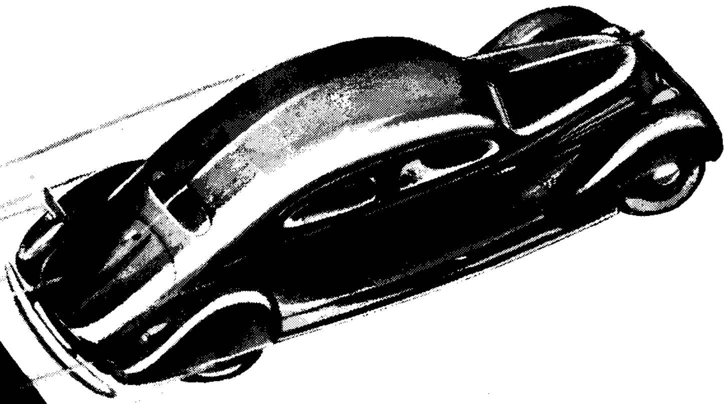

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—that the railroads haul a ton of freight a mile with a glass of water and less than a handful of fuel, and at rates averaging less than a cent?

—that the speed of freight trains has been stepped up 43% in recent years?

—that by increasing the efficiency of combustion the railroads have cut fuel costs a half billion dollars in the past ten years?

—that 44% of every dollar the railroads take in goes for railroad payrolls?

—that the railroads maintain their own "highways"—a quarter of a million miles of "line"?

—that many railroads will carry your automobile to vacation spots for the price of a third ticket?

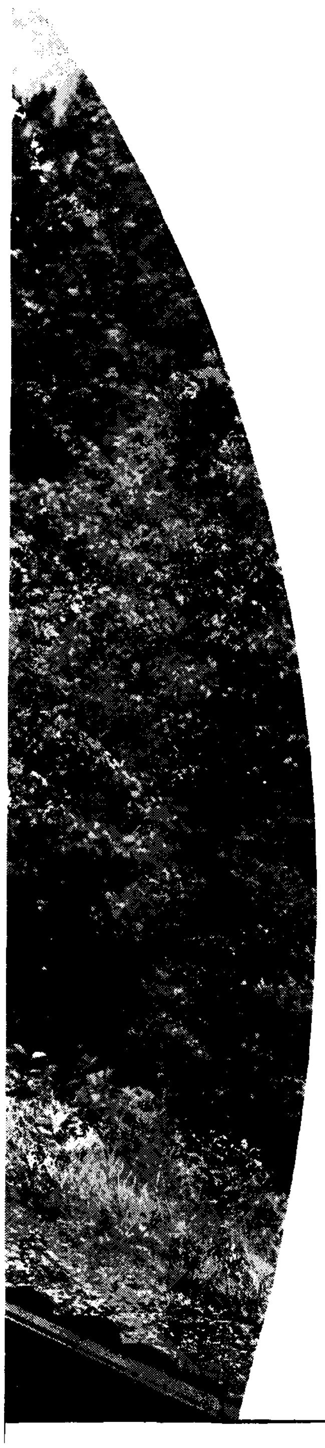
— that railroad fares throughout the United States have been reduced as much as 44%, and that Pullman fares are one-third less, with no surcharge?

— that you are far safer on a railroad train than you are in your own home?

PIONEERING STILL GOES ON!

If all the research activities carried on by the American railroads were concentrated in one huge laboratory it would require an institution housing thousands of men and providing millions of square feet of floor space. Six railroads, two universities and ten supply companies alone, for example, maintain a permanent research personnel of about 1,000 people, engaged in such varied projects as Equipment Design, Metal Alloys, General Equipment Efficiency, Design and Performance of Signal Apparatus, Production Methods, Wood Decay, Metal Corrosion, Water Softening. Out of this pioneering endeavor come such devices as this track recorder, used to detect and chart track irregularities. In a car traveling 50 miles an hour, it records such useful information as: low joints, variations in gage, car body inclination, car body bounce—providing a constant check on safety and pointing the way to greater comfort.

ica goes forward!



IT IS certainly no news that America has been passing through a depression.

The railroads, like every other business in the land, have had their problems, and plenty of them.

And like every other enterprising American business, the railroads have faced those problems with honesty and patience, with resourcefulness, *most of all with determination to go ahead.*

A vast range and variety of betterments in railroad practice and equipment is the result—such betterments as air-conditioning, for example, which makes a railroad passenger car today the cleanest, quietest, most comfortable way to travel.

Conspicuous also is the notable step-up in passenger schedules, to a point where many limited trains now *average* mile-a-minute speed. And freight transport also has been speeded up—an average of 43%.

But the real story of railroad enterprise is scarcely told by these figures, for it is a story of *speed with safety* unmatched by any other transportation in the world!

In its details it is, perhaps, an undramatic story—of light rails replaced by heavier ones—of roadbeds improved—of brakes and couplings bettered—of locomotives increased in power—of courageous investment matched by constant thrift in order that service might be maintained and even improved in the face of reduced revenues.

The big fact, however, stands clear: the American railroads today are *ready* as America goes ahead—ready to provide that indispensable reliability combined with adequate means and men to move tremendous tonnage, which a recovering nation demands.

EDGAR L. VAIL, executive, New York: "When I step on a train, I know I'm going to get there, and in 99% of the cases I will be on time to the minute."

EARL I. CARMODY, salesman, New York: "I've traveled a bit in the last five years, so I really had a chance to appreciate the progress railroads have made when I recently took a long trip. There's no comparison between train travel today and train travel five years ago."

MRS. BEATRICE MITCHELL, mother, Tulsa: "Railroad men are so courteous and thoughtful that travel with children is no trouble at all these days."

MME. ERNESTINE SCHUMANN HEINK, opera singer: "The only reason I am able to travel so often and so extensively is that the railroads are so comfortable. With room to move about at will you feel completely relaxed at the end of the journey."

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MOTORISTS WISE

SIMONIZ

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Round and Round

Continued from page 15

beginning. No matter how hardy the veterans are, the first five days are agony. Blistered feet and shin splints are the two most common ailments. Everyone gets blistered feet and each night the skaters soak them alternately in pails of hot water well flavored with Epsom salts, and cold water. Physicians are always in attendance at the track and after having tried everything else they find that this is the surest way of eliminating blistered feet. College football trainers might note.

Nasty bruises and painful cuts are the dividends which spills pay, and spills are common. I was watching the Louisville Derby one night. The girls were on the track. Seventeen of them were whirling around at a mad pace, their multicolored jerseys and sweaters giving the whole affair a kaleidoscopic effect.

Courage in the Rink

Clara Scholl of Chicago, one of the speediest of the skaters, had just stolen a lap and now she was out after another. The field was strung behind her and the whirring of the maple wheels of their skates flashing over the wooden saucer arose in a shrill scream, even above the roaring of the crowd. Suddenly there was a horrified gasp. Clara Scholl had gone down and those following her, unable to check their speed (at full speed they go about thirty-five miles an hour) had piled up in a helter-skelter of arms and legs and skates. A whistle blew, ending the jam, and track attendants hurried to the help of the girls. They all arose shakily but determinedly—except Clara Scholl. She lay there with blood streaming from a scalp wound.

They hurried her to an emergency hospital maintained on the track. Two minutes later a doctor was putting twelve stitches in the wound. Twenty minutes later she was putting on her skates again and in another ten minutes she had relieved her tired partner, Curly Nanna of Buffalo, who had held the fort during her absence.

That's the kind of courage you often see on the football field but don't look for in anything so bizarre as a Roller Derby. Yet so commonplace are such accidents that even the contestants themselves, beyond saying, "Are you all right, Clara?" ignore the incident. When Clara's next fifteen-minute stretch was completed she rested on her cot, her head swathed in bandages, and I talked to her, trying to find out what it is that makes girls and boys go through with such physical agony. It can't be just the money, for the rewards are not high and only the winners really make anything.

"How do I feel?" Clara Scholl laughed. "Fine. What's a little scratch like that? Why, you should have seen what happened to Louise Thomas in the Chicago race a couple of months ago. Louise fell, broke her collarbone, had the doctor set it, put it in a cast and was back on the track within two hours."

Louise Thomas, who was on a near-by cot, laughed and exhibited a slightly bent collarbone. "You forget those things as soon as they happen," she said. "Clara and I have been lucky. Tiny McDowell, a little Irish girl, wasn't as lucky as we were. In that Chicago race she fell and broke her arm. She had it set and then tried to return to the track but the doctors wouldn't let her. That was real tough luck. Mr. Seltzer is awful careful. He won't let us go on if we're really hurt."

"What do you do it for?" I asked. "You don't make much more money than a stenographer. You are cooped up here for thirty-five days without a chance to go out and you risk your arms and legs. Why?"

Clara Scholl looked at Louise Thomas and an understanding look passed between them.

"You wouldn't understand," Miss Scholl said slowly. "I hardly understand myself. But there's a feeling of satisfaction in knowing that you are with the fastest group of skaters in the world. Hundreds try to enter this Derby each time it's held but never more than forty or so make the grade. Only the best skaters are allowed—those who've won amateur or professional events. Then there's a thrill in the cheers of the crowd and in the companionship of the other skaters. We all sort of live in a world of our own. Oh, I can't explain it, but it's the life for me, all right."

A talk with Nurse Caroline Barton brought out the interesting fact that the girls actually gain from eight to ten pounds during the thirty-five days of the race. "They eat regularly and they eat food prepared under the supervision of experienced dietitians. They sleep ten hours each night," she said, "and of course get plenty of exercise. The same holds true for the boys."

Jock McGing, who trains the boys, agreed with the nurse. "We take good care of the youngsters," he says. "You know I've trained boxers and football players and about every kind of athlete, but for sheer gameness these skaters beat anything I've ever seen. Skating ten hours a day is a terrific strain on the leg muscles. The vibration as they whirl around the saucer also causes spinal pain. We eliminate this by constant massage—we do that several times a day to keep the muscles loose and pliable."

The Best There Are

The happiest of all boys is Jay Levy, a deaf-mute from Kansas City. For a while he was a professional boxer. Then he turned to skating. With the help of a finger-man interpreter he told me that skating was much tougher than boxing and more thrilling, too.

"When you win a fight you are only beating some other second-rater," he said, through his nimble fingers. "When you win a Roller Derby you are beating the best skaters who ever lived."

Probably the fastest man ever to draw on a pair of skates is Joe Rosasco of Chicago. Because there has never been a standard track there have never been any accepted speed records. Skating clubs have always had local champions and have listed their records as being standard, but no records have ever been accepted nationally.

Last year Rosasco whirled through a mile in 2:50⅕, a mark which no one has ever approached on any track. In a mile race Rosasco can show the way easily to any of the Derby skaters and they unanimously declare him to be the world's fastest skater.

Actually there aren't many really fast skaters. More and more skating clubs are being formed and more and more skaters are trying to qualify for the Roller Derby and it is only a matter of time before there will be hundreds of fast skaters cluttering up the sidewalks and pavements of our cities. For this Roller Derby is here to stay and if you miss your son or daughter some fine day, go ahunting for Leo Seltzer's wooden saucer, whether it be in Miami or Louisville or Kansas City, and you'll probably find your offspring emulating the squirrel in a wheel that goes round and round because there's no place else to go.

What Good's a Constitution?

Continued from page 22

any kind is permitted which offends against a narrow and arbitrary code based upon virulent race prejudice.

Nor is this all. Even in the sphere of religion the State must intervene. It comes between the priest and his penitent, between the worshiper and the God to whom he prays. And this last, by one of the curious ironies of history, in the land of Luther.

To rivet this intolerable yoke upon the necks of the German people, all the resources of propaganda have been utilized to magnify the sense of a crisis and to exhibit sometimes France, sometimes Poland, sometimes Lithuania, always the Soviets and the Jews as antagonists at whom the patriotic Teuton must grind his teeth.

Much the same thing has happened in Russia. The powerful aid of national sentiment and imperialist aspirations has been invoked to buttress a decaying Communism.

Tests for Civilization

In the United States, also, economic crisis has led to an extension of the activities of the Executive and to the pillorying, by irresponsible agitators, of certain groups and sections of the population as enemies of the rest. There have been efforts to exalt the power of the central government and to limit the rights of individuals. It has been sought to mobilize behind this reversal of the American tradition, at once the selfishness of the pensioners, or would-be pensioners, of Washington, and the patriotism of all who wish to see their country prosperous once more.

It is when passions and cupidities are thus unleashed and, at the same time, the sense of public duty rides high in the hearts of all men and women of good will, that the handcuffs can be slipped upon the citizens and they can be brought into entire subjugation to the executive government. Then they are led to believe that, if they will only yield themselves, body, mind and soul, to the State, and obey unquestioningly its injunctions, some dazzling future of riches and power will open to them, either—as in Italy—by the conquest of the territories of others, or—as in America—by a further liberation and exploitation of the national resources.

I take the opposite view. I hold that governments are meant to be, and must remain, the servants of the citizens; that states and federations only come into existence and can only be justified by preserving the "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness" in the homes and families of individuals. The true right and power rest in the individual. He gives of his right and power to the State, expecting and requiring thereby in return to receive certain advantages and guarantees. I do not admit that an economic crisis can ever truly be compared with the kind of struggle for existence by races constantly under primordial conditions. I do not think that modern nations in time of peace ought to regard themselves as if they were the inhabitants of besieged cities, liable to be put to the sword or led into slavery if they cannot make good their defense.

One of the greatest reasons for avoiding war is that it is destructive to liberty. But we must not be led into adopting for ourselves the evils of war in time of peace upon any pretext whatever. The word "civilization" means not only peace by the nonregimentation of the people such as is required in war. Civilization means that officials and authorities, whether uniformed or not, whether armed or not, are made to realize that they are servants and not masters.

Socialism or overweening State life, whether in peace or war, is only sharing miseries and not blessings. Every self-respecting citizen in every country must be on his guard lest the rulers demand of him in time of peace sacrifices only tolerable in a period of war for national self-preservation.

I judge the civilization of any community by simple tests. What is the degree of freedom possessed by the citizen or subject? Can he think, speak and act freely under well-established, well-known laws? Can he criticize the executive government? Can he sue the State if it has infringed his rights? Are there also great processes for changing the law to meet new conditions?

Judging by these standards, Great Britain and the United States can claim to be in the forefront of civilized communities. But we owe this only in part to the good sense and watchfulness of our citizens. In both our countries the character of the judiciary is a vital factor in the maintenance of the rights and liberties of the individual citizen.

Our judges extend impartially to all men protection, not only against wrongs committed by private persons, but also against the arbitrary acts of public authority. The independence of the courts is, to all of us, the guarantee of freedom and the equal rule of law.

It must, therefore, be the first concern of the citizens of a free country to preserve and maintain the independence of the courts of justice, however inconvenient that independence may be, on occasion, to the government of the day.

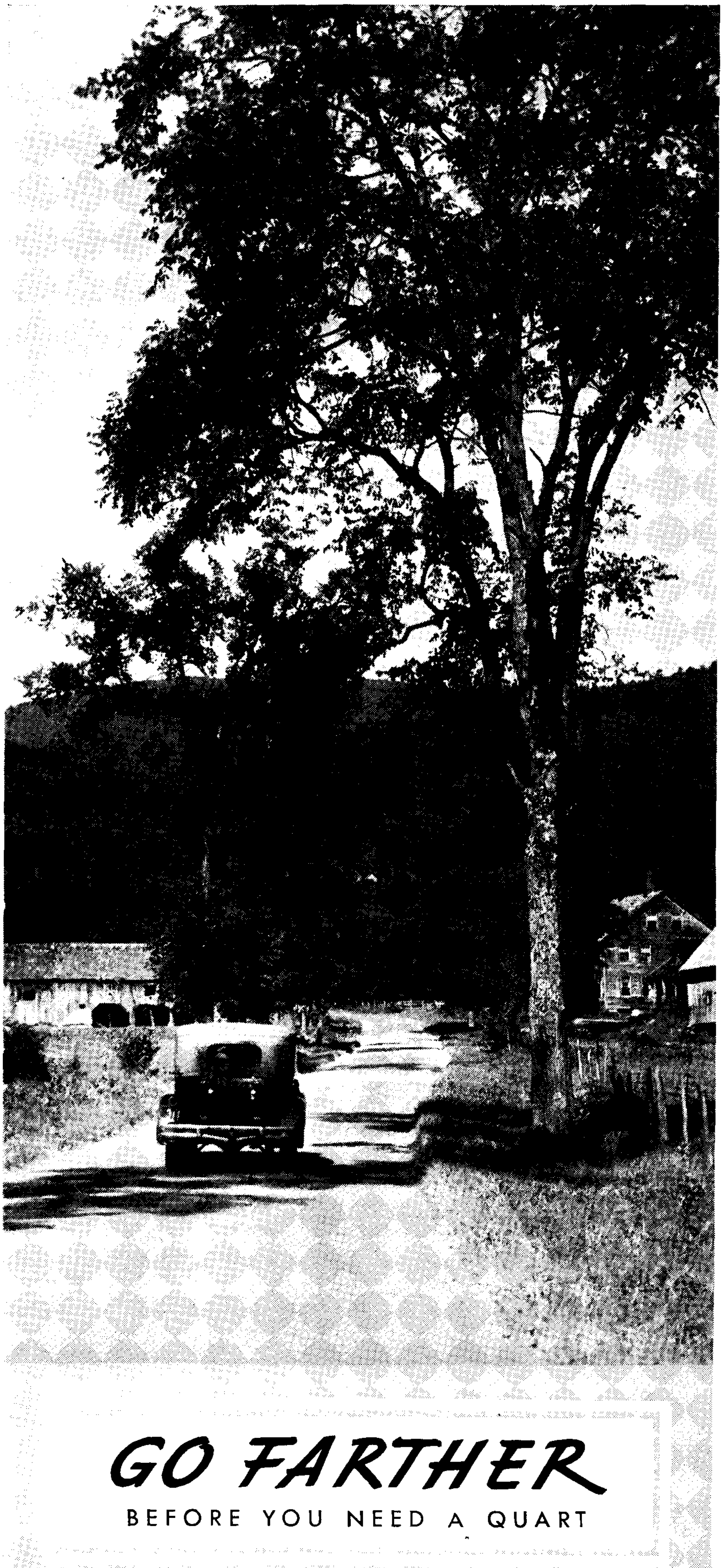
But all this implies peace conditions, an atmosphere of civilization rather than militarization or officialization. It implies a balance and equipoise of society which can be altered only gradually. It is so hard to build the structure of a vast economic community, and so easy to upset it and throw it into confusion. The onus must lie always upon those who propose a change, and the process of change is hardly ever beneficial unless it considers what is due to the past as well as what is claimed for the future.

Bulwark or Fetter?

It is for these reasons among many others that the founders of the American Republic in their Declaration of Independence inculcate as a duty binding upon all worthy sons of America "a frequent recurrence to first principles." Do not let us too readily brush aside the grand, simple affirmations of the past. All wisdom is not new wisdom. Let us never forget that the glory of the nineteenth century was founded upon what seemed to be the successful putting down of those twin curses, anarchy and tyranny.

The question we are discussing is whether a fixed constitution is a bulwark or a fetter. From what I have written it is plain that I incline to the side of those who would regard it as a bulwark, and that I rank the citizen higher than the State, and regard the State as useful only in so far as it preserves his inherent rights. All forms of tyranny are odious. It makes very little difference to the citizen, father of a family, head of a household, whether tyranny comes from a royal or imperial despot, or from a Pope or Inquisitor, or from a military caste, or from an aristocratic or plutocratic oligarchy, or from a ring of employers, or a trade union, or a

(*Continued on page 40*)



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(Continued from page 39)

party caucus—or worst of all, from a terrified and infuriated mob. "A man's a man for a' that." The whole point is, whether he can make head against oppression in any of its Protean shapes, and defend the island of his home, his life and soul. And here is the point at which we may consider and contrast the constitutions of our respective countries.

It is very difficult for us in England to realize the kind of deadlock which has been reached in the United States. Imagine, for instance, the gigantic India Bill, passed through Parliament and for two or three years in active operation throughout the whole of India, suddenly being declared illegal by the law lords sitting as a tribunal. Imagine—to take an instance nearer home—some gigantic measure of insurance as big as our widows' pensions, health and employment insurance rolled together, which had deeply interwoven itself in the whole life of the people, upon which every kind of contract and business arrangement had been based, being declared to have no validity by a court of law. We simply cannot conceive it. Yet something very like that has occurred on your side of the Atlantic.

A Faith Justified

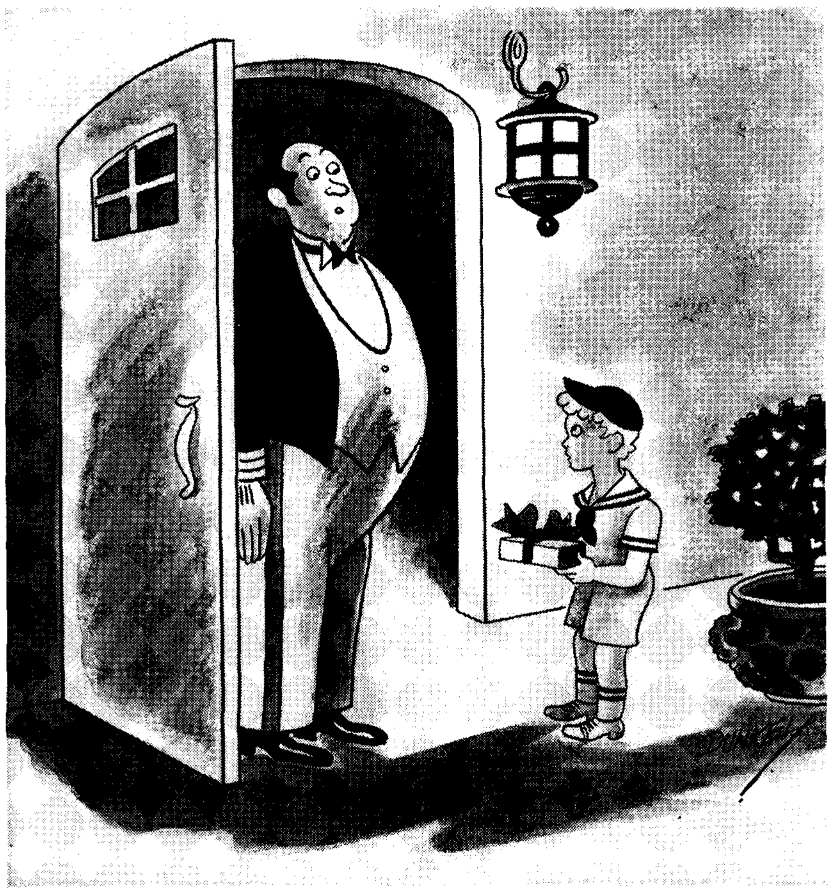
In our country an act of Parliament which, upon the advice of the ministers responsible for it, has received the royal assent is the law of the land. Its authority cannot be questioned by any court. There is no limit to the powers of Crown and Parliament. Even the gravest changes in our Constitution can in theory be carried out by simple majority votes in both Houses and the consequential assent of the Crown.

But we now watch the workings of a written Constitution enforced by a Supreme Court according to the letter of the law, under which anyone may bring a test case challenging not merely the interpretation of a law, but the law itself, and if the Court decides for the appellant, be he only an owner of a few chickens, the whole action of the Legislature and the Executive becomes to that extent null and void. We know that to modify the Constitution even in the smallest particular requires a two-thirds majority of the sovereign states forming the American Union. And this has been achieved, after prodigious struggles, on only a score of occasions during the whole history of the United States.

American citizens or jurists, in their turn, gaze with wonder at our great British democracy expressing itself with plenary powers through a Government and a Parliament controlled only by the fluctuating currents of public opinion. British Governments live from day to day only upon the approval of the House of Commons. There is no divorce between the Executive and the Legislature. The ministers, new or old, must be chosen from men and parties which in the aggregate will command a majority in the House of Commons. Parliament can, if it chooses, even prolong its own life beyond the statutory limit. Ministers may at any time advise the King to a sudden dissolution. Yet all classes and all parties have a deep, underlying conviction that these vast, flexible powers will not be abused, that the spirit of our unwritten Constitution will be respected at every stage.

To understand how this faith is justified, how the British people are able to enjoy a real stability of government without a written Constitution, it is necessary to consider the beginnings of party politics in Britain. Whigs and Tories were almost equally concerned to assert the authority of Parliament as a check upon the Executive. With the Whigs this was a matter of fundamental principle; with the Tories it was a question of expediency. James II was a Catholic and his efforts to further the cause of his co-religionists alienated the great bulk of the Tory party, who were loyal to the Church of England. Then, from the advent of William of Orange to the accession of George III with a brief interval in the reign of Queen Anne, the Crown could do nothing without the Whigs and the government of the country was predominantly or exclusively in the hands of that party.

The Tories were thus vitally interested in preserving and extending the rights of the parliamentary opposition. In this way a jealous care for constitutional rights came to mark both the great parties of the State. And as to all men the Constitution represented security and freedom, none would consent willingly to any breach of it, even to gain a temporary advantage.



"I'm afraid you're wasting your time, sir. Miss Lucy doesn't feel the same about you since you struck out with the bases full"

COURTNEY DUNKEL

Modern times offer respect for law and constitutional usage. Nothing contributed so much to the collapse of the general strike ten years ago as the declaration by great lawyers that it was illegal. And the right of freedom of speech and publication is extended, under the Constitution, to those who in theory seek to overthrow established institutions by force of arms so long as they do not commit any illegal act.

Can It Happen Here?

Another factor making for stability is our permanent civil service. Governments come and go; parliamentary majorities fluctuate; but the civil servants remain. To new and inexperienced ministers they are "guides, philosophers and friends." Themselves untouched by the vicissitudes of party fortunes, they impart to the business of administration a real continuity.

On the whole, too, popular opinion acts as a guardian of the unwritten Constitution. Public chastisement would speedily overtake any minister, however powerful, who fell below the accepted standards of fair play or who descended to trickwork or dodgery.

When one considers the immense size of the United States and the extraordinary contrasts of climate and character which differentiate the forty-eight sovereign states of the American Union, as well as the inevitable conflict of interests between North and South and between East and West, it would seem that the participants of so vast a federation have the right to effectual guarantees upon the fundamental laws, and that these should not be easily changed to suit a particular emergency or fraction of the country.

The founders of the Union, although its corpus was then so much smaller, realized this with profound conviction. They did not think it possible to entrust legislation for so diverse a community and enormous an area to a simple majority. They were as well acquainted with the follies and intolerance of parliaments as with the oppression of princes. "To control the powers and conduct of the legislature," said a leading member of the Convention of 1787, "by an overruling constitution was an improvement in the science and practice of government reserved to the American States."

All the great names of American history can be invoked behind this principle. Why should it be considered obsolete? If today we are framing that constitution for a "United States of Europe" for which so many thinkers on this side of the ocean aspire, fixed and almost unalterable guarantees would be required by the acceding nations.

It may well be that this very quality of rigidity, which is today thought to be so galling, has been a prime factor in founding the greatness of the United States. In the shelter of the Constitution nature has been conquered, a mighty continent has been brought under the sway of man, and an economic entity established, unrivaled in the whole history of the globe.

In this small island of Britain we make laws for ourselves. But if we had again attempted to apply this flexibility and freedom to the British Empire, and to frame an Imperial Constitution to make laws for the whole body, it would have been broken to pieces. Although we have a free, flexible Constitution at the center and for the center of the Empire, nothing is more rigid than the established practice—namely, that we claim no powers to interfere with the affairs of its self-governing component parts. No supreme court is needed to enforce this rule. We have learned the lessons of the past too well.

And here we must note a dangerous misuse of terminology. "Taking the rigidity out of the American Constitution" means, and is intended to mean, new gigantic accessions of power to the dominating center of government and giving it the means to make new fundamental laws enforceable upon all American citizens.

Such a departure in the British Empire by a chance parliamentary majority, or even by aggregate Dominion parliamentary majorities, would shatter it to bits. The so-called "rigidity" of the American Constitution is in fact the guarantee of freedom to its widespread component parts. That a set of persons, however eminent, carried into office upon some populist heave should have the power to make the will of a bare majority effective over the whole of the United States might cause disasters upon the greatest scale from which recovery would not be swift or easy.

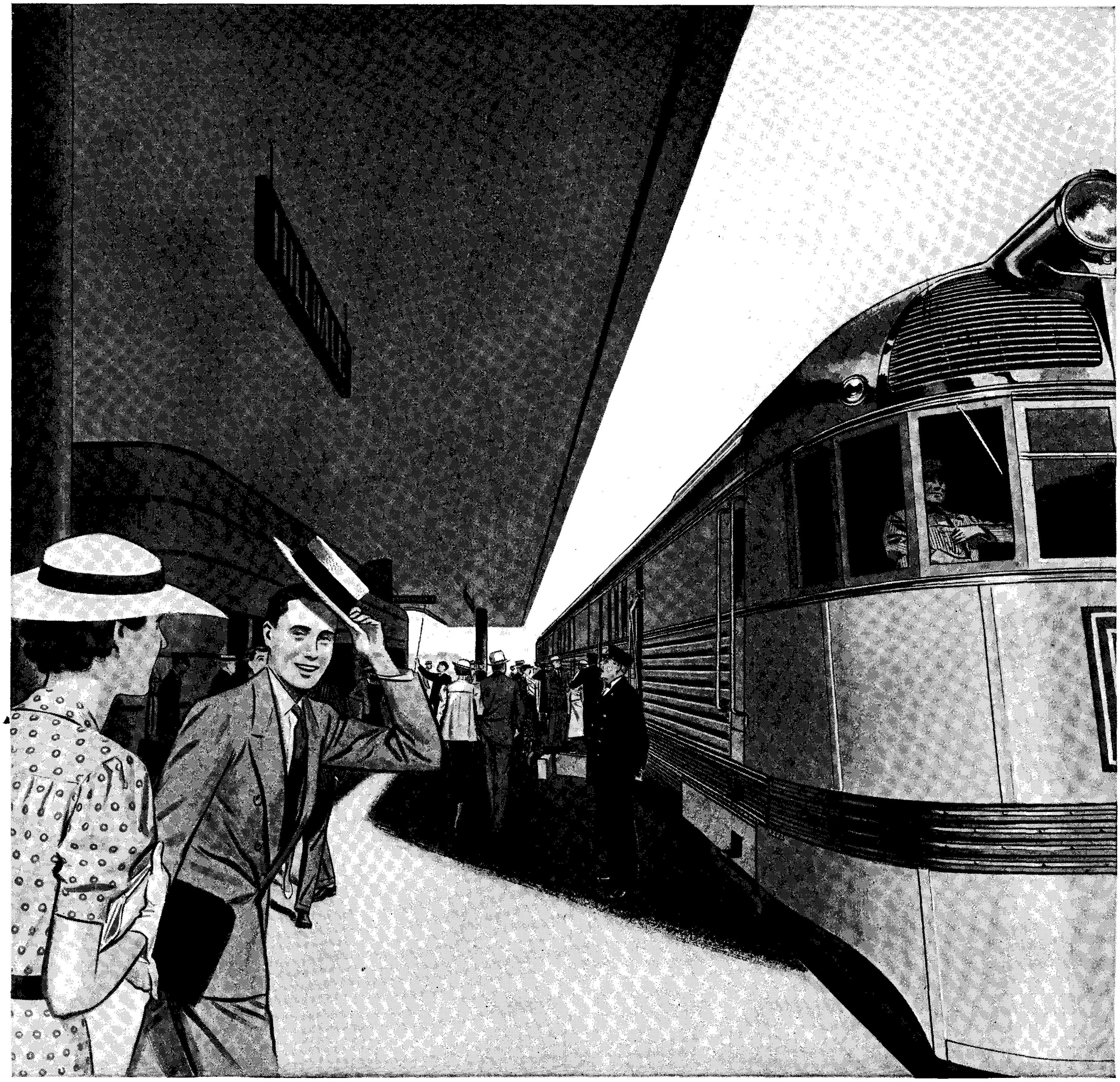
I was reading the other day a recent American novel by Sinclair Lewis—It Can't Happen Here. Such books render a public service to the English-speaking world. When we see what has happened in Germany, Italy and Russia we cannot neglect their warning. This is an age in which the citizen requires more, and not less, legal protection in the exercise of his rights and liberties.

The Constitution Must Work

That is doubtless why, after all the complaints against the rigidity of the United States Constitution and the threats of a presidential election on this issue, none of the suggested constitutional amendments has so far been adopted by the Administration. This may explain why the "Nine Old Men" of the Supreme Court have not been more seriously challenged. But the challenge may come at a later date, though it would perhaps be wiser to dissociate it from any question of the age of the judges, lest it be the liberal element in the court which is weakened.

Now, at the end of these reflections, I must strike a minor and different note. The rigidity of the Constitution of the United States is the shield of the common man. But that rigidity ought not to be interpreted by pedants. In England we continually give new interpretation to the archaic language of our fundamental institutions, and this is no new thing in the United States. The judiciary have obligations which go beyond expounding the mere letter of the law. The Constitution must be made to work.

A true interpretation, however, of the British or the American Constitution is certainly not a chop-logic or pedantic interpretation. So august a body as the Supreme Court in dealing with law must also deal with the life of the United States, and words, however solemn, are only true when they preserve their vital relationship to facts. It would certainly be a great disaster, not only to the American Republic but to the whole world, if a violent collision should take place between the large majority of the American people and the great instrument of government which has so long presided over their expanding fortunes.



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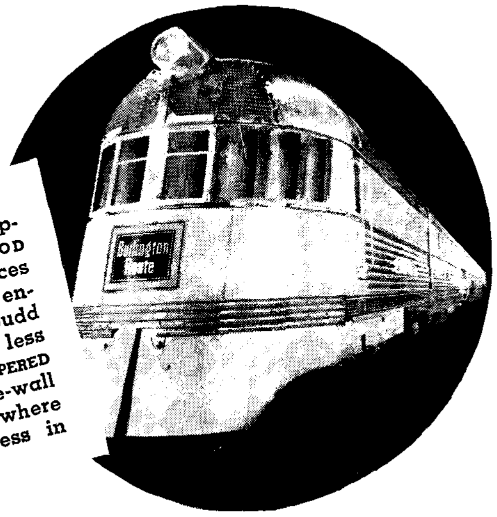

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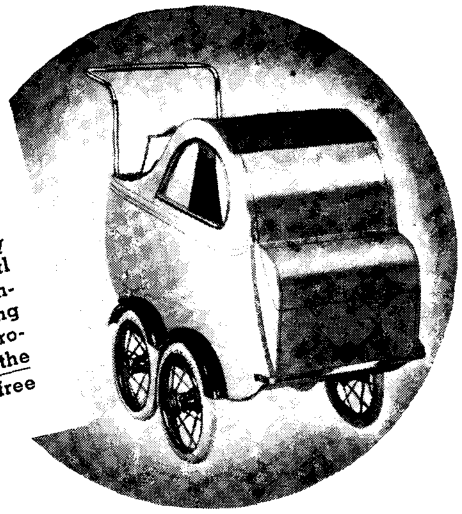

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Friday's Girl

Continued from page 14

Merchant service—not the Navy. I was sitting for my master's certificate. And I muffed it."

"Oh. . . . And you feel terribly?"

"Damn; yes. I'm always muffing things."

She was silent. But excitement glowed on her face. At last: "You mean you . . . you're a sea officer?"

He nodded ruefully. "Second mate of the Willamette. Probably die a second mate. I don't get on."

That didn't bother her a bit. You could tell *she* thought it mighty fine. She turned on him with a quick graceful movement of her body. "What does that matter? Why, I think it's splendid. Splendid!"

"What? Muffing it?" His voice was tightly bitter. "You ought to sit before those steel-eyed graybeards for a few days yourself!"

"Oh, no. I didn't mean that. You tried your best, didn't you?"

"I sweated blood."

"Well, all right then! Forget it. Get on about your work!"

HE TURNED on her quickly. He thought for a moment she was sending him brusquely on his way. But he saw at once it wasn't so.

"You," he said thoughtfully, "you don't mind failures? I mean you . . ."

There was that smile of hers again! And that quiet voice, a little bit like husky music. "No. You see, I was born on a Friday. Friday is an unlucky day, they say. I know all about what you call failure."

He grinned. "But Friday's girl," he quoted, " 'Friday's girl is loving and giving.' "

"Right!" she agreed quickly and with some force. "Here you are, so it won't be untrue." A very small and delicate white hand extended to him what was left of her candy bar. "Like chocolate?"

"Crazy about it."

He took the gift solemnly. The city's muttering seemed less greedy somehow. They sat quietly side by side.

"I used to think just that myself," he said. Funny, but he knew she would understand what he meant. "I always had a hard time at sea, from the very first, even when I was doing my time in sail. Never got on. Funny business, the insane devotion a fellow gets for the life. Like a disease. Even when you curse it the most. And it gives you nothing. Nothing at all. No one but a fool talks about loving the sea. But it never bothered me before." He broke off. "You . . . you don't mind my bursting out at you like this? I mean we . . . well, we don't know each other at all. I can tell you the truth."

She only shook her head in the dusk.

"But now," he went on softly, "all of a sudden I'm to marry a girl. And by gad! a fellow has got to get on when that time comes. What's a second mate to a girl like Alice Denton? She was born for success. Failure is a rotten thing for her. You see?"

The girl beside him nodded again, smiling oddly. "I guess she isn't Friday's girl," she murmured quietly.

Prichard's head shot round. There she was again. She just sat there, calm and self-possessed, then—suddenly—she said a thing like that. Revealing. Understanding. He couldn't help but grin.

"Maybe that's it," he agreed glumly. The girl stood up. Prichard came to his feet at once. "Oh, but I say! Please don't go."

"Got to."

"But won't you tell me your name?"

"It's Milly."

"Mine's Dave. . . . Do you come here often?"

"Every Friday evening." She smiled again. He was sure of it, but it was quite dark now and he could catch just the bright impression of it. She waved her hand vaguely toward Geary Street. "I work over there. Get off early Fridays, and I always come here and sit for a bit till after dusk."

"Fair weather or foul?"

"Fair weather and foul."

"I . . . I can come again? When I'm in port?"

"Of course, Dave. I'll bring you a chocolate bar. . . . Good night."

"Good night."

He stood watching her go, erect and graceful. . . . And that was how it was. And whatever Friday he came to that little patch of greenery between voyages, he found her there with her ready smile and her cheery hello, two chocolate bars in her hand, one for herself and one for him. They got to know each other surprisingly well. The inner secrets reveal themselves more honestly when there is no compulsion in confidence.

And that was reason enough for David Prichard, alone in the officers' mess of the liner, Willamette, to be thinking of Milly that early morning when his latest failure stung his soul. His inability to reach that sinking hulk in time was another magnificent opportunity missed. He was always muffing his chance. The gods of fortune simply wouldn't smile his way. Alice Denton—and the first assistant, too!—knew what they were talking about. The sea was a beggar's game. Time a fellow cleared out of it, and joined the crowd where the pickings were good. He didn't know it, but that wasn't David Prichard thinking that. It was the spurious genius of the age.

He stood up, raised the deadlight, and looked out. The breaking sea was visible now, cold, gray-and-white in early dawn. There would be fog along the coast. No use turning in. Time for a morning sight presently, and chronometers that wanted winding. These professional matters went on of their own accord at the back of his brain while he mulled it over. Home in a few days. Docking Friday morning. Alice would have so many plans; take charge of everything, and of him, too. She moved in a bright circle of certainty, without doubts or fears, because she did what was expected of her and she knew she was safe. But a second mate's pay wasn't good enough, and it was time David Prichard realized it. He did. He would get hold of that DeNeville chap first thing, and see if he couldn't swing that promised berth ashore. He felt better, having made up his mind. With a quick step he went aloft to await the sun.

THREE days later the Willamette was home. And toward evening, because it was Friday, Prichard, humming to himself, swung into the little park called Union Square. Milly was there on the usual bench. Of course!

"Hello there! How's Friday's girl tonight?"

"Hello, Davy." She solemnly handed him his candy bar. "I really didn't think you'd come today."

"And why not?"

She shrugged. "First night in. You're to be married, you know. Unless you lied to me and already are, with a family of seven or eight."

He shook his head, grinning more broadly. "Nothing like that. I ducked off . . . to see you. Matter of fact, I lied to do it."

"Thanks." She turned to him, and he noticed for the first time the hidden glow of her eyes. "Dave," she said in suppressed excitement, "Dave, it was simply splendid of you. Splendid! You must have known you didn't have a chance, and still you . . . you went and fought it out anyhow. It must have been terrible. Terrible!"

He looked at her quickly. Then it dawned on him what she meant. "Lord, Milly, how'd you find out?"

"Find out? Why, it was in the papers. I read it."

"Oh." He dropped his eyes, ruefully. "That's more than . . . than anyone else did. It was on the fifth page, wasn't it? And no pictures. Only successful rescues at sea are front-page news. The failures, it seems, aren't worth reading about."

"Dave! How can you talk like—"

"Well, you may as well know, Milly," he blurted out savagely, without looking up. "I came to tell you. I've quit the ship. I'm coming ashore."

"Oh," was all she said: a short, little gasping expression—then silence.

"Well?" he managed at last, testily.

"Well, what do you want me to say?"

"Look, Milly, it's the chance of a lifetime!" He spun on the bench, pointing his bit of chocolate bar at her. "A big chance!"

"For what?"

"For what? For . . . for success, I guess. What else? It's DeNeville's shipping company. Sort of custom brokerage, charterers: that sort of thing. Bloated kind of an egg, but why should I worry about that?" Grotesquely enough, he was on the defensive. "Big shippers out of here and down in Mexico. Acajutla way. Want someone who can keep things moving with dispatch along the foreshores. That's me, you know. Fly down there and back whenever I must, like a big executive tycoon. Great, eh? Double my present pay, right off! And if I make it go, it means five hundred per in no time at all. No time at all. What do you say, Milly? Grand! Isn't it? Five hundred . . ."

He stopped, a little breathless, waiting for approval, for congratulations, for some sign to justify all his bubbling enthusiasm. Milly, for some reason, was no longer smiling.

"Well?" he insisted.

She shook her head just a little. Her voice was very low. "I don't think you really want it at all. Do you, Davy?"

He relaxed slowly. "Gee, Milly, I . . . I dunno. I guess I just can't help myself. Got to be fair to Alice. You know how all that is. I've told you. She . . . we're to be married in six months. And, well, there's nothing in going to sea these days. You—"

"Nothing?"

HE SQUIRMED. "Well, nothing in the way of . . . of success. Not for me. I don't get on very good and—"

Something in the sudden tightness of the slim young body beside him cut him short. There was a furiousness in her husky voice and a deep rich quality he had never suspected before.

"Success!" she said fiercely. "There are a lot of men can't afford success. No! Can't *afford* it! And if that's what she wants, you can't afford her either!"

"Milly!" He was shocked. "You oughtn't talk that way."

"No? Why not?"

"You just shouldn't, that's all."

"Shouldn't I? Why shouldn't I talk that way about her? Why? I hate her! I hate her, I tell you! I—"

"Milly!"

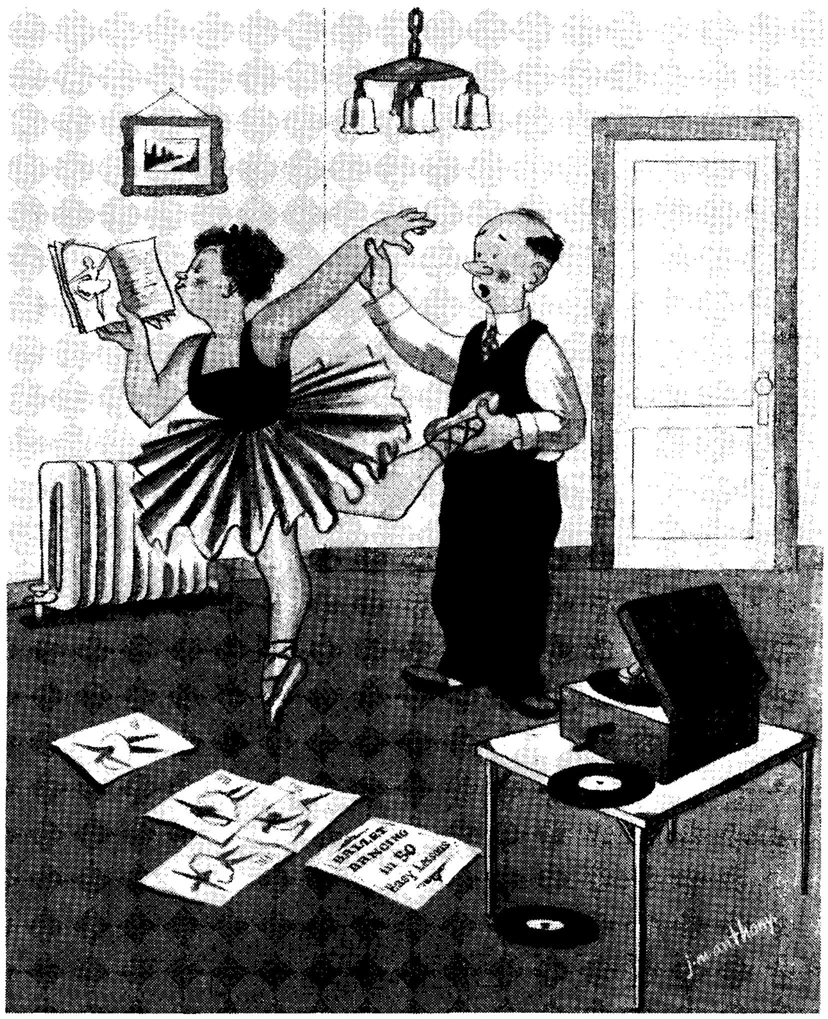
"I do! I do! You . . . you . . ."

She turned hurriedly away on her dainty heel.

"Milly!" David called after her; but she did not stop. . . .

The days that followed swallowed up whatever he felt of regret or anger. His new commercial venture caught him in

(*Continued on page* 44)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(Continued from page 43)

its vortex. Alice was delighted with him—and with herself. She had brought him around to common sense at last. And everyone knows how fine a girl can feel for effecting changes in a man's nature. Especially a fine-looking young man like Dave. It was only at long intervals he felt a vague, nostalgic discontent. On some water front, watching the shipping move along to sea, wondering where that rust-sided tramp was bound, or whether Milly still sat in the little park of a Friday afternoon. He would go and see, the very next week.

But he didn't, while the months flew by. He was in Mexico on some charter business or other, or cursing stevedore bosses about those interminable cases of merchandise that held the mysterious secret of his large success. Prichard never questioned their contents: he believed the manifests. Until their little steamer came into Acajutla one voyage bringing back half her outward cargo. And in the foul hold, where a few of those cases had burst, David Prichard found out why success was such an easy thing for chaps like DeNeville to catch. He came north at once. Very grim, with a tightness about his lips, he stalked into the office. DeNeville looked up from his desk out of watery blue eyes.

"Back, Davy? So soon?"

"Yes. Your Tientsin Chinaman couldn't pay on the dotted line. He didn't take delivery. The Pandora is back in Acajutla with half her freight."

"Didn't take delivery?" DeNeville frowned and shook his jowls. "In heaven's name, why not?"

"He's dead. The Lotus chaps stuck a knife in his back while he walked one night in his compound."

"The devil!" The stout face, hanging over the polished desk top like an overripe pumpkin, pursed its lips. He noticed the anger in Prichard's stare. His eyes narrowed. "It'll cost us a pretty penny," he murmured. "But we'll find someone else, soon enough."

"THAT freight," Prichard said coldly, "is manifested as office machinery. It's packed in double cases. The outer one is marked correctly, in Chinese. The inner case is marked in Japanese—truthfully! The Tientsin Lotus fellows found out, I guess, that your valuable and patriotic Mandarin was transhipping the stuff to Manchuria. And they stuck a knife in his back!"

"Well, that's his lookout," DeNeville snapped. "I can't help that!"

"A knock-down machine gun makes a funny looking typewriter. So do steel-jacket shells!"

DeNeville stood up and eyed him in cold derision. "I'm not a fool! Don't tell me you didn't know. We don't need to pay a retired mate what we do to take care of shipments of filing cabinets out of Mexico! Now get the blazes out of here! I'm busy."

"With pleasure," Prichard breathed softly. "I must hand in my resignation first. Here . . . it . . . is."

He stepped up. His fist came up in the same instant. He felt an exquisite thrill at the physical impact. Yet for some reason he couldn't understand what made that fellow topple backward so grotesquely. He thought it funny a fellow should go over so easy. But he didn't stop to find out why, striding out in a blind rage. Till he found himself on the foreshore where the cold dank smell of the bay was strong with wet fog rolling in, in voluminous soiled walls. He sat down on a dolphin between two dockheads, sighing. He felt released. There was a weight lifted from him, a heavy unsupportable weight. There wasn't any question any longer as to what he ought to do. He knew. . . .

Friday of that same week found Prichard walking slowly toward Union Square with his hands deep in the pockets of his coat. It wasn't a fancy tailor's coat, but a long bridge coat a little shabby with wear and spotted with rusty stains. It was drizzling, thinly and steadily, and the crowd went hurrying by. An automobile blared impatiently at him as he stepped past its bejeweled head lamps. He didn't mind. On the deserted gravel walk of the park he idled hopelessly, because he didn't expect there would be any such luck as finding Milly there after all these weeks . . . . But she was.

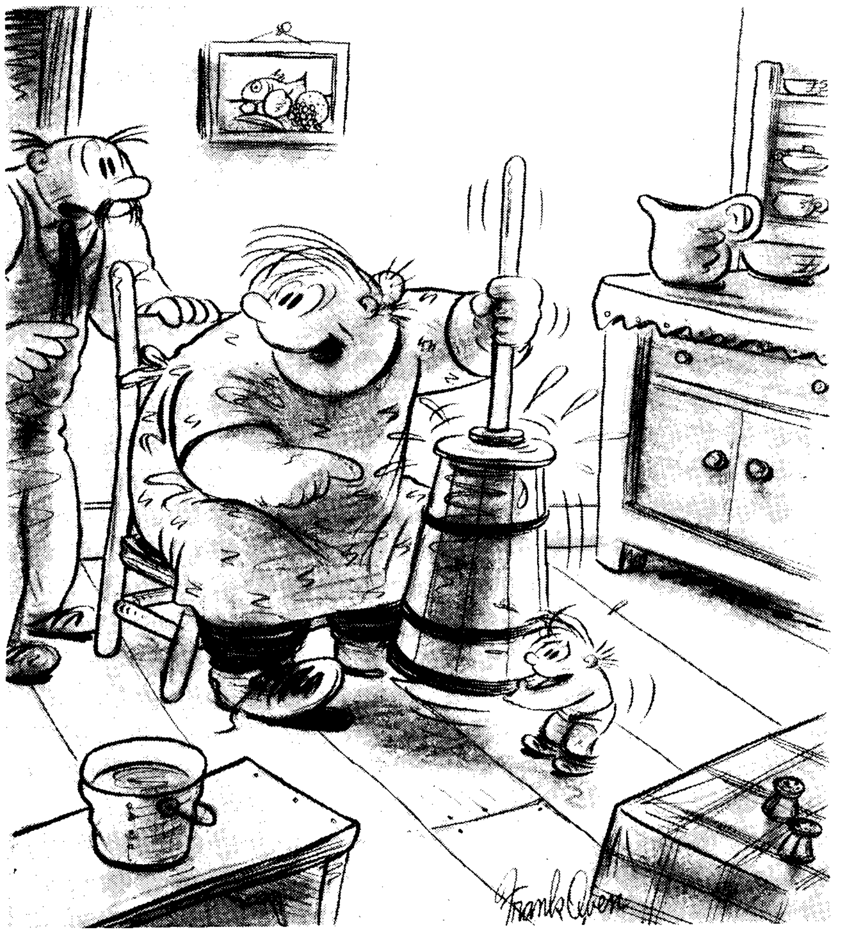
He lifted his head when he saw she was there. It made him feel brave. She wore a blue rain cape gleaming with the wet, and she sat on the bench, head down. He went up to her, not saying a word, and sat down. She started, looking up. Then her face came alight. They said nothing for a very long time.

"Hello," he mumbled at last. "How . . . how's Friday's girl tonight?"

Philbert

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

By FRANK OWEN



"When my arm gets tired, I hold the handle still and he lifts the churn up and down!"

"Want a chocolate bar?" There was a faint quaver in her voice. But she was smiling when he looked at her. She seemed so small and pathetic and lovely in the rain. She brought out a paper bag from under her cape. "I brought one for you," she explained, holding it out, "every Friday. They're all here."

HE TRIED to grin, but he couldn't. Something caught at his throat. "I'll take the bottom one, Milly. Start where I left off," he muttered hoarsely. "Try and catch up as soon as I can. . . . I'm sailing tonight around ten. Crumby old tramp tin pot, Milly. Bound for the Hooghly. Hell of a voyage. Damn. Gone three months, I expect."

"Oh."

"It . . . the other . . . all washed up."

He hesitated. And then, all of a sudden, he was telling her all about it. Well, he knew he would. She listened, her dark eyes fast on his stern, wet cheek. When he came to the end he floundered helplessly. Something else he wanted to say. But he didn't know how. He coughed and fidgeted.

"I'm glad, Davy," was all she said.

"Gee, Milly! Rotten of me. I'm getting you drenched through. You better go home."

"No. I don't mind."

"I got to get along to the ship."

"What's her name, Dave?"

"Aldebaran, Milly. It's a star, you know. Good name for a ship."

THEY stood up and found each other's eyes. If he could only find the right words now before it was too late! But he couldn't. He just stood there like a fool while she told him how glad she was, and turned away almost before he knew she was gone. Except he found himself standing alone in the rain with a wet and pasty chocolate bar in his hand. And the Aldebaran sailed at ten!

The bay was dark, a misty cavern full of the gurgle and suck of water, and the ship a black mass alongside her berth in the lurid glare of the dock-shed lamps in whose aura the rain showed like a fine veil. Prichard was on the wharf, coming to the gangway after reading the forward draft, when a slim figure came running toward him and breathlessly called his name. He spun around.

"Milly!"

"Davy. Forgive me. I shouldn't have come. But I couldn't stand it. I can't wait that long. I've got to know now about . . . about . . ."

"What, Milly?"

"She . . . Alice Denton . . . she . . ."

His shoulders twitched. "No. All washed up."

Her eyes blazed. "You're such a booby, Dave. You won't see—"

The whistle's blare thundered overhead. He caught her arm. The brightness of her eyes amazed him. The whistle expired in a sobbing hiss.

"Milly! You . . ."

The windlass forward and the drum winch aft started snorting steam. From the bridge a booming voice roared down out of a large red face hanging over the bridge wing full in the light of a cluster lamp. "Hey, you! Get that gangway in! What the hell you think this is? A bloomin' excursion party?"

Prichard reached hurriedly inside his coat and pressed something into the girl's hand. She took it unconsciously, not knowing what it was or why he did it. She just looked at him, eagerly, with that light in her eyes.

"Wallet," he explained hurriedly from halfway up the gangway, crying back at her in disjointed words and phrases because there wasn't any time. "Furnish . . . apartment, Milly darling. Back in three months. Rainy season. Can't . . . sitting in the park. Married when I get back."

"Dave!"

But they were hauling the gangway in and casting off, fore and aft. He had to get up to the bridge. He knew that. But he stood there for another moment, staring down at her.

"What are you, Davy?" he heard her cry faintly. "Second mate?"

"Third!" he shouted back. "Third, Milly."

"Good! Fine! I'm glad. Goodby, Davy. Goodby!"

"Prichard! Prichard's the name!"

She probably hadn't heard. She probably didn't know even then what she held in her hand as she waved farewell and good luck. Because there was a widening strip of dark and oily water between them now, the thresh of the ship's screw, the whistle's nasal snore. But she was still there when Dave looked down from the bridge. She was silhouetted vividly in the down-flung glare of the cluster lamps with the rain falling steadily on her brave, diminishing figure.

"Hey! You! Tend your knittin'!" the pilot barked. "I said give her full astern!"

"Aye, sir; aye."

THE master came up, peering into his face to see if he weren't drunk. "After this, Mr. Prichard," he growled, "you say your bloomin' sweetheart goodbys some other place, if you aim to get along in this ship!"

"Of course, sir. I'm sorry. It won't happen again."

"See to it!" The burly master snorted and took a turn of the bridge. But presently he came back, grinning. "Damned pretty girl, that, Mister. What's her name? Hey? I got a passion for names. Tell a lot by names, I always says."

"Full ahead!" the pilot cut in in a hoarse bass.

Prichard pulled the telegraph obediently. The ship surged forward, gathering way toward the open sea and throbbing purposefully now. Dave grinned.

"Name? Her name? Milly. It's Milly, sir. She's Friday's girl. Friday's girl, you know."

The skipper looked at him and sucked the breath through his teeth. What sort of an idiot had he got hold of now for a new third mate? That's what he'd like to know. But David Prichard continued to smile contentedly in the eye of the freshening wind pouring between the headlands. He looked back. She was not in sight, of course. The world was dark and squally with rain, except for the wink of Alcatraz Light. But he saw her. He saw her plainly with his mind's eye, waving courageous goodby. More like a promise than farewell. The ship lifted suddenly and fell again to the first Pacific swell. He felt it—distinctly! And it brought him back to peace.

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Put It This Way

By Katherine Musselwhite

What you put into your house depends on your taste, purse and desires, but the way you arrange it for the best effect is a matter of balance, use—and putting away. For instance, do you need all those ash trays? Here are some professional tests to try on your room

Opposite page: Schematic diagram of a room, and two arrangements. Note the balance of the pieces: in the top sketch, the davenport group with the fireplace group; the bookcase with the desk and the windows. In the bottom sketch, the fireplace with the desk, windows and piano; the davenport with the piano and the doorway

PERHAPS once a woman went in and out of her living-room without a pang of regret, but she lived on some other planet. There might be a perfect room where the architect never made a mistake, where we have no inherited pieces, and where we have never made a single early mistake in household purchases, but the writer as a decorating consultant, studying many homes, has never seen it.

We grow accustomed to our surroundings and become blind to them. This prevents us from getting a fresh viewpoint and really *looking* at our rooms. We may feel that a room is restless and unsatisfactory, but cannot see why. Since we cannot be visitors in our own homes, and our friends would be afraid to speak the truth, an outsider is needed to give impartial suggestions. Let us put *your* living-room on trial and I'll be the judge and you be the jury, then perhaps we can find whether anything is wrong, as well as discover the remedy.

First, balance. A room must be restful, its colors harmonious and its contents arranged to give a maximum of comfort and ease. To balance the furnishings of a room, visualize the room with everything taken out and the foundation removed from beneath it. Now make a line drawing of it, putting in the architectural features such as doors, windows, fireplace or an archway. This done, draw in the diagonals from the corners; where they intersect will mark the exact center of the room, then put in the axis on each side.

Where these lines intersect each other marks the exact center and under this let us mentally substitute, for the foundations of the room, a large post. If there are any halfway good features about the architecture, the room will balance before it has a single piece of furniture in it. Now take what we call architectural pieces of furniture, that is, heavy pieces such as sofa, piano or secretary, and place them. Such pieces must always parallel the walls. Balance one end with the opposite one, then the sides. A fireplace may balance the sofa on the opposite wall, or a secretary may balance the big studio window. When all large pieces such as desks, large tables and musical instruments have been set at rest and made to balance easily with the architectural features, we may consider another idea that makes a good safe rule for the amateur decorator. Chairs with their accompanying tables may be set parallel with the diagonals, which gives the room rhythm and interest. Be sure that they are just that, not set at half-hearted angles.

Color is distributed and balanced in exactly the same manner. If you have colorful draperies on one side and a long blank wall opposite, you may effect balance in many ways. Try putting a mirror on the wall to reflect the drapery or hang a small bookshelf there with some colorful bits of porcelain and small books upon it.

Design is the next consideration. There should be more plain area than design in a room; another safe rule for the amateur is to use no more than two parts of design to three parts of plain areas. Balance your design one side with the other in exactly the same way as weight.

Lights are then balanced, and if your weights have been correctly balanced, the distribution of light has been already solved. Every chair or group of chairs should have a conveniently placed table and ample reading light.

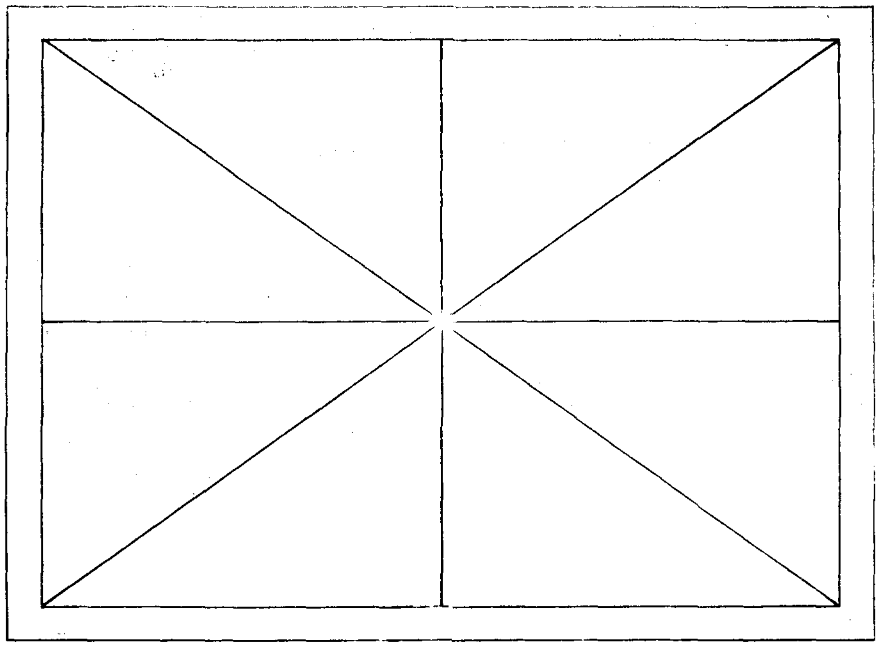
Accessories are the last consideration of balance. They are the highlights of the room. Consider this idea calmly: Not one thing should be permitted in a room which is not utilitarian or that does not contribute to the real beauty and personality of the room. Whether a flower bowl, ash tray, rug, lamp or picture, if it does not work at its job, take it out. Don't have twenty-five ash trays and cigarette boxes when you can seat only six or eight people. Empty flower bowls are just like a meat platter or gravy bowl. We know you have them, so just use them when there is something to put in them, otherwise their place is on the pantry shelf. Accessories should be disposed in the same manner as color, for they will usually be found to be intense in color.

Do your rugs parallel the long lines of the room? The most perfect floor covering for a small room is carpeting from wall to wall. If a rug is used, be sure the border of bare floor is in proportion to the size of the room.

Is your furniture grouped for actual use, not just for looks? Is there a real easy chair for the man of the house, and another for the lady of the house who likes comfort as well as anyone? It should have a table beside it adequate to hold things, and a well-placed lamp with two bulbs, so that the light can be adjusted for reading or resting. Is the desk well lighted and set apart from the main conversational group? Is there a third easy chair for a visitor, which will not need a lamp but perhaps a bowl of flowers and smoking accessories on a table at its side? And is it placed within comfortable talking range? A mirror over a small decorative piece of furniture which may serve to hold but a vase of flowers or a lamp will bring color and sparkle to an otherwise dark corner.

One group will dominate the room, making a center of interest that depends on a fireplace, or a window with a view, or a long wall against which you place your sofa as the center of your main conversational group.

Is there a sight more quickly guaran-



teed to give us the jitters than stray pictures of small size hanging to wall spaces here and there? And for some reason, these pictures are always securely fastened far above the eye level. But try this:

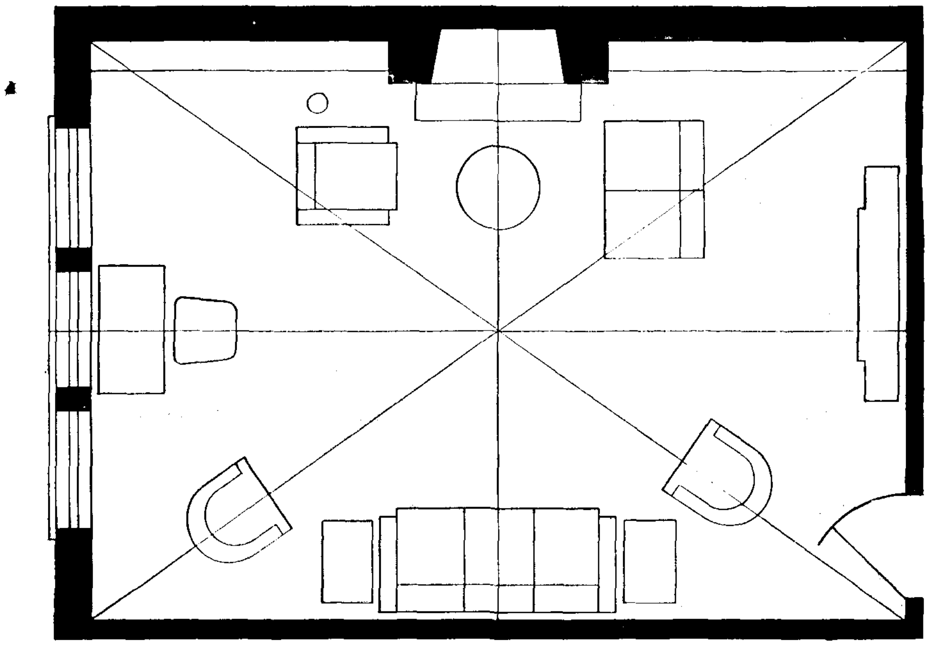
Hang your pictures so that all centers are the same distance from the floor. This, of course, does not apply to overmantel pictures or mirrors. Pictures should be at eye level.

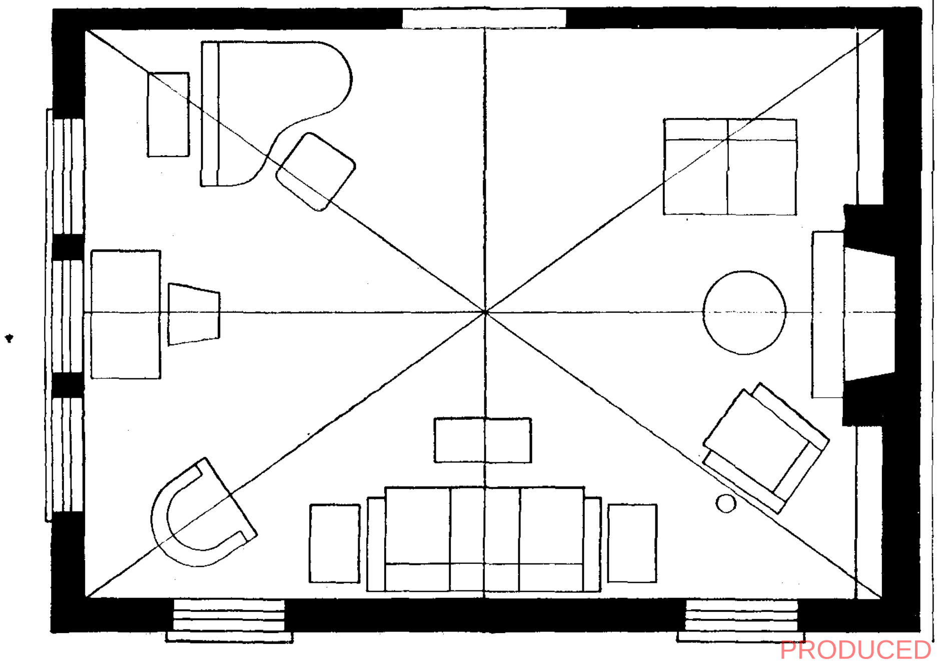
Never use picture wire or hang in an inverted V shape. If circumstances make it necessary for the wire to show, then hang in parallel lines. But try always to hang a picture flat against the wall and invisibly.

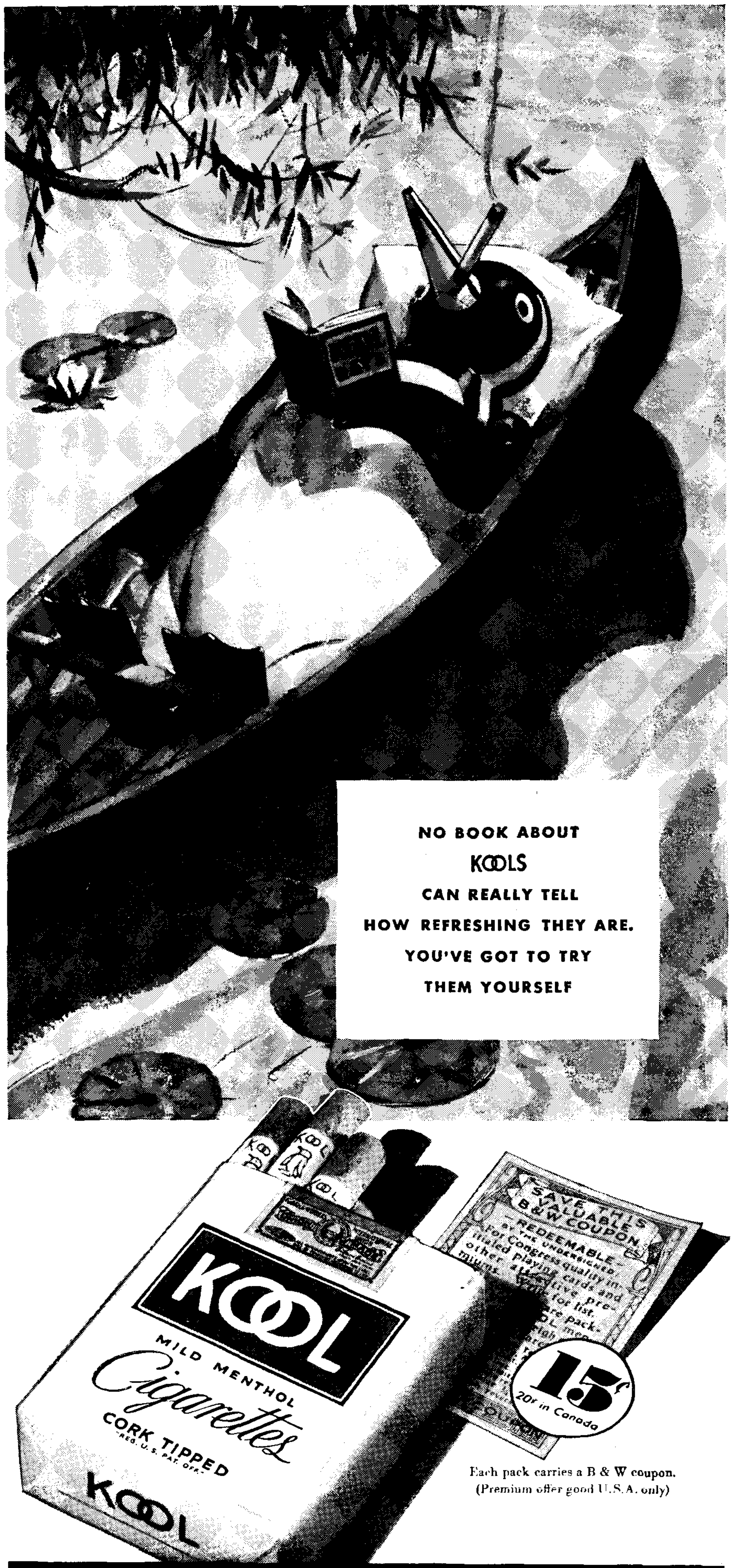
Never crowd a picture into a space too small for it. Large pictures need three times their width in wall space. Select the best type of wall space for each, horizontal frames in horizontal spaces, vertical frames in vertical spaces, or set pictures of the same type in a precise group.

Never isolate a picture. It should be definitely related to some grouping or piece of furniture.

And so we come to the end of the testimony. What is your score?







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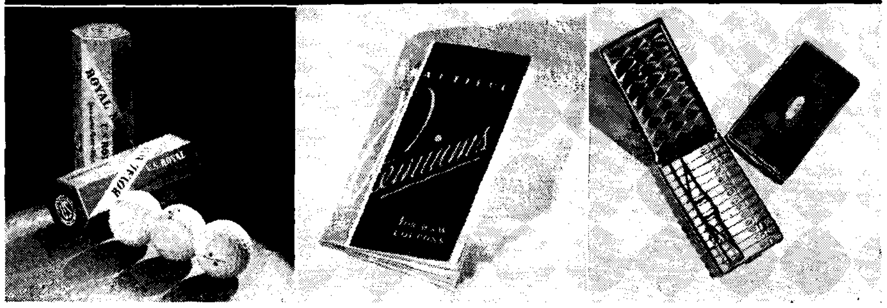

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A Home for Hilary

Continued from page 11

lady is my only daughter? And will you kindly explain why you involved my only daughter in a motor accident? Monstrous! She might have been hurt." Lee opened his mouth and Mr. Hurry shook his cigar at him. "I know what you will say. You will say you thought it was me. Well, listen and spread the word around to your friends. I'm tired of these—these visitations. If you have no respect for my peace of mind, you might have for my old bones. Not so old at that, either. Now, what did you want to see me about?"

"About a job, sir."

"Haven't any jobs. Got so many youngsters in my office they are suffering from suffocation. What sort of job?"

It was precisely the question Lee was anxiously asking himself. Then Mr. Hurry's waistline gave him an idea.

"It's like this, sir. I know that you busy men sacrifice your health to your business. Now, I'm just the opposite. In the pursuit of health I've neglected business, so now I haven't any business. But I'm a pretty fair golfer and rider—I know about games and physical training. Let me be your physical trainer companion."

"I've got one. Not a companion. A regular trainer. Lazy hound. Never does a stroke of work."

"That's not his fault," said Hilary, with spirit, "when you won't go near the gymnasium."

"That's his problem, not mine," said Mr. Hurry.

"Well, that seems to be that," said Lee with good grace. "There only remains for me to say how sorry I am to be such a nuisance and to take myself off as soon as I can."

"Not a bit, my boy, not a bit." The business angle disposed of, Mr. Hurry proved to be a hospitable host. "Hilary tells me you got a bad shake. Take it easy for a while. When you are able to be about, you will find an excellent links near the village. Hilary will take you on and beat you. And if you are fond of horses, we have a stableful eating their heads off. It would be a kindness if you would exercise 'em. G'night," said Mr. Hurry, and shot out the door.

"SO THAT is the redoubtable Mr. Hurry," said Lee, relaxing. "I don't think he is as tough as he is painted. Anyway, he is wrong about one thing."

"What is that?"

"He said Hilary would beat me. Hilary won't beat me—not by several holes."

"I'm afraid I will." She broke it to him gently. "You see my handicap is seven."

"Then I'll have to give you four strokes."

"Oh. And you ride well, too. And you probably know the best places to dine and dance, and sail a boat rather well, too?"

"Boats are great fun."

"But you aren't ambitious, are you, Mr. Lee? Don't you think that with your advantages you might aim higher than an instructor's job? If you really wanted the job—which I rather doubt. In short, Mr. Lee, would I be wrong in suspecting you of being one of these gracefully idle people, good at games, and a complete stranger to work?"

"You don't like the type?" asked Lee.

"I don't like aimless people, Mr. Lee."

"Miss Hurry, once I may have been like that. But I've changed. Definitely. Forever. I think it was the accident."

Hilary looked at him suspiciously. "Well, don't let it interfere with your golf. Because, handicap or no handicap, I intend to lick the stuffing out of you."

Hilary and Lee sat in the shelter at the fourteenth tee, waiting for the foursome ahead to get out of the rough. Lee was quite content to wait. Hilary and he were on the best of terms. They had golfed and ridden and roamed the countryside and found each other capital company. Only her helpful efforts to get him a job cast a shadow over the pleasant days. He was constantly evading her offers of introduction to influential neighbors. Once, indeed, she had found a place for him—as helper to the local house painter, and only the plea that since his accident the smell of paint made him ill saved him from the white overalls.

"You know, Lee," said Hilary, "I wish Father had taken you on as a playmate." He had explained about his name but the addition of Williams had meant nothing to her. As for Mr. Hurry, he called him Lee or Tree and sometimes Perrin.

"I'm worried about him. He's sleeping badly. This morning he looked quite white and tired. Dr. Arbuthnot warned him that if he didn't ease up a fuse would blow somewhere. But he is working harder than ever. He used to be quite keen about golf, but he has given it up altogether. No time for it, he says. There are so many appeals from people in distress, so many people begging him for work—it's getting him down. Besides this new company he's forming to manufacture houses—'Hurry Homes' they are to be called—he's trying to persuade Mr. Askerman and Mr. Granitstein to go into some gigantic rebuilding plan in the city. He's having a tough time with them—those two old hardshells can smell out anything tainted with good intentions. They're having a final conference this morning."

"It's easy to see he's overdoing it," said Lee. "He is the complete human dynamo but nothing can stand the pace he's hitting."

"I wish we could do something."

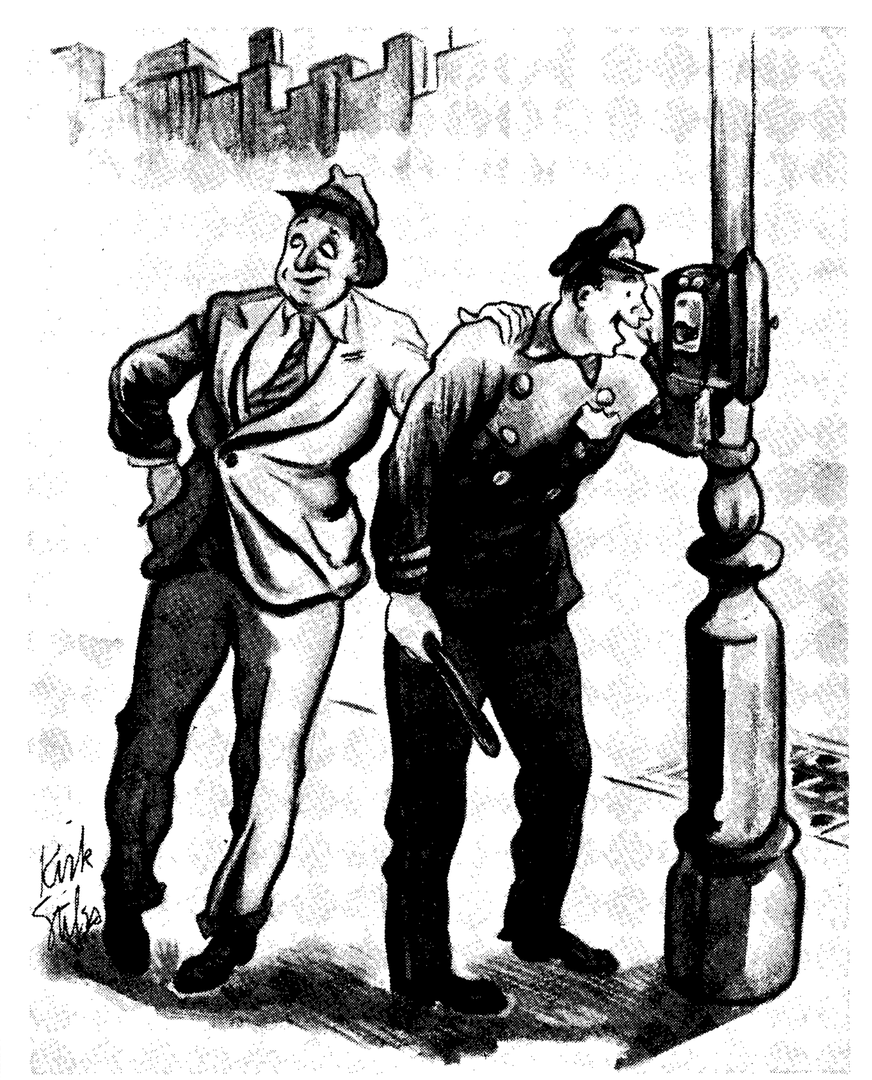
"We might apply a little psychology. The wages of big business is busted health. There comes a time when the candle is worth more than the game."

"We might try," said Hilary. "You know, he rather listens to you. You disagree with him sometimes as if his opinion was interesting but a hundred per cent wrong. Rather a change from the yes-men who gather about our board."

ON THEIR return to the house, they found a state of tension. It was evident that Messrs. Askerman and Granitstein had turned fat, white thumbs down upon Mr. Hurry's rebuilding project and the defeat rankled. Lunch was a frigid affair. Mr. Hurry dwelt bitterly upon the timidity of capital, its callous indifference to public suffering and the mental bankruptcy of the so-called leaders of industry.

Lee spied an opportunity. Here was a chance to fire an opening gun in his own campaign.

"I think you are absolutely right, sir. Apart from personal distress, what was the saddest revelation of the recent years? Lack of leadership. In your own words, sir, the mental bankruptcy of those responsible for our industrial enterprises. And every thinking man must know that the cause of this condition is to be found in those insidious organizations that have spawned across



"Hello, Chief, a drunk just arrested me. He's bringing me right over to the station"

KIRK STILES

the face of our fair land—the big corporations.”

There was a movement of distaste around the luncheon table.

“Gentlemen, what else could we expect? Business became parceled out among a few large companies. The bigger they grew, the more rigid became their organization. Experiment and innovation were not tolerated—they were muscle-bound with rules. They became bureaucrats designed to smother personal initiative and grind each man down to the little average—in short, to convert their servants into sheep. And how well they succeeded the depression showed us. For who came to administer the vast trusts? Why, the sheepiest sheep among them. The plugger, the man who was never away from his desk, the man who did what he was told and never talked back—the man who never had the courage to stick his neck out.”

Two of the sheep present showed signs of being about to interrupt.

“Oh, do go on,” cried Hilary. “I think this is awfully interesting.”

“Let me tell you a story,” said Lee. “A few years ago, an architect conceived the idea of designing houses so that the walls and roof could be manufactured in a central plant and simply assembled on location. It was an excellent idea and it deserved to succeed, but what happened?”

“What?” snapped Mr. Hurry.

“The architect persuaded a big construction company to try out the scheme. But they rejected his suggestion that they give him a factory and a checkbook and let him go to it. Instead, proceeding along the usual lines, they set up a board of directors and a costs department. Somewhere near the bottom they fitted in the architect. And they all sat upon the architect and his idea and standardized it for the sake of low costs. The whole thing was a colossal flop. The public instantly rejected the idea of a lot of tin-can houses and the architect was discredited and heartbroken. Yet it wasn't his fault—it was the fault of the big corporation and its inability to adapt itself to a new situation.”

“WELL, it's a nice day,” said Mr. Granitstein, peering at the sunlight.

“What is so rare as a day in June?” queried Mr. Askerman as if he knew the answer.

“The sad part of business to me,” said Hilary, “is the way it wears men out before their time.”

“You are right,” said Lee. “In the good old days, when Friend Husband phoned that he had to work late, his wife accepted it for the pure banana oil that it was and stepped out and had a gay time, too. Now she knows it's the truth and she mopes about the house waiting for the old man to show up, dog-tired and full of grouch. It is like this age of speed. Mechanical improvement has developed speed faster than the human reflexes have developed to control it. Big business imposes a mental strain greater than the average mortal can endure. But the big executive will not acknowledge it. Single-handed, he attempts to make war on all fronts and the first thing he knows they are putting him in a hole and shoveling dirt on him.”

“Huh!” said Mr. Granitstein, disturbed.

“Tut!” said Mr. Askerman, annoyed.

“Tchah!” said Mr. Hurry, unmoved.

“Why they willingly condemn themselves to death is a cause for wonder. They pay a doctor for his advice and refuse to follow it. In a world so full of care, they have no time to stand and stare. They have never grasped the rudiments of pleasure—except cutting one another's throats.

“Really, gentlemen, such efforts are a reflection upon your intelligence. Wasn't it Napoleon who said, ‘Show me the man who can leave his desk three days a week to play golf, and I'll show you a golfer’—I mean, an organizer? The wise executive picks capable lieutenants and leaves them alone. Now here is a case in point: You have been working hard all week. As Mr. Granitstein astutely points out, it is a fine day. All nature smiles and invites you to loosen up. What do you say to a friendly round of golf?”

“Got some letters to write,” rumbled Mr. Granitstein.

“I only wish I could,” sighed Mr. Askerman, “but I have some reports to read.”

“Golf? Bah!” said Mr. Hurry.

Hilary and Lee climbed sadly into the waiting car.

“I'm afraid the better-health campaign bogged down.”

“Never mind,” said Hilary, “you did your best.”

There was a commotion in the hall. Mr. Hurry bounded down the steps, followed by Ricks with a bag of clubs.

“Glad to have you, Daddy,” smiled Hilary.

“Understand—I'm not doing this for my health! I'm doing it because I'm not going to stay in the same house with that pair of mental bankrupts! You were right, my boy. Pluggers—that's all they are—pluggers. They couldn't lead a rattlesnake out of a phone booth.”

A JUNE moon rode up the sky. The night was filled with summer murmurings, the air was fragrant with summer scents. Hilary and Lee sat in the porch swing.

“I have canvassed my system,” said Lee regretfully, “and I have to report that the last trace of my accident has disappeared. So tomorrow brings this charming vacation to an end.”

“Be truthful,” said Hilary. “The last trace of your accident disappeared a week ago.”

“Is it kind of my hostess to point that out? Besides, I had an excellent reason for staying.”

“Father's golf.”

“I was not thinking of Father's golf. I do not allude to the fact that, owing to our combined tact, your father has taken up the game again and will doubtless be spared for many years to grind the faces of other capitalists.”

“I'm awfully grateful about that, Lee. And while we are on the subject, you have been most helpful and agreeable—a model guest. You have done nearly everything but what you set out to do.”

“What is that?”

“Get a job.”

“Bless me, yes. I'd almost forgotten.”

“But Lee, what will become of you? Do you intend drifting about, without aim or purpose, occupying yourself with trifles, gradually going to seed?”

“Tell me,” asked Lee conversationally, “what do you think of marriage as a career for a man?”

She sank back listlessly.

“You're sweet, Lee—but it's no go.”

“We could have a marvelous time, just being together.”

“It wouldn't last. There is too much of my father in me. I want my man to be passionately interested in his work—whatever it is. I want him to count among other men—not for his own sake, but that he may give some security, a decent standard of living to those who work for him.”

Lee stood up suddenly and squared his shoulders.

“Do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to your father and he's going to give me a job—if I have to beat it out of him.”

“Will you, Lee? Any sort of job—I'd bring your lunch in a little tin pail.”

“These houses your father talks about

(Continued on page 50)

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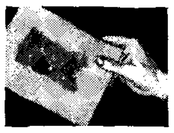
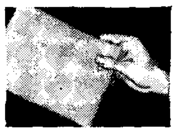


Back of blotter shows conventional paint soaks thru.



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(Continued from page 49)

—Hurry Homes I'm kind of interested in homes now—I'd fake a job with them. You wait for me—I'm coming back either general manager or chief of construction. You'll hardly know me."

He ran upstairs for his precious portfolio. It contained the key plans for a half dozen types of houses—designs which lent themselves to centralized manufacture. He had worked and dreamed over those plans, he had added voluminous, painstaking notes on the costs and characteristics of materials in every section of the country and he knew it was a first-rate job. He was confident that it would convince Mr. Hurry that Williams of the Western office was too good a man to be kept under the thumb of the costs office.

Mr. Hurry was reading about explosion shots and jotting down figures on a score card. "I've just calculated that I would have saved nine strokes this afternoon with one of these new dynamiter irons. What do you think?"

"I think it is better to stay out of the traps."

"Oh, I don't mind a few extra shots," said Mr. Hurry. "The exercise is good for me. I've been sleeping like a child lately—I should thank you and Hilary for that."

"Very glad to have been of any help—you have been very kind to me, sir. Before I go, there is a business matter I should like to discuss. It is about this new homes division. I believe you have appointed a man from your Western office, a man named Williams—"

"I've decided to cancel that appointment," said Mr. Hurry.

"What!"

THE room rocked before Lee's eyes. He sat down as if he were hamstrung.

"Yes. Williams is out. And I have to thank you for that too. I believe you have saved us from making an expensive mistake. You remember telling a story about a company which started to build homes and smothered the project at the start by putting in a lot of office managers to run it? That story impressed me—it was right to my address. This Williams—he has a fine record—but he was brought up in the company. Just another sheep, you would say. That won't do for a new project. We'll bring in a man with a fresh angle, a cracking good architect and put him in charge of the whole works."

Mr. Hurry rose and threw his cigar in the grate.

"Well, well, I mustn't bore you with my troubles. I'm off to bed—nothing like a good night's sleep. Good night, my boy, good night."

"Holy cat!" said Lee dully. He was sitting there when Hilary entered. His attitude told the story.

"No—managership?" she asked softly.

"No managership."

"No—job?"

"No job."

He stood up and held out the portfolio. "Here is a souvenir for you. In it is the house I planned for you and me—when I met you. I find I won't need it now—but some day you will and I should be glad if it pleased you."

LEE slept badly and rose early. Dressed for the road, he descended the stairs of the sleeping house and let himself out on the terrace. It was a perfect morning, windless and scented. The gardens were bursting into their glorious best, the lawns lay serene and velvety. He turned away as the butler appeared.

"Morning, Ricks. Will you send my bags on to the inn at the village?"

"You are leaving us, sir?"

"Unfortunately, yes, Ricks."

"I will order a car while you are breakfasting."

"Thank you, Ricks. No car—and no breakfast. It has no appeal this morning. Goodby, Ricks. You have made me very comfortable."

"Goodby, sir, and thank you. Won't you let me order a car, sir? It is a long walk to the village and it will be warm later on."

"Very warm and very dusty, Ricks. Just what I deserve."

HE WENT down the steps. At the end of the drive he stopped and looked back. The house was still asleep. The shades of the windows he knew to be Hilary's were still drawn. With a sigh, he turned and began his long tramp. He was walking away from everything he wanted—a chance to build his houses, and Hilary. It would be a long time before he had anything to offer Hilary. And she was not the sort of girl who would be allowed to wait a long time.

He was plodding up the last long hill to the village when he heard the noise of a car traveling very fast behind him. Automatically he moved farther off into the grass. He heard it slowing down and, still absorbed in his thoughts, he waved it onward. Several friendly motorists had offered him a lift but he was in no mood for company. A long, gray fender almost brushed his leg and he made a convulsive leap for safety.

"Come out of there," said Hilary severely. "This is no time to be hiding in ditches."

She looked beautiful and peeved. Beside her sat Mr. Hurry, and Lee saw that Mr. Hurry's toilet had been very hasty indeed. Little dabs of lather clung to his ear, a muffler encircled his neck and he was imperfectly buttoned into an old golfing jacket. He must have given Ricks an awful shock, thought Lee.

"Will you kindly explain," cried Mr. Hurry, waving the portfolio, "what this is all about? Hilary dragged me out of my bath to show me these. Great heavens, why wasn't I shown them before! They're unique—they're invaluable—"

"You are the Lee Williams from Father's Western office," said Hilary accusingly, "and you were a gold medalist at Yale and you started work on the yard derrick. Dad has your dossier on his desk."

"Sure I'm Lee Williams of the Western office and sure those plans are unique."

"Then why—" began Hilary and Mr. Hurry together. "Let me handle this," said Mr. Hurry firmly to his daughter. "Now, then, sir—why didn't you tell me you were that Williams? Why didn't you introduce yourself properly?"

"That was a sort of accident, sir. I came here from the West to try to persuade you to make a change in your new organization—to give the construction end a chance to work on some worthwhile designs—"

"Then why didn't you?" broke in Hilary, "instead of masquerading as a job-hunter and letting me lecture you about work—and snickering up your sleeve all the time, I'll bet!"

"Why?" He leaped to her side of the car. "Because you are the most beautiful thing that ever happened! I fell bang in love with you. Nothing else seemed important. I would have pretended to be anything that gave me a chance to be with you."

MR. HURRY, who had been paying no attention, bobbed up from the drawings. "This zoning idea—sound, extremely sound—but this cork sheathing! Young man, do you know what cork sheathing costs?"

"You bet I know. But think of the saving in fuel—think of the comfort of a cool house in summer—"

"But why," said Hilary, putting her finger on another point, "did you get up early and sneak away like this?"

"I didn't sneak away. I left quietly because I was fired."

"Fired?"

"Yes, your father fired me last night. That was just after I'd promised you to become a general manager or something. Very ironic."

"Well, you're not fired," said Mr. Hurry decisively. "Come back to the house and we'll talk things over."

"Let's talk them over now," said Lee boldly. "If you want those designs—and me—then you'll have to give me a free hand at first."

"No!" said Mr. Hurry. "Hang it all—yes! A man who can do work like this should be president if he wants to. But let me tell you this—"

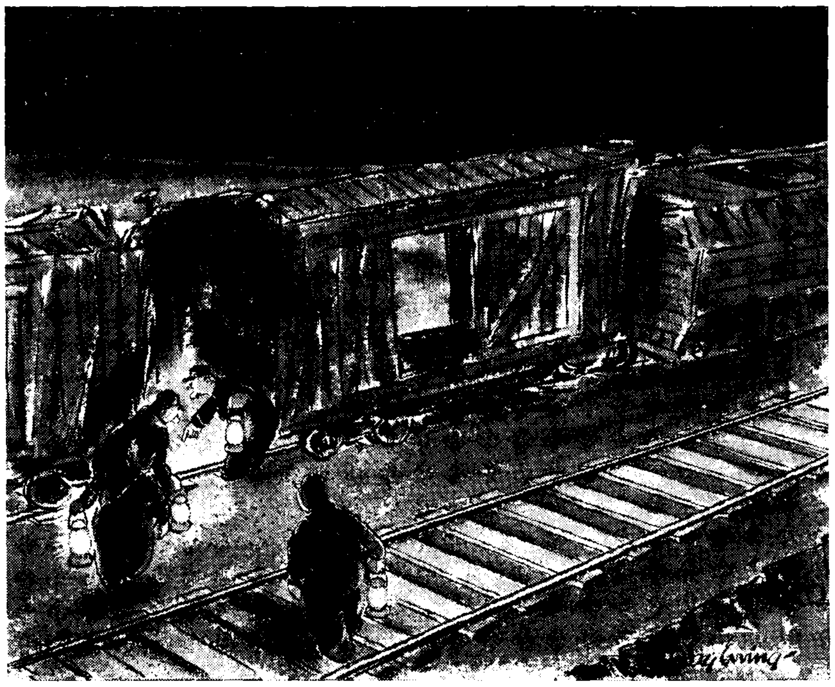
Hilary raised both hands and brought them down on the horn, deafening them.

"Jobs, jobs, jobs! I'm tired of hearing about jobs! Am I never to hear about love?"

"Come into the rumble seat," cried Lee, "and I'll tell you about that!"

"Hey!" cried Mr. Hurry. "Come back, Hilary—I can't drive this thing!"

"Just put her into low gear," said Hilary. "That will be fast enough for us."



"Aha! Just as I suspected! Chewing gum!" JAY IRVING

Moocher's Day

Continued from page 18

Eve. No matter where you are, thus attired, nobody questions your right to be there.

Moocher's first morning stop was at a cigar store, where he bought two cigars and paid for one. The second was palmed with a dexterity hatched from the egg of practice. He got his newspaper at a stand presided over by a box sprinkled lightly with small coins. A card on the box invited customers to make their own change. Moocher selected his newspaper, dropped a nickel in the box and took eighteen cents change, about as much as the traffic would bear. By this time you must realize that his motto was quick sales and small profits and that he was proceeding as methodically as a Saskatchewan Indian gathering little pelts along a trap line.

"Nice day so far," he said to the frisked box and then strolled along into the nice day so far. A subway kiosk gulped him like the whale hogging that human anchovy, Jonah, and spit him out again seven local stops farther south at Pennsylvania Station. His trip had been financed by a slug dropped where it would do the maximum of good with the minimum of detection.

He carried but one slug at a time. If searched by a subway inspector more than one slug would have been considered a habit. He went into a drugstore near Penn Station, selected a phone booth and dropped a real nickel in the slot. He asked Central for a number that didn't exist.

"I'll return your nickel," said Central. To Moocher's disgust she did that. As the nickel dropped in the return cup he muttered, "Ruined by cheap Chinese labor." Some other moocher was poaching on his trap lines. He got his nickel back but what he was after was the jackpot. From there he strolled to an isolated telephone booth on the Long Island side of Penn Station, where he repeated the ritual of communication. He asked for the same mythical number.

"No such number," said Central, "I'll return your nickel." And didn't.

Which is why Moocher wore high button shoes. Out came the little sartorial spanner wrench. It was inserted into the coin slot and yanked. Second prize came out first. It was a wad of paper inserted there by Moocher the previous day. First prize followed immediately. It was eleven nickels accumulated during the night, and Moocher's decoy nickel. Whoever had robbed his trap lines had overlooked this one. The wad of paper was pushed back by the button hook to intercept more returned nickels and Moocher forgot his defeat at the hands of imported coolie industry. He had used a button hook for a fishing rod and more than got his bait back. It was practically all clear profit.

HE CELEBRATED with an orange drink at a corner stand. He had no intention of spoiling its flavor by paying for it even though you might think so when he offered the lad a ten-dollar bill. Which was no phony.

"Is that the smallest you've got?" asked the boy. "That's all," Moocher replied. "I don't get to town often." Which remark had nothing to do with the subject. "Sorry," said the boy, "I can't change it." "Too bad," said Moocher, pocketing the bill and strolling off again neatly and concisely. How did he know the attendants at orange-drink stands have orders not to change big bills? How did Moocher know anything? How did he know that now was the time to stroll into an apartment house in the East Fifties and lay down his package which was addressed to 6A? He knew there would be a 6A apartment if the building was more than five stories high. And he knew there couldn't be a B suite unless there was an A to start the alphabet off with a bang.

He got two dollars from the telephone girl for his empty box which she failed to get back from 6A. For 6A was a crabby old bird who didn't care whether telephone girls got finger waves or not before keeping that big date that evening with her sweetie who was a headquarters man. That was one thing Moocher didn't know.

THE next wharf he tied up to was an auction room on Sixth Avenue, where he stood in the background nodding like a proud horse and running bids up a dime a nod. He was in cahoots with the auctioneer and had mastered the technique of eliminating the nod at the right instant, thereby allowing the sucker to carry off the pewter loving cup in triumph. He collected for this at the end of the week.

The day was hot and noon brought him to the Automat. There were plenty of nickels in the slots. But none of Moocher's. He had a quarter changed at the cashier's desk just to look like a native. He then got himself a glass of ice water, which was as free as pebbles in a mountain brook. At the tea slot he picked up a bit of lemon which was also donated by the philanthropic Automat. He squeezed this into his ice water with a nimble twist of his agile wrist. At the table he got free sugar and now had lemonade. Pulling a sandwich out of his inside coat pocket he munched and sipped. This is what is known to the initiated moochers as camping out at the Country Club. It is frowned upon and discouraged by the Society of Restaurant Proprietors. Which meant nothing to Moocher, who chalked up another victory over the famous Cantonese Route Army, Number Nineteen.

He picked his teeth in Bryant Park at the public expense and sauntered up Fifth Avenue to Forty-fifth, turning west on that street to the Barkeley Arcade. There are dignified stores in that neighborhood and many people window shopping. Five people were looking into the window of a bookstore: three ladies, a tall man and a short, shabby man with pink eyes.

Moocher walked up to the shabby man and in a clear, firm voice said, "Can you let me have a dime? I ain't eaten since—"

The duration of his fast meant nothing, either elapsed or corrected, for it was a lie. The shabby man published a loud scream and started beating his breast like David Warfield in a revival of the Music Master.

"You ain't eaten?" he shrieked. "You ain't eaten? How about me? I haven't had a bite to eat since yesterday morning. Look at my clothes. How about my wife and children? They're starving. Do you hear? Starving."

His voice ran the mournful scale of complaint winding up an octave above despair. The three ladies and the other man looked disapprovingly at Moocher, who started to ease off like a ferry from its slip. But the little man grabbed his sleeve. "I'm sorry," said Moocher. "You're sorry?" yelled Pinky. "He says he's sorry. He asked me for a dime and my family is out in the street. On the curb." Tears squeezed cater-cornered out of his pink eyes and followed little wrinkled channels down the sides of his neck. "You're a bum. A well-dressed

(*Continued on page 52*)

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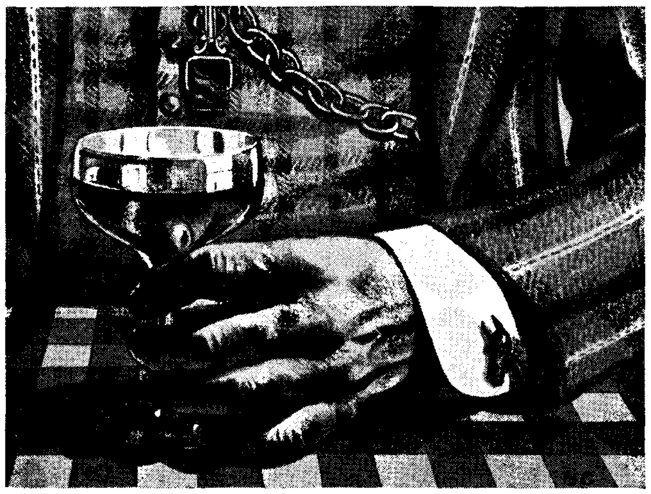
THE *grill of the celebrated* Heublein Hotel *in* Hartford *was among the first in the* United States *to broil steaks and chops over charcoal. And, while these prime and juicy meats were sizzling on the fire, men sipped* Manhattan *cocktails in buoyant anticipation.*

Manhattans, *whose warm gleam and full flavor were eloquent of* FINE *whiskey.* Manhattans, *whose goodness had become a legend reaching far and wide.*



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8 kinds prepared and bottled by

HEUBLEIN OF HARTFORD

The Club MANHATTAN Cocktails

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Says Geo. F. Long, Canal Winchester, Ohio

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Making a roof lastingly waterproof isn't just a matter of how much material you *put on*. Rather, it's how much *stays on*. Tests show *one-third* the weight of many roof coatings evaporates within a few hours. Rutland reduces this loss because it's not artificially "loaded" with oil. There's just enough oil in Rutland to make it easy to apply. That's why Rutland leaves 25% more material on your roof—forming a heavy, tough film of pure asphalt bound together with asbestos fibres.

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DR. ELIOT'S FIVE-FOOT SHELF OF BOOKS
(The Harvard Classics)

(Continued from page 51)

bum. Me, I'll work. I'll work these ten fingers to the bone before I'll beg. I ain't no panhandler. I'll work if I can get a job. I ain't on relief."

Moocher tried to get away but the shabby man clung to him, weeping and shaking with sobs. One of the ladies tapped her purse and took out a five-dollar bill. "Here, poor fellow," she said. "Give me your address and I'll see your family is provided for."

"We don't live anywhere," said Pinky; "we're out in the street. And that panhandler asked me for a dime." He started screaming again while the rapidly accumulating bystanders followed the example of the charitable lady. Moocher pulled away and ducked into the arcade, coming out on Forty-fourth, where he stood. He didn't seem much perturbed by his experience with his shrill opponent. On Forty-fifth the shabby man was still crying and collecting.

"Folks," he said, "I'll never forget this." He walked off toward Fifth Avenue, stuffing bills into his dilapidated pockets. He managed to conquer his sobs going south on Fifth. He turned right on Forty-fourth and walked past Moocher standing in the arcade. Farther up the street was a store with several people gazing in the window.

The shabby man stopped to look into that window. Moocher followed him up the street and, stepping up to him, in a loud, clear voice he said, "Can you let me have a dime? I ain't eaten since—"

So they did that all over again. The shabby man was the wreck of one of the finest of the old-time actors. He could cry on combustion and sob like water in the boiler of a wood-burning locomotive. He could make about three pitches an afternoon, for the work was tough. It was a good racket that the coolies hadn't heard of yet. The only roach in the custard was that the other fellow did the collecting and Moocher was cognizant of that old Mongolian proverb: You can't get rich with another man counting your money. It couldn't be helped, however. And when they split the gravy at three that afternoon the shabby fellow held out a big spoonful on Moocher. At that, Moocher got eight dollars, and that ain't hay.

THE Arcadians parted to meet again the next day in a different neighborhood. Their performance was one of those rare bits of histrionic art that should never be seen twice by the same audience. Moocher liked to work near arcades for the very reason a prairie dog likes tunnels to pop in and out of again. Charted in his memory was the most peculiar atlas in the world. He carried a map in his mind. On that map was the location of every hotel or large public building that had two or more exits and entrances. A building with only one entrance and exit was no good to a fast worker like Moocher, who often had to drop a sucker by the wayside.

Although he punched no time clocks or smudged no roller towels Moocher was about through work for that day. Things had broken prettier than Dizzy Dean's curve and Moocher felt he had earned a trip to the movies. So he headed toward the largest theater, puffing his palmed cigar, and glowing inwardly with the unruffled consciousness of a man who is as self-supporting as a three-legged stool.

It was a bit after three when he went into the movie. He didn't pay to get in. He might pay a week's board but not just for a few hours' amusement. Not Moocher. It should be five o'clock when he emerged. He had that figured out in advance. With daylight-saving time that was actually only four. It would still be brilliant sunshine when he left; he could have a nice supper in a cafeteria, switch checks, and be safe home again two hours before the June twilight.

But when you are in a theater with a ninety-piece orchestra you cannot hear the sudden rumblings of a June storm. On his way to the movie Moocher had been passed by two men who were looking for him and didn't recognize him in the brilliant sunshine. Each had seen him vaguely in Manhattan night life but you don't waste good butter and cracker crumbs on such small fry as Moocher. They both did know he wore high button shoes. But they didn't know why.

One was a torpedo. The certain gentlemen from the underworld had located Moocher's hideaway and had delegated the torpedo to see that Moocher's voice jumped its sound track. The other was Johnny Dowd from headquarters, who was scouting for a man with high button shoes. That's the only description he got over the wire from an indignant telephone girl in the East Fifties. Johnny worked himself to a white blister when his sweetie told him about paying two dollars for an empty box. Johnny told her to come over to Sixth Avenue; he would finance the finger wave and they would have supper and dance later on. She had been there some time and the finger wave was set as pretty as whipped cream on shortcake.

SO WHEN June clouded up darker than a crow's tongue Johnny moved right under the movie marquee next to the beauty parlor. He was there when the torpedo beat the first few big drops under cover. He was there when it got darker and darker and Moocher came out. Soon it was a thunderous twilight and the torpedo looked at Moocher and stiffened. Then he looked at the high buttoned shoes. Moocher seemed familiar in the rainy dusk but ten days of normal living had reduced the cobra ruffs under his eyes. The torpedo wasn't sure.

Then it got darker than a mule's bedroom; the rain let go with a roar and Moocher was caught out at night in the middle of the afternoon.

Now, Dowd got a lot of official credit for getting two birds with one stone. But, as he told the telephone girl from the East Fifties at the dance that night, "You could have knocked me down on the first bid when I saw a mug edging another punk toward a taxi with a gun in his back. I cracked down with the sleeve blackjack and knocked him colder than a well-digger's lunch. He's out yet with enough stitches in his skull to fly a kite. I didn't know it but I was bopping him for Barney, who got bumped off in that night club thing about two weeks ago. When I turned his rod into ballistics, they checked it quick and he is due to burn his toast any evening now. The mug he was kidnapping saw him do it.

"Naturally, I don't know what it's about then. But I hold the other fellow too. And when you come running out of the beauty parlor when the rain stopped and said it was the fellow who took your two dollars, I decided he might as well have a finger wave with the sleeve jack. My technique's getting good. If I can get a few more birds like that to sap I might work up to a job as drummer with a night-club orchestra. Anyway, it's promotion for me and when I'm Grade A you're going to be the cream."

And she was. In the meantime, Moocher was looking at another twin bed in Bellevue where only a nose showed like the bud of a water lily in a pond of bandages. It was the ex-torpedo who was now a depth bomb with the stinger pulled. Moocher rated the lower berth in the ambulance on the trip to the clinic. Only the rain prevented the jolly doctors from diagnosing his case as sunstroke. They were willing to overlook a lump on his head that looked like one of those Chinese eggs which grow better as they grow older.

Fighting Fish

Continued from page 19

would be caught by someone who didn't play the game. He had a fish tag made with lettering on it which read, "This fish belongs to Sam Wells. Don't take him." Sam fastened the tag on Mike's tail.

Of the few remaining unspoiled freshwater fishing streams in the U. S. A. there is no anglers' paradise like that of the Klamath River in the extreme northern tip of California. That is, unless you are an apostle of the Rogue, or the Umpqua in southern Oregon. These three are the great steelhead streams of the country. The greatest is the Klamath.

Mr. Steelhead is a particular freshwater trout that goes to sea. When he leaves his native stream for the briny deep he is a little six-inch, dark-backed fellow with shafts of bright colors extending down his sides and a gray belly.

When he comes back from the ocean late in the summer or early in the fall, he is a twelve- to fourteen-inch, sleek, silvery streak from nose to tail tip. One more year in the briny deep and he is a five-pound bundle of dynamite. Wherever he flashes, the fun begins for fishermen.

The Steelhead Comes Home

I have been up on "Suicide Row" at the mouth of the Klamath when the lagoon was as quiet as a millpond except for the ripples from the Pacific breeze. All about were rowboats with anglers lazily dangling their lines and smoking and looking at the sky. Nobody could tell you just what the sky had to do with a steelhead run, but the old-timers knew for a fact that the steelhead and salmon hung around just off shore until the atmospheric conditions were just right. The first run invariably came within three days of August 15th, about which time the lagoon mysteriously filled with boats full of anglers.

"If they don't come now, they won't come at all today," declared Sam Wells, sniffing the air. It looked as if they wouldn't come at all.

Five minutes later pandemonium broke loose. The lagoon was electric with activity. Lines whistled through the air. Reels screamed. The waters churned as tens of thousands of silvery bodies flashed about the slough. The flashing steelhead did the craziest things, such as jumping in the air, cavorting and shaking themselves as if in defiance of the anglers.

"They do that to shake the sea lice off their scales," explained Sam. Nope, he wasn't joshing. That was their game.

In less time than it takes to tell it, the mouth of the Klamath became the maddest scramble on earth. It was The Moment for which fishermen come from every state in the Union; yes, from far-off New Zealand, from Europe, from everywhere.

Suicide Row is an astonishing sight. The "Suicides" are the outermost fringe of boats right at the end of the sandbar where the Klamath empties into the breakers. It is a dangerous place to be. Many of the boats have slipped their anchors in the raging torrent and have swept out to sea. Hence the name. More than one angler has given his life in an effort to be first to snag a steelhead as the run starts upstream.

There is an Indian legend that the mouth of the Klamath is an old woman sitting on her haunches with her knees under her chin. Every so often she gets cramps and stretches her legs, with the result that the outlet of the river moves from one end of the mile-long sandbar to the other. But no more. With WPA funds, Uncle Sam is building a 1,200-foot wing jetty so that one of the old lady's legs will be forever straight. The steelhead will have a direct channel from the sea and Suicide Row will be a far safer place to fish.

Farther back in the lagoon, steelhead angling is as safe as a church. As a run starts there is a mad scramble for boats. Hundreds of them crowd each other for position. Side by side you will find the president of a university, the head of a power company, one of his meter readers, a half-breed Indian, a housewife, or a streetcar conductor. Anybody. They are just anglers, all equals.

In the shacks of the fishing guides and the shops of the angling sages like Sam Wells, there are sheaves of names on file. Hundreds of them. When the run starts, the telegraph wires hum, advising fishermen all over the country that the steelhead and salmon have started. There have been times when five thousand anglers have poured onto the Klamath in a single day, increasing the population almost twentyfold. They crowd the hotels and overflow into the camps. They sleep in their cars and in sleeping bags on the banks of the sandbars. They come by plane from Los Angeles, from San Francisco, and even from across the country. There are anglers from Chicago and New York and other eastern cities who fly out on a moment's notice at the flash that the steelhead run is on. The runs usually start early in August and continue up through October.

After a few hours in the lagoons, the steelhead follow the salmon upstream. Steelhead runs and salmon runs invariably go together. At least the steelhead are seldom found upstream without the salmon. The reason is the steelhead's a pirate. He loves to lie in the riffles just below a sandy spot in the river bed where Mr. and Mrs. Salmon are nuzzling their eggs into the sand while spawning. Thousands of the bright orange salmon eggs, about the size and color of a barberry, are caught in the stream and go floating down. Mr. Steelhead is waiting for them. They make a delicious meal.

Seagoing Chameleons

After they have spawned, the salmon die. But not the steelhead. They work higher and higher upstream into the little side rivulets, so shallow that the bigger steelheads scrape along on their bellies and do their spawning in comparatively quiet waters. Then they go whipping out to sea again, repeating this migration year after year.

If the battle to land a steelhead in the lagoon is exciting, it is infinitely more thrilling when you snag him in the riffles of the river halfway up the mountain. They will take only sunken flies. Wham, and your reel is screaming as Mr. Steelhead has started downstream with 150 yards of your finest line. You are lucky if you can head him off before he winds it around a rock or a log, or before he heads at breakneck speed into a rapids where nothing can stop him. If he does, it's goodby leader, and fly, and maybe line. If there are no rocks or rapids, Mr. Steelhead bores into the bottom, spinning on his nose like a top. Next he darts straight up into the air, still spinning like a top.

"I've seen anglers lose seven leaders and seven steelheads in a row," declared Sam Wells, "and then be happy as kids at a chance to land the eighth. An experienced fisherman thinks he's going great if he lands one steelhead in three. Say I, that's sport."

(Continued on page 54)

INTIMATE INTERVIEWS WITH POLICYHOLDERS

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Her FUTURE in her hands

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"YES, I deliberately chose The Mutual Benefit," says Edward A. Talbot Jr., Joan's father. "In the first place, the company has an unusual record of conservative management throughout booms and depressions for nearly one hundred years; yet at the same time, it is noted for its liberality to its policyholders.

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BEECH-NUT SPEARMINT . . . especially for those who like a distinctive flavor. A *Beech-Nut Quality* product.

(*Continued from page* 53)

There has been a whale of a lot of controversy over the background of these amazing fish, so highly prized by anglers. Years ago Mr. David Starr Jordan, a great fish authority, gave them the name "salmo gairdneri."

To another trout which lives entirely in the fresh water, which is known as the Rainbow, he gave the name "Salmo irideus."

In the books they are two separate species. But years ago when Sam Wells was a young fellow, he proved to Doctor Jordan that a steelhead became a rainbow and a rainbow became a steelhead, depending upon whether it was in fresh water or salt water.

Sam rigged up tanks of salt water and fresh water side by side. When he flipped a rainbow marked with a dark green back and bright rainbow-like sides and gray belly from the fresh-water tank into the salt water, the rainbow changed his scales to a shiny, bright silver identical with that of the steelhead fresh from the sea. By reversing the process he changed steelhead to rainbow.

"Say I, Doctor Jordan was surprised," declared Sam.

Sam Wells' experiment has been repeated time and again on a much larger scale at fish hatcheries by Dr. John O. Snyder, former associate of Doctor Jordan and now Chief of the California Bureau of Fish Conservation.

"Some anglers believe that the steelhead is a distinct species of trout, somewhat intermediate between the cutthroat and the rainbow, but such is not the case," declared Doctor Snyder. "A steelhead is a sea migrant of the particular species inhabiting a given stream and in our waters it may be either a cutthroat or a rainbow steelhead. The steelhead comes from the sea and enters the river to spawn. The resulting young live in the stream from one to three years as rainbow or cutthroats and then migrate to the ocean. Steelheads come in from the sea in regular migrations.

Doctor Snyder says that the steelhead was so named by early-day fishermen because his color resembled that of cold gray steel and his head is almost as hard as steel.

The rainbow who spends all his life in fresh water without access to the sea usually grows to only sixteen or eighteen inches and seldom weighs more than five or six pounds, even in his old age. His cousin who goes out to sea and becomes a steelhead grows to thirty-six inches and weighs up to thirteen pounds.

"The largest steelhead I ever saw," said Sam, "was a big beauty taken out of the Eel River by Roy Kopf from Petaluma. He weighed nineteen pounds and twelve ounces, and was thirty-eight inches long. Say I, that's a trout!"

"Fish Ladders"

What burns up Sam Wells, or the other apostles of rod and reel, is the relentlessness with which the power companies and mining concerns are driving the steelhead and salmon from their native spawning grounds. Sam says that on the Pit River he has seen thousands of fish butting their heads against the dams in a futile effort to get upstream to spawn. Time after time they would crack their noses into the concrete until they died by the thousands and floated, belly up, back to sea.

Led by Sam Wells, the sportsmen of California have set up a terrific holler about this appalling destruction of a magnificent natural resource. Their warnings have been taken up by the Associated Sportsmen, an organization embracing practically all of the rod and reel clubs of the Pacific Coast.

Uncle Sam has heard the holler and has recognized the need of conservation, as is seen in the construction of the great Bonneville Dam across the Columbia River. Here the government is spending an extra three and one half millions to erect "fish ladders" up which the salmon and steelhead can leap in their instinctive migration to the headwaters.

One power company has hearkened to the sportsmen's clamor to the extent of maintaining on the lower Klamath a fish hatchery which each year releases hundreds of thousands of baby steelhead and salmon in the waters of the Klamath.

As for mining operations, equally devastating to fish life, the State Fish and Game Commission has established a closed season on hydraulic mining from July 15 to October 15, when the steelheads are running upstream. This calls for little sacrifice on the part of the miners, there being too little water in the dry months anyway for hydraulic operations. Nevertheless, there is much crying by the miners who claim priority over the salmon and steelhead which have spawned in these streams since time immemorial and which have only recently been recognized as economic assets. Now that the public has awakened to the importance of restoring and conserving the country's prize fishing streams, the mining and power rights have suddenly developed a nuisance value far greater than gold dust or kilowatt-hours.

Concentrating on Flies

For a long time Sam Wells was one of the few apostles of angling who preached putting fish back in the river as enthusiastically as he advocated luring them out. Very little was known about the mysterious habits of the steelheads and it was assumed that the sea from which they came would provide an inexhaustible supply. So everyone concentrated on flies to intrigue the steelhead's fancy. And some ingenious lures they concocted, too. I was looking over a collection of them in Sam Wells' kit. He is one of the greatest fly tiers outside of Ireland, from which country the finest standard flies come.

There was the Golden Demon introduced from New Zealand by Zane Grey; the Sam Wells' Special, a yellow-headed fly with silver wing tips; the Improved Governor, a red-tipped, tricky wing fly with a peacock body; the Royal Coachman, so named because it was studied out by a coachman to one of the early Kings of England, a fly with a red and peacock body; the Jock Scot, a brilliant English fly over three hundred years old; the McGinty, which resembled a bee's jacket but with a white tip on the wing; and Sam's own invention, the Humboldt Railbird, an ingenious red and yellow fly.

Those nine-foot tapered leaders used for steelhead are made of the finest silkworm gut from Mercier, Spain, a town where all they do is raise silkworms for the special string catgut used for fishing and surgery. Not many people know where they got the name "catgut." It comes from caterpillar. They used to pull it out of the caterpillar by taking hold of one end of him with their teeth and drawing him out as long as he would stretch. There's almost no phase of fishing but what Sam Wells can contribute some inside lore.

I looked admiringly over Sam's outfit of rods, reels, flies, leaders and lines.

"What I'd like to know," I said, "is how do you know which fly to use?"

Sam said there was only one answer and that he had learned it when he was only a whippersnapper, from Charlie Piute, the Indian.

"When you have put on every fly you know they ought to take and they won't touch them," said the Apostle of the Klamath, "try one you *know* they won't touch, and you'll get them sure."

Trouble Shooter

Continued from page 21

Ring shot a quick look at Lovelace; and at Lovelace's wife standing wholly still in the background. "Too bad," he said, and left the little room. Lovelace walked to the door and closed it, and turned around. He racked his chips and put away the pack of cards. His fingers did this automatically. In the rear living quarters the twins were chuckling, copying each other's strange noises. Lovelace lifted his glance to Helen. "We're broke," he said.

He could not understand his wife's manner. She looked on, all her features drawn inexpressibly sober. She had something in her eyes very strange to him—a calmness surviving this bad night. She was always calm, always steeled to the misfortunes of their life. But this seemed deeper; so deep that it would never leave.

"You're through?" she said, gently.

"Yes."

"Quite through?" she repeated in that same breathless, relentless way.

He nodded.

"I'm glad!" she said. "At last we can live and not be ashamed."

LEAVING Lovelace's place, Duke Ring walked in the direction of Campeaux's Club. Near the back entrance of the saloon, he stepped into a little area of shadow and looked very carefully about him. His right hand was in his coat pocket, touching the money he had won; and an impulse, long nursed, now set him about on his heels and carried him down one of Corinne's side streets to a stable. His horse was here; he got it and saddled it and trotted out to the street again, turning southward in the direction of Ogden. At the corner he hauled in on his reins.

Sid Campeaux stood beside an empty building. Darkness crowded this rear street; the sound of Corrine's busy heart came over the housetops to touch it with muted echoes. Campeaux threw his cigar out into the dust, the lighted end bursting into glitter-pointed fractions of light. "It ain't ever very hard to figure you out, Duke," said Campeaux, and shot Ring through the heart.

THE Union's grade swept out of Blue Creek to tackle the Promontory Range by main force. Casement's paddies rushed forward, as they had done for two years, charging that stubborn barrier like old soldiers deploying against an enemy line. Two long trestles lifted the Union's rails out of the flat lands and Promontory's forbidding flanks were broken by huge charges of nitroglycerine. Great cuts and fills carried the track at last up to the tabled surface of the range; and on April 28 the questing terriers, dashing the sweat of this heavy labor from their brows, saw the twinkle of the Central's campfires in the near distance. Promontory, last lurid stand of the end-of-track dives, mushroomed up from an inhospitable soil on May first, its one street paralleling the right-of-way. Discharged graders and construction men began to drift through Promontory, back through Blue Creek and on to Corinne—settling old grudges and old thirsts. All trains out of the East were bringing in tourists for the final epic spectacle of the age.

On May ninth a single rail's length separated the Union and the Central, and a polished mahogany Last Tie and a golden Last Spike waited in the Central's headquarters, ready for the final ceremony. All the wires were humming with the news of the great ones of the east and west on their way for the morrow's celebration. Huntington and Stanford, of the Central, were already here; and Vice-president Durant's car rested on the siding. This night General Dodge used it to give his staff a dinner.

Jack Cordray turned off the main street and walked back along the wall of Campeaux's huge tent to where Al Brett waited. He said, "Campeaux's comin' in."

Brett opened the rear door of Campeaux's office. Cordray followed him in, closing the door and leaning against it. But Brett pointed to another corner of the office, that gesture sending Cordray over there. Brett's grin licked a thin line across his lips and his eyes began to burn. He looked like that when Campeaux pushed through from the saloon.

Campeaux saw that grin. He stopped and his fingers gave the door a little push, closing it quickly. He looked carefully at Brett and shot one short glance over to the corner where Cordray stood. He saw what was in their minds; he saw Brett's yellowing stare and the savagery pulsing and pulling at the corners of Cordray's quivering lips. He brought his vast shoulders together, facing them with a massive contempt. "Move out of here."

"We'll take that money, Sid," murmured Brett.

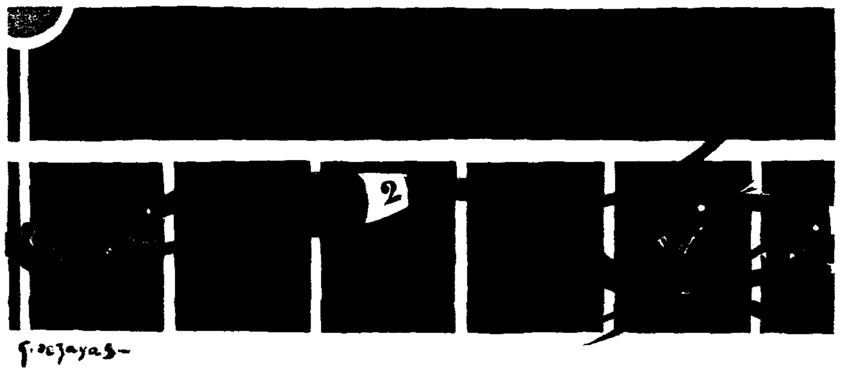
"Maybe," said Campeaux, "I better show you boys how to mind."

He moved straight at Brett. It put his broad back toward Cordray who, waiting for such an opportunity, sprang catlike out of his corner. Cordray snatched at his gun and lifted it, not to fire but to smash its barrel at Campeaux's head. The huge saloonman felt that threat and pulled up a shoulder, taking the blow there. Huge-bulked as he was, he wheeled faster than Cordray could draw back and his great arms circled Cordray and squeezed the man inward. Cordray's wind came sighing out of him under that pressure; he tried to trip Campeaux, ramming his legs up and down. Campeaux laughed. He held Cordray like that, crushing the man's thin muscles, springing the man's thin bones, presenting him at Brett like a shield. "Al," said Campeaux, "I can do this to you."

Brett looked on with a pale, composed interest. Not speaking, not stirring. Cordray cried, "Al—come in here!" And then he screamed and fell loose in Campeaux's arms, sagging downward to expose Campeaux's barrel-chest. Campeaux started to pull him back up. It was then that Brett, hauling his own gun from its holster with the indrawn coolness of a target marksman, sighted the nugget charm on the chain crossing Campeaux's vest and drove a bullet at it, directly above Cordray's lolling head.

DOWN the barrel of the gun he still held in that cocked attitude, Al Brett noted rage and shock pull the man's jowls together. Campeaux let Cordray drop; and afterwards fell atop the man. He landed on his knees and elbows. He crawled across Cordray, reaching out for Brett's legs. Brett kicked at Campeaux's face and stepped aside. But Campeaux was driven by a terrible, inhuman patience; he pulled himself around and crawled at Brett again. Brett lost his coolness. He yelled, "Why don't you die?" and shot Campeaux through the head. Campeaux dropped down, issuing no sound.

There were men beyond the saloon doorway; he heard them talking; he heard them brush against the wall. He put his sights on the doorway, waiting—turned cool again. Cordray groaned and rolled and got up. There was little left



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

A good tail is vitally important to a racing greyhound and to a race horse because the animals use it as a combination rudder and balance when taking a curve. The famous greyhound, Mick the Miller, owed much of his success to his perfect tail, while the colt Coron—son of the Derby winner Coronach—owed his failure to win any of his many races to the fact that he had no tail at all.

The corn husking bee is ranked today as one of the major sports of the United States. The 110,000 spectators at the Corn Husking Tournament held on a farm near Newtown, Indiana, on November 8, 1935, have been exceeded in number by only four other crowds in the history of American sports—at two prize-fights, one football game and one automobile race.—*By Frank Butler, Walla Walla, Washington.*

Many peoples, particularly certain large tribes in South Africa, still do not mourn or even regret the death of one who has been killed by lightning. They believe that he has been sent for by some god in heaven. Hence it would be profane to show any distress over the act of a deity.

The deadliness of the poisonous gases that are now ready for the next war is exemplified by one, a suffocant, which can penetrate any mask not equipped with a special filter and cause sufficient pain to bring on temporary insanity, even when greatly diluted with air.

The "lie detector" cannot directly detect a lie. It simply records pulse wave, blood pressure, galvanic reflex and respiratory fluctuation, or certain involuntary changes in the body which, when studied by experts, are believed to reveal whether or not the person being examined has attempted deception.

The only metropolis in the world whose shops, offices, factories and transportation and communication services close down simultaneously is Tel-Aviv, Palestine, a city of 140,000 Jews. Every Friday evening all business activity, with the exception of the restaurants, suddenly ceases when trumpets are blown to herald the Hebrew Sabbath, which begins at sunset.

Abdul-Hamid II, Sultan of Turkey from 1876 to 1909, was obsessed with a fear of assassination that made him the most timid monarch in history. He was even afraid to come face to face, in his audience chamber, with any solitary foreign ambassador. During such conferences the visitor sat in the middle of the room while Abdul—safely invisible—paced back and forth on a heavily latticed balcony.

Since 1220 the bishops of Salisbury, England, have followed the custom of donning the robes for their enthronement at a certain place in the principal business street of the city. The newest bishop, recently inducted into office, likewise donned his robes on these premises, despite the fact that the ceremony had to take place in the incongruous atmosphere of a modern beauty shop.

The courts of law in Japan, like many scientific groups in various parts of the world, are convinced that plants require sleep. Not long ago a farmer won a suit for damages against a company which had erected a large neon advertising sign alongside his rice field, claiming that his crop had failed because the sign had prevented it from sleeping at night. —*By Kensuke Toda, Tokyo, Japan.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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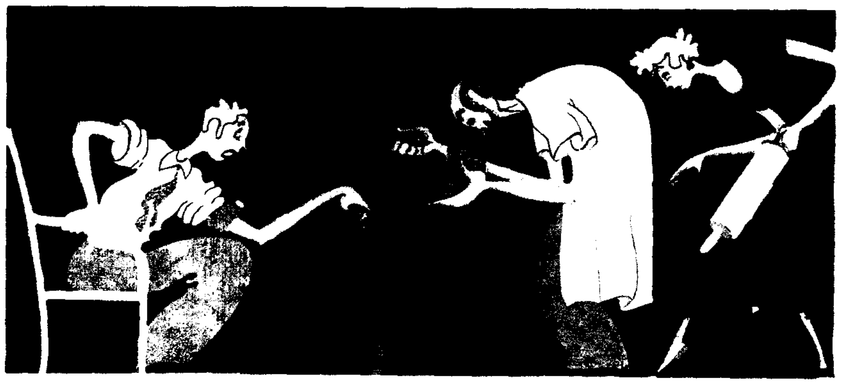

IT'S FARM MARKET A

that's *"going electric"*

LAST FALL the Rural Electrification Administration threw its 100-million dollar switch. Farm Co-Operatives, Public Utilities, and County Boards jumped into action. Here was the machinery for financing not only generating plants and distribution systems, but farm wiring and farm purchase of electrical equipment, too.

What farms? Naturally the higher income farms *which* could take full advantage of the electrical extension program . . . the farms located in rich Farm Market A.

Electrical equipment demand is already manifesting itself in the stores of Market A retailers . . . as S. L. Bradley & Sons, Princeton, Illinois, hardware dealers, can testify.

In 1935 . . . with the advent of REA . . . Bradley sold 75 washers as against 9 in 1933 and 16 in 1934. This year's sales will reach 150. There is an equally heavy demand for radios, and 70 percent of them are electric. In addition large stocks of electric refrigerators, irons, toasters, fans, and vacuum cleaners are being sold. Even though located in a town of less than 5,000, Bradley does a volume of electrical business that many a metropolitan dealer would envy.

In another Market A county where 860 customers have signed to take current, a study of their preferences shows that 655 will use electricity for washing machines; 331 will want refrigerators; 242 will get shallow-well pumps; 302, deep-well pumps; 608, radios; and 98, motors . . . to grind feed, fill silos, and saw wood.

Unlike city homes, a farm is both a household *and a factory*. So, if you *double* the average city requirements you'll still underestimate the needs of the Market A farm. Dealers and manufacturers are beginning to find it out . . . and it is showing on their profit sheets.

Today, it's easy for manufacturers to tap the purchasing power of Farm Market A . . . because a single magazine, The Country Home, dominates the field. Through careful subscription-building, The Country Home avoids the country "slums" of B, C, and D farms where buying is slow, and concentrates on the rich 35 percent, in Farm Market A, who receive 80 percent of the national farm income.

The Country Home, with 1,500,000 subscribers, has *the largest rural circulation in the world*, yet the lowest rate-per-page per thousand, the lowest rate-per-column per thousand, and the lowest milline rate!

During the coming year, turn your attention to The Country Home . . . to rural America . . . where rich Farm Market A is "going electric" . . . and farm buying is on a new and broader scale.

S. L. BRADLEY & SONS, PRINCETON, ILL., hardware merchants, know what it means when Farm Market A "goes electric". Sales skyrocket. "Right now," says Glen Bradley, "electric merchandise is the cream of our business; and judging by the extent of rural electrification, electrical goods sales are to become even more important."

TO SMALL TOWN DEALERS *who are after bigger sales: Farm Market A is the most powerful sales tie-up you can give your local advertising and merchandising. Learn how to use it in your selling, write to The Crowell Publishing Company for a report of Farm Market A farms and The Country Home circulation in the county or counties in your trading areas—also a list of the products advertised in The Country Home. Address, The Crowell Publishing Company, Dept. C. H., Springfield, Ohio.*

THE Country Home

The "A" Magazine in Farm Market A

MORE THAN 1,500,000 CIRCULATION

Largest rural circulation in the field

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THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY · SPRINGFIELD, OHIO · PUBLISHERS: COLLIER'S · WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION · THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE · THE COUNTRY HOME in him. He whispered: "You were mighty slow, Al. He broke my ribs."

Brett said: "We're through here, Jack. Come on."

Cordray struggled to his feet. He put both hands against the wall, sick and shaken and half dead. "What?" he sighed.

"One more chore," said Brett. "One more—and we're all finished. Go back to Corinne and wait for me."

Cordray shook his head. "I'll never last to see Bucko dead."

"Yes, you will," said Brett.

A HIGH wind whipped up the bunting of the special trains gathered at Promontory; the rain had stopped and the sun was out, lifting up the fresh raw smell of the earth. Peace took Eileen's arm and pushed a way through the crowd until he found standing room near the ceremony. Photographers were lugging their unwieldy cameras around, hunting better locations. A picked group of track layers had placed a last pair of rails in position and across this narrow space the straight-stacked Rogers of the Union faced the Central's Jupiter, whose bell-shaped funnel rolled out a heavy smoke. Fifteen hundred spectators of all degrees crowded around—Irishmen, Chinamen, Mexicans, tourists, Promontory's sports, and the officials of both lines. Four companies of the 21st Infantry from Camp Douglas were drawn up before the rails; and the Fourth Ward Band from Salt Lake stood ready to play. A telegrapher's rig had been set up by the track, hooked to a waiting world; and the operator stood nervously by, watching the Central's president, Leland Stanford, awkwardly poise the sledge over the golden spike. Durant and Huntington and Dodge—and twenty other high officials stood here, looking gravely on.

STANFORD swung the sledge down on the spike. The telegrapher's nervous fingers tapped "Done!" out along three thousand miles to an expectant America. Stanford handed the sledge to Durant, and the band broke into The Star-Spangled Banner and the soldiers snapped stiff. Eileen's hand tightened against Peace's hand. She looked up at him, her lips framing a single word: "Over!" Peace looked at his watch. This was 2:47 in the afternoon of May 10, 1869, and two years of his life closed definitely with that sledge's tap, like a door slamming shut. All the crowd was yelling and the officials were shaking hands, and the band, finished with the anthem, burst into a quick-step tune: "Hard Times Come Again No More." The Jupiter and the Rogers, jetting out steam, slowly moved forward till their pilots touched. Irishmen swarmed up, champagne bottles broke in foaming streams over the engines and the cheering grew louder.

Stanford handed this message to the telegrapher:

PROMONTORY SUMMIT, UTAH
MAY 10, 1869
TO PRESIDENT ULYSSES GRANT: THE LAST RAIL HAS BEEN LAID, THE LAST SPIKE DRIVEN. THE PACIFIC RAILWAY IS COMPLETED. THE POINT OF JUNCTION IS 1086 MILES WEST OF THE MISSOURI RIVER AND 690 MILES EAST OF SACRAMENTO CITY.
LELAND STANFORD, CENTRAL PACIFIC
T. C. DURANT
SIDNEY DILLON
JOHN DUFF, UNION PACIFIC

The crowd milled and surged without direction. More men were taking turns at tapping the spike. All the engine whistles were rending the windy afternoon, and the band kept crashing out its tunes. Peace took Eileen back through the crowd, following other people hurrying toward the Corinne train. Gunfire rose up from Promontory's street in rowdy bursts.

Eileen said with a slow, gentle voice: "How final it is. I have lived in the middle of fury for so long. Tomorrow it will seem like living in an empty house. Isn't it a little hard to say goodby, Frank?"

"Yes."

Another thought brought her glance back to him. "Campeaux—is he really dead?"

"Brett and Cordray killed him last night."

"I saw Brett in the crowd—just now. Frank—what will he do?"

"I think he's through."

"Don't trust him—don't ever," she said vehemently.

They came to their car and to the group waiting at the steps. More people came along and the group thickened—and then Peace, turning half around, came face to face with Bill Wallen, and with Nan.

Wallen said, "How are you, Frank?"

RODNEY DE SARRO

"Eavesdropping again, Miss Smith?"

Peace nodded, not answering. To him at that moment Wallen was a dim figure in one corner of his vision, and he forgot for that little while that Eileen clung to his arm. Nan's eyes met his glance with a steadiness that ran an old shock through him again, waking the hunger he had so painfully put away. She stood before him, so quiet and so fair and so much a woman; and her eyes betrayed her, showing him a quick tenderness. He looked down and stepped back, letting them go by. But Wallen turned to have another word. "Nan and I are leaving here tonight on the San Francisco train. I'd like to say goodby to you and wish you luck." He shook Peace's hand, poorly hiding his emotion, and caught up with Nan. Peace had no way of stopping his glance from following. He watched the graceful swing of Nan's shoulders, until she was absorbed by the crowd boiling down Promontory's street.

He brought his head about with an effort. Eileen's face was pale; it was strained. She wheeled abruptly so that he might not see her expression and went up the steps into the car. Overmile trotted across the street and joined Peace and the three of them found a place in the coach. Overmile said cheerfully: "Never saw so much good liquor busted in my life. Them engines has been well christened."

"Yes," said Peace. The Corinne train started with a sudden jerk of couplings, clattering across Promontory's switch points. Eileen was a small, huddled shape in the seat. She wouldn't look at him and she had nothing to say.

THEY came into Corinne an uncomfortable hour later and got off. They stood here a little while, the other passengers crowding by them and going down the short street leading to the heart of town. Overmile's quick eyes roved around, keenly alive to all that happened. Peace said to Eileen: "I'll take you home."

Eileen said, "Never mind," and went rapidly away. Peace stood still, embarrassed from knowing Overmile's glance touched him. He watched her turn into Main street and disappear.

Overmile drawled, "I guess I'll go roll up my extra socks. There's a Cheyenne train out of here pretty soon." He left Peace abruptly, going around the depot.

The commissary building, where Peace's quarters were, lay farther along the track, reached by a short-cut through one of Corinne's back streets. Peace took that street, hands plunged deeply into his pockets, his shoulders swung down. Half the shacks and tents and flimsy frame buildings of Corinne were already deserted; and on this street a semi-emptiness oppressed him. For a little while the Queen City had boomed, lifted to giddy heights by the full-blooded tide of the railroad builders. And now that tide, rolling higher and higher all the way from Fremont, had reached its crest on a barren Utah summit and had burst with a last roar, leaving silence behind.

A SPECIAL train whistled down from Promontory and went by in the direction of Ogden. Faro Evans' two-story house stood gaunt and unlovely ahead of him. A woman came from a tent. She said, "Hello there, Mr. Peace." He tramped stolidly on, not answering. Long Tom, junk dealer, came from another house and threw a mattress on his wagon standing by, and climbed up to the seat. Peace noted the poor condition of Long Tom's horses and then was deep in his own thoughts again. There was a sense which women possessed he didn't understand. Their eyes saw things a man concealed in the deepest corners of his mind. He had buried a memory of Nan—

"Hello, Bucko."

It was a voice that crashed through his thinking like a bullet. It stopped him that quickly. Before his lifting eyes had reached their mark, he knew whose voice it was, and knew what it meant; and then his eyes reached a second-story window of Faro Evans' and met the round cold muzzle of a shotgun. Behind it lay Al Brett's grinning face.

He stood rooted, every thought and every instinct in him thinning down to a wild, bitter hope of survival. Placed as he was in the middle of the street, with no possibility of making a sudden rush into a doorway and with no chance of escaping that fatal gust of buckshot, he realized he was utterly trapped. He had his hands in his pocket. He let them remain there. He stood with one foot advanced, and held that position. Al Brett's acid smiling never changed.

"Can't you think of anything, Bucko?" he jeered. "You're on your feet and you carry a gun. That's the way I said I'd take you."

BEYOND the left-hand line of houses another special rolled down from Promontory, eastward-bound. Peace listened to that noise fade out in the direction of Ogden. Then he heard a wagon groaning up from behind him—Long Tom's wagon pulled by those two gaunt horses.

Brett said: "I wouldn't leave you behind me in a thousand years. Remember the tongue-lashin' you gave me at Bryan? Think of that, Bucko, when I send you to hell. That's the thing I'm killin' you for." He quit talking to Peace. The muzzle of the gun waggled and he sent a curt order to the approaching Long Tom: "Turn that thing around."

Long Tom, Peace guessed, was ten feet behind him; and the man seemed not to hear Brett, whose voice snapped like a whiplash: "Turn around."

Peace said, "Who's there with you, Al?"

Brett's attention slid back to Peace instantly; his shoulders moved and he started to speak, and didn't. The wagon kept coming. Listening with an attention that squeezed him dry and flattened his muscles, he estimated the team was less than two paces to his rear, and bound to pass him on the side that would mask Brett's shotgun. Long Tom hadn't heard—and never would hear. The man was stone-deaf. Peace observed Brett's chin lift from the gun stock. The muzzle swung off again aimed at Long Tom; and at that instant Peace, throwing his life in the strength of his guess, wheeled and saw the near horse of the team coming up. He took one step behind the horse. Brett's shot roared out, pellets slicing all around the street, rattling against the wagon box. The off horse grunted and dropped to his knees and Long Tom, emitting a whining cry, fell from the seat in a long dive.

The far horse was down, threshing in its harness; the near horse stood still. Peace threw himself straight at the doorway of Faro Evans' house. Brett was pumping a new shell into his gun; he heard Brett yell, "Cordray—Cordray," and a revolver's solid slug smashed the doorway casing as he reached that aperture and ran inside. Cordray, stationed in some opposite building, kept throwing his shots in; they were wide of Peace, who now rushed along a narrow flight of stairs toward the upper landing. Brett's boots stamped across the floor up there. A door slammed, and after that another gun began to join Cordray's firing out in the street.

Peace reached the hall, to face a row of closed doors. The farthest one led into the room overlooking the street, where Brett was. That much he knew. He jerked himself down the hall, lifting his gun and driving a pair of bullets at the door's lock. He shattered it and stepped aside and struck it with his extended foot, throwing it back. There was no more sound in the street.

Brett faced him across the threshold of the room—thin and pale, yellow fury ablaze in his eyes. He had dropped his shotgun; he held a revolver.

"Bucko," he said in as wicked a tone as a man could utter, "you got the devil's luck," and snapped his gun up for a shot. Peace's bullet caught him like that, driving all the life out of him. He was dead before he fell.

Overmile's voice was in the stairway: "Peace!"

Peace said softly, "All right, Leach. All right," and turned to see his partner swing at the landing and come on. Overmile's breath whistled out of him. He looked in at the room, at the dead Al Brett.

"Sure," he muttered. "I heard the shootin' start. That was Cordray across the street. He emptied his gun. I never fired at him. He just died. His heart just quit. That's all."

"I guess," said Peace, "that closes the book," and went back down the stairs. Out in the street he had a look at one dead horse and a driver with a buckshot-riddled arm. Long John stared down at his dripping sleeve. He walked unsteadily off.

Peace unhitched the remaining horse from the wagon and let it go. He bent his head back and forth, to ease the strange stiffness in it. He patted all his pockets automatically, searching for his pipe. A train, coming down from Promontory, whistled for Corinne.

"That's my train," said Overmile.

"What?"

Overmile cleared his throat. "I guess this is one of the things I won't forget. Bein' here, I mean, to see Brett dead and Cordray dead. It's my idea of a good end. I recall what Phil Morgan once said. He wanted to see you win out. Well, I'm seein' it. It'll be damned good to remember."

"Leach," grunted Peace, "it's tough—"

"Damn you, Frank—you're a hard man to forget!"

"I'll be in Texas," said Peace. "If you ever get tired of Laramie Plains—"

"No," said Overmile quietly. "We've had our fun, kid. It wouldn't come again for us."

He put out his hand, smiling. Peace took it; and they stared at each other a long moment, having no words to say. Overmile pulled suddenly back and whirled and traveled down the street at a charging gait. The train was ringing into Corinne. At a far corner, just before he swung out of sight, he stopped and looked behind him.

PEACE went on toward the commissary building. He came to his own small room and entered it.

Eileen Oliver stood there, waiting for him. She had been crying; and her face now was pointed and starved. She held her shoulders back. Her small fists were doubled in front of her.

"I don't want half of a man's heart, Frank. I saw how you looked at Nan Normandy this afternoon. You couldn't help it."

"Eileen," he said, "let's forget that."

She shook her head. She dropped her chin and he heard the near-break of her voice. "I knew all this back at Bear Town. But I thought you had made up your mind. And I thought I could be happy with whatever I got from you. But when you looked at her today I saw how it would be with us. No matter how you might hide it, it would always be there. And both of us would have that ghost between us. We should die slowly."

She pulled her head up and came to him, a remote glow in her eyes breaking the terrible shadows across her face. She held his hands down; and she kissed him. "I would rather have just this much. I think I can remember it without too much crying. Goodby, my dear!"

He stood dumbly by. He heard her walk along the side of the commissary, and then run. Afterwards he sat down in a chair and bent over, rubbing his big hands together.

Sometime later he jerked himself upright. A train whistled across the town and he looked at his watch and found it to be five o'clock. He rose, making a complete circle of the room and thinking of things that never had seemed possible. The clanging of the train's bell came through the walls of the commissary building—and suddenly he went out of the room. When he reached the track he found a Promontory-bound work train slide slowly away from the station. He made the caboose handrail after a hard run.

IT WAS six o'clock in Promontory, with a gustier wind stripping off the festival bunting of the few remaining specials. A huge party was in progress in Durant's private coach, all the glitter of the gas lights shining out upon the platform when Peace passed by. Promontory's street was quiet; and a crew of Irishmen were sledging down a few last sections of track for through traffic. The California train was on the main line, waiting to go. He swung aboard it and walked through all the coaches, and got off at the head end. Twilight dropped down, gray and gusty. He went around the corner of the depot—and saw her sitting on a bench beside the building. She was looking out across the desert, her chin supported by the palm of a hand.

She heard his steps and looked up; and a quick breath came out of her as she rose. She swayed against the station wall, and she put her hands behind her, a gesture that took him all the way back to the night in Benton, in her room.

He said: "Nan, I am free to ask you—"

She brought her hands forward. She looked at him with a long, straining attention. She murmured, "I know—I know," and lifted her face, showing him eyes bright with unshed tears. He brought her to him with a quick sweep of his arms. When he kissed her and felt the desperate hunger of her lips a feeling raced through him like fire, tremendously shaking his mind. She had this power over him, this way of lifting him to a wild, far height, to touch him with the vague hints of a glory a man and a woman might know. He had a strange, humble side thought then of Eileen's dark cheeks turned hopeless and of the gentleness she had touched his life with. It was a memory, he thought soberly, that would never leave. Nan murmured, "My dear, I thought I had lost life." And that soft phrase brought him back to the fragrance and gallantry of this woman. All that his dreams had fashioned was here! She was all he could desire.

Bill Wallen, stumbling through the falling darkness, saw them. He stood a moment watching, and the moment turned him old. Finally he swung away as quietly as he could. "Perhaps," he murmured, "I was asking for more than I had a right to expect." The California train's bell began to ring, and at last chugged out of the station. Peace and Nan watched it go. Night swung down on Promontory and the desert lay wild and empty all about them.

THE END

Let's see what the doctor says about laxatives

YOUR DOCTOR has spent the greater part of his life studying human ills and their correctives. As sympathetic and self-sacrificing as he is with his patients, he is strictly a scientist in his attitude towards health.

He has, for instance, certain definite standards which he demands of a laxative before he will give it his approval. These requirements are listed below. Read them carefully for your *own* good.

THE DOCTOR'S TEST OF A GOOD LAXATIVE

It should be dependable.
It should be mild and gentle.
It should be thorough.
Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
It should *not* form a habit.
It should *not* over-act.
It should *not* cause stomach pains.
It should *not* nauseate or upset the digestion.

EX-LAX MEETS THIS TEST AT EVERY POINT

The next time you need a laxative just remember this: Ex-Lax fulfills the doctor's requirements at *every* point.

Doctors everywhere use Ex-Lax in their own families. Mothers have given it to their children with perfect trust for more than 30 years. Since Ex-Lax was first introduced, it has steadily risen in public confidence. Today more people use Ex-Lax than any other laxative in the whole, wide world.

PROVE THE DOCTOR'S POINTS YOURSELF

Try Ex-Lax tonight. See how mild and gentle it is. Note its thoroughness. Find out for yourself how easy it works. No upset stomach. No pain. No nausea. Its action, in fact, has none of the disadvantages of harsh, over-acting cathartics.

Ex-Lax is intended only to help Nature—and to accomplish its purpose without shock or violence. And as important as all these advantages are to you, remember that they are *doubly* important to the sensitive systems of children.

A PLEASURE TO TAKE

If you have been taking nasty, druggy-tasting laxatives, you'll be delighted to find how pleasant Ex-Lax is. For Ex-Lax tastes just like pure, delicious chocolate. Children actually *enjoy* taking it. And it is just as good for them as it is for adults.

Get Ex-Lax at your drug store in either the 10c or the 25c size. Or if you'd like to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon for a free sample.

When Nature forgets—remember

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THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

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I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

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City .... Age........
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I'D TRIED EVERYTHING
CORN REMOVING CONTEST
AMAZED ME!
MISS C. B.
KANSAS CITY
RED CROSS CORN PLASTER
ALSO BUNION AND CALLOUS PLASTERS
BOX OF 12 25¢
FOR PROFESSIONAL FOOT TREATMENT SEE A CHIROPODIST

"Corns on both feet were crippling me! Then my druggist told me about Red Cross Corn Plaster, suggested a contest to prove it. I put my old-style plaster on one foot. As usual it left my toe sore. Put Red Cross on the other foot. Pain stopped instantly, removed corn cleanly."

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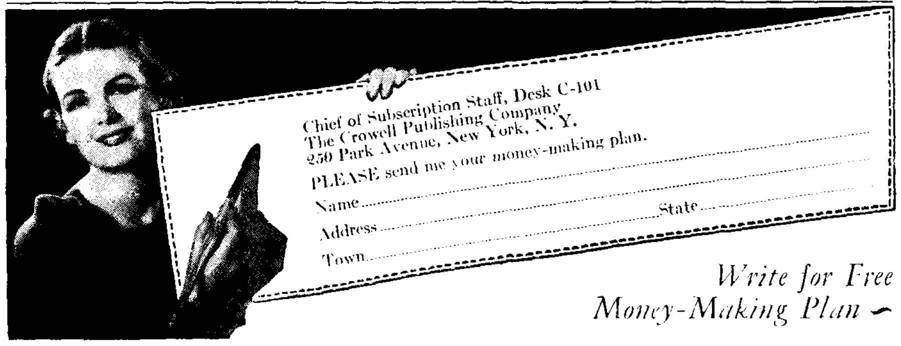
Try Red Cross Corn Plasters today. Non-slip adhesive tabs hold them in place. Waterproof. Separate medicated centers for hard, deep-seated corns. More for your money, too. *Send 10¢ for trial package. Write Dept. D-4.*

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J. CHICAGO, ILL.



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Hopping John

Continued from page 12

He hunted with the reactionary pack—bossed by the late Honorable Dave Mulvane and the late Honorable Charlie Curtis—in Kansas until there was no more pack. Not that he was convinced that the reactionary wing of the Republican party in Kansas was sounder in principle than the dissenters—the so-called progressives—dominated by the great William Allen White, the ubiquitous Henry Allen and the late Victor Murdock; but to Mr. Hamilton, Messrs. Mulvane and Curtis represented the Organization, and Mr. Hamilton was just as much opposed to dying for dear old Armageddon as ever. And yet he sacrificed little if anything of his independence. When the time came to give over, to leap the Kansas Republican creek and join the progressives, he did it in his stride. It was easy too: the progressives were the only ones left. And Mr. Hamilton is no lone wolf.

Our Headlong Hero

He's as ambitious as a brand-new cop, as industrious as a hill of ants and as American as a sawed-off shotgun. He was born in Fort Madison, Iowa, on the Mississippi River, in 1892. This makes him just four years younger than his illustrious rival, the Honorable James Aloysius Farley, whom he resembles in no particular whatsoever. His father, the Honorable John Daniel Miller Hamilton, now deceased, had been mayor of Fort Madison and, at the time the breathless hero of this sketch entered the world, one of the several lawyers retained by the Santa Fe Railroad to ward off as much trouble as possible.

The elder Hamilton and his wife were the parents of two children—boys. One. as we already know, is our immediate subject. The other, thirteen years older than our John, is now a big player in Hollywood, although some years ago he was bidding courageously for more enduring fame. You youngsters won't remember the brother, and it is not going to be held against you. But the more feeble of us remember Hale Rice Hamilton as a pretty good actor. As Hale Hamilton he reached Broadway (and stayed there quite a while) in Winchell Smith's The Fortune Hunter. A large, plump, breezy, free-and-easy fellow he was, too. Presently he broke out in Get Rich Quick Wallingford, playing Wallingford. But that was a long time ago and we hope that you children will forgive us for delving for ever so brief a period into our memories.

Yet we can't help feeling that our headlong hero, who is now beating the brush in the interests of Alfred Mossman Landon, could do with just a touch of brother Hale's dramatic instinct. Before November the populace may weary a trifle of the story of Kansas' balanced budget, anathematizings of James Aloysius Farley and give-'em-hell attacks on the New Dealers. Anyway, and to get back where we belong, the Hamilton we're trying to cram into this scandalously inadequate space is forty-four years old and has red hair even on the backs of his hands.

While still in the bathtub-hating stage, young John was moved with the family to Topeka, where his father was to take up more important advocating for the Santa Fe. After a spell in Topeka's schools, the lad was sent east to prepare himself for college in Phillips Academy at Andover, Massachusetts. He recovered from this New England exposure rapidly and was next discovered studying law at Northwestern University. This did not require all of his time, so, being impatient of lags, he married Miss Laura Hall of Topeka, daughter of the prosperous proprietor of a printing business.

When finally informed by the law faculty at Northwestern that as far as they were concerned he was a lawyer and that it was up to him to try to prove it, he hastened back to Topeka. And there, after several teeth-rattling but not wholly unfruitful battles with juries who distrusted everybody below the age of sixty, he decided that he needed the salary and fees which went with the hustling but dignified post of probate judge. If you were probate judge you got $250 a month and a dollar or so every time you married a couple. If you joined a few young people's societies and held forth occasionally in guilefully selected company about the imperishable delights of connubial bliss, business could be pretty good. Anyway John Hamilton wanted the job.

The Honorable Dave Mulvane, banker and boss of the Republican party in Kansas—the White-Allen-Murdock Bull-Moosers being without the fold—told Mr. Hamilton that he might not have the job. It had been promised to a patriot to whom Mr. Mulvane was more beholden. But Mr. Hamilton ran independently and, as you may be prepared to be told, he got himself elected. Before ambition scourged him on he had married nearly 3,000 Topeka young ladies to a similar number of local boys. And that's where it all started—Mr. Hamilton's political career as well as other interesting things, the latter being clearly none of our business.

The Whirl Begins

But from then on, Mr. Hamilton became as difficult to follow as a frightened mountain goat. He ran for virtually every public office he could think of and was just about to branch out when Mr. Landon, with ambitions of his own, annexed him. He had become quite a well-equipped lawyer. He and the Honorable Ralph Thomas O'Neil, who was to become National Commander of the American Legion. formed a thoroughly remunerative law partnership. Mr. O'Neil worked the Democratic side of the street, he being of that political persuasion, while Mr. Hamilton patrolled the Republican. Thus they coralled a lot of business, Mr. Hamilton becoming the attorney for almost all the insurance companies and agencies in Kansas and Mr. O'Neil seeing to it that the railroads and other beset corporations got as square a deal as his unquestioned ability and well-established industry could accomplish.

This, for any ordinary person, would have been quite enough to fill what is idly called one's working hours. But we are dealing with no ordinary person. Mr. Hamilton could work at his profession for nine or ten hours, rush home, salute Mrs. Hamilton and count the children (of which there are two) and then stand around for several seconds wondering how he was going to occupy himself until midnight. In time he arranged to have himself speak at political rallies almost every night. And on those nights when the organization was too worn out to organize a rally, Mr. Hamilton would dash off to some parched corner of the state and holler until the folks rallied of their own accord in sheer self-defense. In this way Mr. Hamilton became tolerably well known.

He was elected to the legislature. He became speaker of the House. The Ku Klux Klan sent a couple of its most persuasive Kleagles to him with a list of legislation the Klan desired to be enacted. Mr. Hamilton didn't like the way they made their demands and said he'd see about it. But the Klan replied that he didn't quite understand—that they were giving orders, not suggestions. And for some time thereafter the Kleagles and Mr. Hamilton couldn't get along at all. The difficulty was solved when the Klan went the well-merited way of all such. But Mr. Hamilton continued to ascend.

He helped defeat the Child Labor Amendment to the Constitution and gave successful battle to a workmen's compensation bill which, he argued, was unfair to labor. And then, in 1928, he decided that it was high time he was governor.

The New Alliance

It was in this campaign that he became better acquainted with Alfred Mossman Landon, who, being of the progressive branch of the party, had been opposed to the domination of Mr. Hamilton's bosses, Mr. Dave Mulvane and Mr. Charlie Curtis. Opposed to Mr. Hamilton in the primaries was the Honorable Clyde M. Reed. And managing Mr. Reed's campaign was Alfred Mossman Landon, who even then was a noiseless and exceedingly insidious politician who had an annoying habit of getting places with absolutely no clatter. Mr. Reed won. And Mr. Hamilton, swallowing his chagrin in one gulp, went to Mr. Landon and said, in effect, that in his opinion it was too bad they hadn't got together long since.

If your memory is any good at all you will recall that Mr. Roosevelt became President in 1932 by what one may as well call acclamation. The only political pebble resisting the landslide west of the Mississippi River was Alfred Mossman Landon in Kansas. Mr. Landon just edged into the governorship in a three-way brawl, but on the morning after the election, the Honorable Dave Mulvane dropped dead of a heart attack, leaving the post of Republican National Committeeman vacant. Mr. Landon, who can see farther than Mr. Hamilton, saw to it that John got the job and thereby consolidated what was a new friendship into a new partnership.

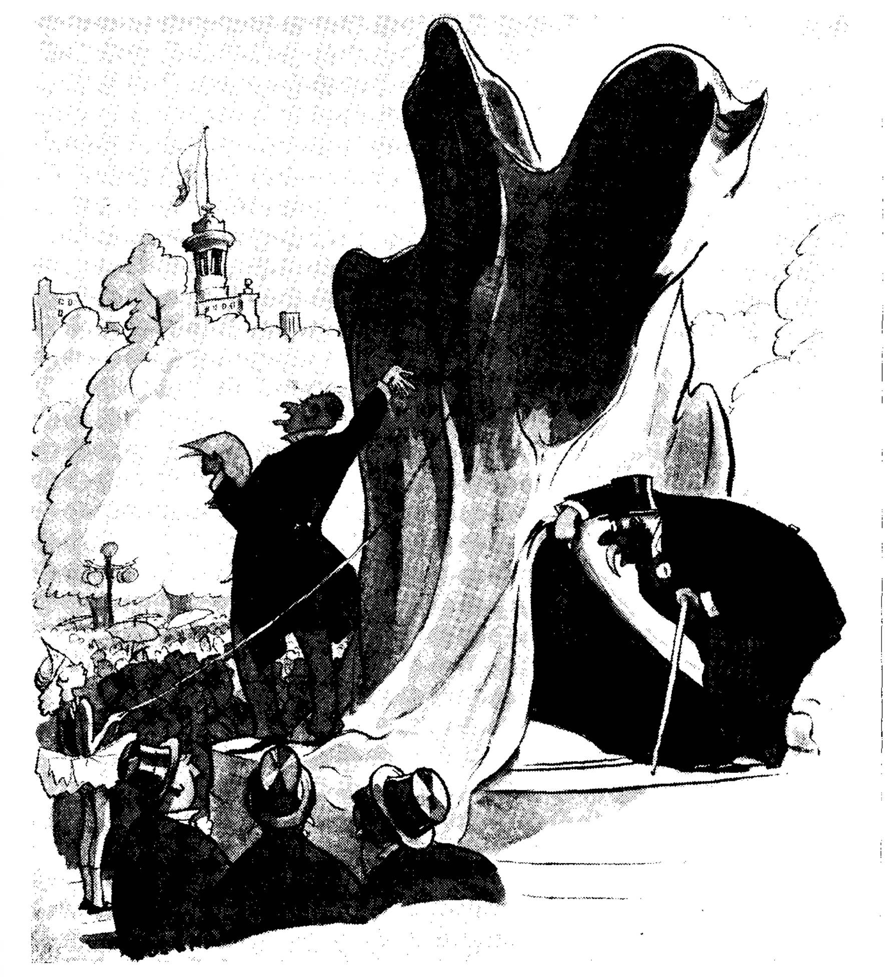
We shall not burden you with more details. John did the hustling and Alfred did the thinking. Presently John was assistant to Mr. Henry P. Fletcher, chairman of the Republican National Committee. Then he became the Committee's special counsel at $15,000 a year. He was fighting hard to get his salary raised to $25,000 when, after a season of expert peering at all the possible candidates for the Republican presidential nomination, he quit the committee to manage Alfred Mossman Landon's ambitions. This job paid only $10,000 a year, so it is generally agreed that John had done a lot of wrestling with the angel.

He's about five feet ten, weighs a hundred and sixty, has red hair with a natural permanent wave, well-parted hazel eyes that haven't flinched yet, an orator's loose mouth and a square chin which, the Republicans fervently hope, can take it.

All he seems to need is a bit of Brother Hale's drama and a few million votes. And he may capture the latter if the Honorable Mr. Farley isn't watchful. At this very moment Mr. Hamilton is in Cincinnati—just arrived. We know that he was all for leaping out of the plane before it had stopped. And when he did emerge he came out talking. And don't tell us what he said. We know.

"How much time we got? Howfarzit to Tulsa? Where's my damned hat? Where's Jaffe? How fast can you drive? Howfarzit? Governor phoned? Where's Farley? Howfarzit to St. Paul? D'ja hear about McCarl? Got a cigarette? Plane out tonight? Where's the committee? Howfarzit? How are we doin'? Howzat? Howfarzit to—"

But we wouldn't have caught the last even if we'd been running at his side. The dust would have been too thick and the motorcars roaring too loud. Go get 'em, John.



"Oh, pardon me!"

JOSEPH EASLEY

Symphony in Sharp Steel

By George Gershwin

Composer of* "Rhapsody in Blue," "Of Thee I Sing" *and many others

THERE IS INSPIRATION for the composer in every facet of American life today. To sense the color and rhythm of a great modern factory I visited the Gillette Company's plant in Boston recently.

It was a thrilling experience. As I was taken through one department after another, the machines, each a triumph of ingenuity and skill, reminded me of the flawless instruments of a great symphonic orchestra, all working in unison to give a finished performance. Behind each of these machines stood a skilled technician who guided his instrument in this symphony of steel, without a discordant note. No imperfection is tolerated here.

And for whom is this remarkable performance given? For a greater audience than any symphonic conductor has ever gathered in concert hall—millions of Gillette Blade users the world over!

In my own profession I know that since hirsute adornment ceased to be the trademark of the musician, increasing numbers have turned to the Gillette Blade for comfort and speed in shaving. But it took a visit to this great factory for me to realize the care and thought that go into making that keener, smoother blade—the real reason for its incomparable service. They are—these blades—the product of the Gillette Symphony in steel . . . a symphony in shaving comfort.

When men like George Gershwin, John B. Kennedy, Grantland Rice, Floyd Gibbons, Frank Buck and others sing the praises of the Gillette Blade, isn't it worth a trial? If you have never shaved with this blade, you'll be surprised how easily and quickly it whisks off stubborn bristles . . . how gently it skims over the tender spots without pull or irritation.

This is because Gillette Blades are especially processed for shaving tender faces. Ground, honed and stropped in one continuous operation, the resulting shaving edges are so keen that 60,000 of them would fit on the surface of one thin dime! Think of this for sharpness! And think what it means in shaving comfort! Buy a package of Gillette Blades today. Slip one in your razor tomorrow morning and see why millions of men will use no other blade.

In view of these facts, why let anyone deprive you of shaving comfort by selling you a substitute! Ask for Gillette Blades and be sure to get them.

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR COMPANY, BOSTON, MASS.

Collier's

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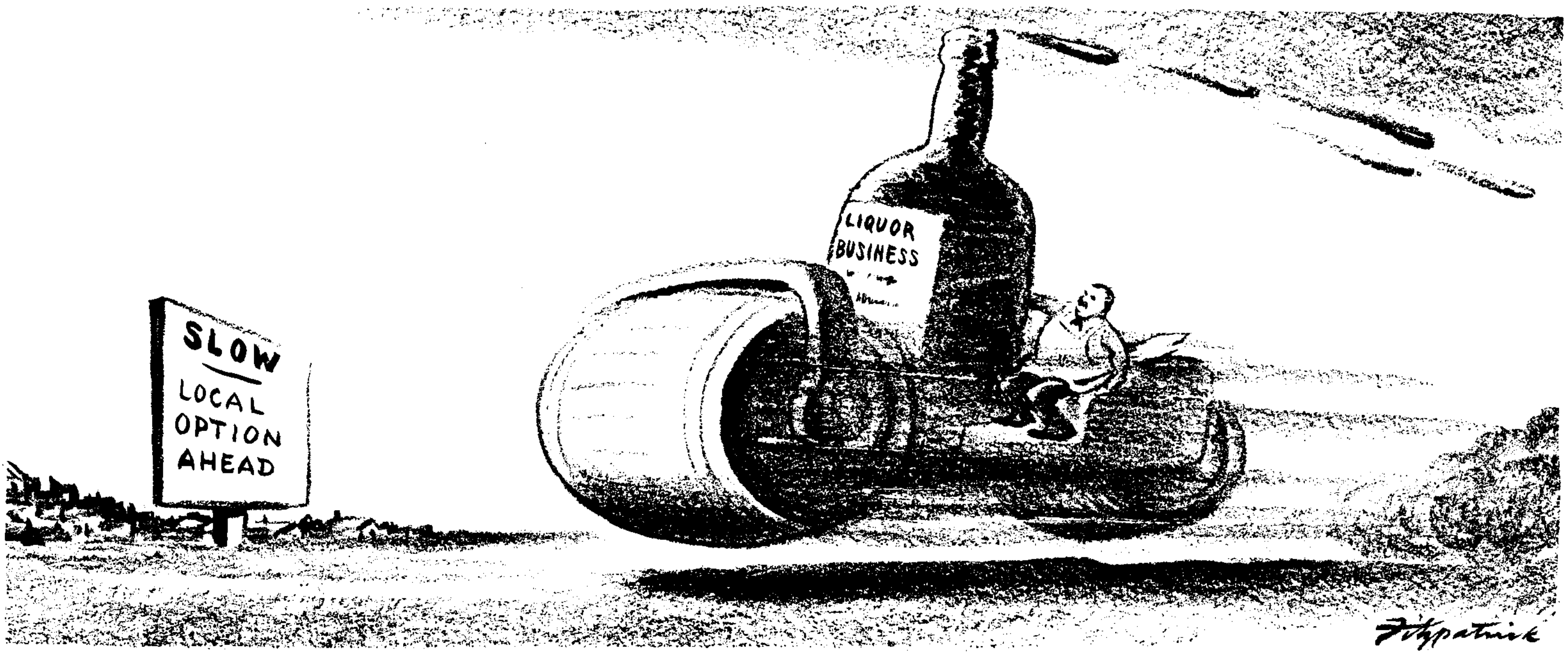


Danger Ahead

THE liquor dealers exaggerate their fears when they speak of another spell of prohibition by 1945. The Anti-Saloon Leaguers are much too sanguine. Unless somebody is guilty of incredible blunders national prohibition is not again impending.

Not that blunders are not being made in our present management of the liquor business. The blunders are numerous and serious. We don't have to go farther than to the reports of the brewers themselves to realize what is happening.

Last year the tide of public sentiment began again to turn against the liquor trade in numerous places. Local option elections recorded the shift. Up to January 1, 1936, the people of 193 counties and 614 towns had voted themselves dry. When we remember that only twelve months before sentiment was running in precisely the opposite direction, the change is evidently important.

Repeal of prohibition made many wets arrogant. The vote against the Eighteenth Amendment was so large that many politicians and liquor dealers felt that they were free to go as far as they pleased. In some communities evidently they went too far.

It is a significant fact that communities in the exceedingly wet states of Connecticut, New York and New Jersey have by local option voted themselves dry. Thirty-six New York towns, twenty-two New Jersey towns, and twelve Connecticut towns had gone dry up to January 1st, last.

These votes were not the expression of whim or caprice. After repeal the people of these towns had experience with the liquor trade. Plainly they did not like what they saw. So they voted liquor out at an early opportunity.

These votes should be warning enough to reasonable men. Politicians and the managers of the liquor trade must clean up the abuses which are angering voters if serious trouble is to be avoided.

During many decades in most countries the use of alcoholic stimulants steadily diminished. In the United States temperance was advancing at a rapid rate until the drys were willing to try the experiment of national prohibition by constitutional amendment. That was a failure of the first magnitude and the good cause of temperance was definitely set back.

It is, however, perfectly evident that the use of alcohol must be controlled if intolerable evils are to be avoided. The records of other countries, of Great Britain, for example, show that over a long period of years the use of alcohol has been diminishing. Drunkenness is too great a menace to the public welfare to be cheerfully tolerated in a machine age. This is Fact Number One which must never be forgotten if we are to have a stable and decent trade in alcohol.

It should also be plain to everyone that American public opinion will not accept the old alliance between saloons and vice and crime. If the liquor dealers permit the distribution of alcoholic beverages to be associated with vice and crime, the liquor trade will be held responsible by public opinion.

In the excitement of repeal many wets who had been modest in their programs and demands threw away discretion. So much power came to them by the unexpectedly large votes in favor of repeal that they forgot the past. This recklessness simply won't do. Decent Americans voted against prohibition, in part, certainly, because they wanted to end the abominable criminal trade in alcohol. They did not vote in favor of the establishment of new abuses.

The honest and intelligent men in the liquor business have a real opportunity now. At the present time the reaction against the liquor trade has not reached the stage of unreasoning anger. Voters are willing calmly to consider reasonable suggestions. This mood can be changed. It will be changed if the sources of irritation are not removed.

Many of the brewing companies, many of the distilleries and many of the importers are well-organized corporations. The managers have at their disposal all of the varied resources of a disciplined corporation. They know, or should know, the methods of sound public relations. They have at their call the fruitful technique of industrial research.

If they are wise they will adapt their policies to the obvious requirements of the situation. They will find out precisely the influences which are inducing voters in various communities to turn against liquor. By eliminating evils they can conciliate those now irritated.

We may as well realize that if the liquor trade is to be respected it must be kept respectable. Good Americans do not respect saloons which cater to criminals and prostitutes. Brewers and distillers are able to exert a very considerable control over the conduct of the establishments which distribute their products.

In numerous states the liquor laws adopted after repeal were hastily written. Too much pressure was put on legislatures by greedy politicians eager to share in the new profits of a recognized trade in alcohol. It is high time to consider a careful revision of these laws.

Intelligent men in the liquor business will take a long view and support laws which by honest regulation tend to keep the distribution of alcohol in decent hands. The natural temptation is to avoid all regulation which can be prevented. Such a course in this instance will be fatal. If the laws are not written by thoughtful men and women, fanatics will do the writing.

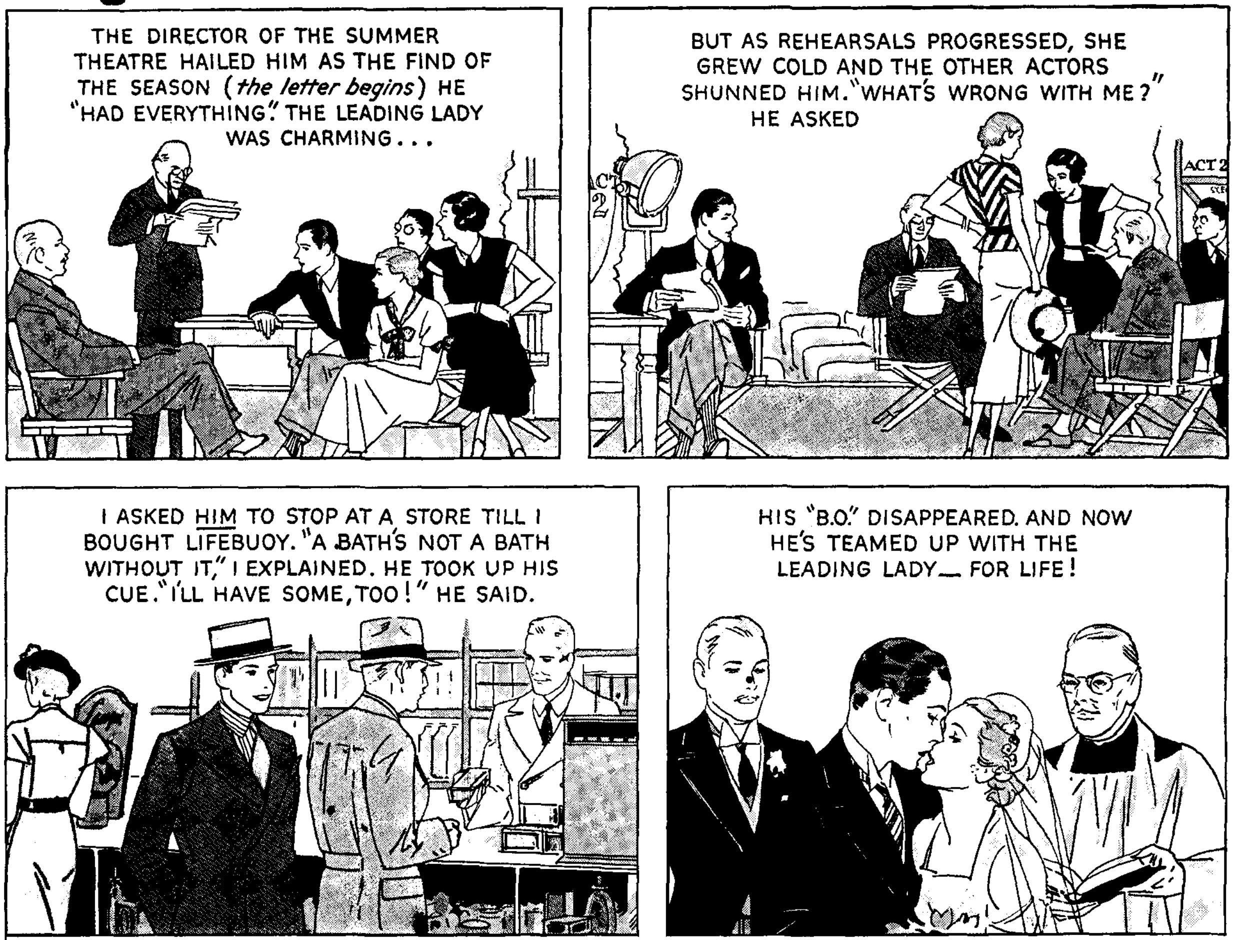
The brewers and distillers have shown that they are alert to the changing situation. It is not enough, however, merely to report the rise of the new dry vote. Constructive measures must be undertaken quickly if we are to escape futile and angry legislation. The opportunity is here today. How long it will remain is less certain.

"HE HAD EVERYTHING— INCLUDING SOMETHING *not so pleasant!*"

The true "B.O." experience* of a talented young actor—who almost missed his cue

***HERE'S A SUMMER CUE FOR EVERYONE!**

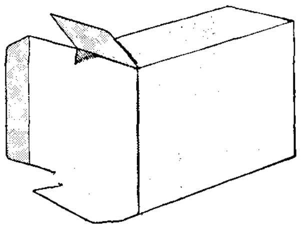
Bathe regularly with Lifebuoy! That's a good cue in any weather—and one it's disastrous to miss in hot weather. (You'd realize *how* disastrous, if you could read the *thousands* of letters we receive!) Lifebuoy's abundant, penetrating lather searches every pore, to purify, to keep you *safe* from "B.O." (*body odor*).


THE DIRECTOR OF THE SUMMER THEATRE HAILED HIM AS THE FIND OF THE SEASON (*the letter begins*) HE "HAD EVERYTHING". THE LEADING LADY WAS CHARMING . . .
BUT AS REHEARSALS PROGRESSED, SHE GREW COLD AND THE OTHER ACTORS SHUNNED HIM. "WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME?" HE ASKED
ACT 2
I ASKED HIM TO STOP AT A STORE TILL I BOUGHT LIFEBUOY. "A BATH'S NOT A BATH WITHOUT IT," I EXPLAINED. HE TOOK UP HIS CUE. "I'LL HAVE SOME, TOO!" HE SAID.
HIS "B.O." DISAPPEARED. AND NOW HE'S TEAMED UP WITH THE LEADING LADY— FOR LIFE!

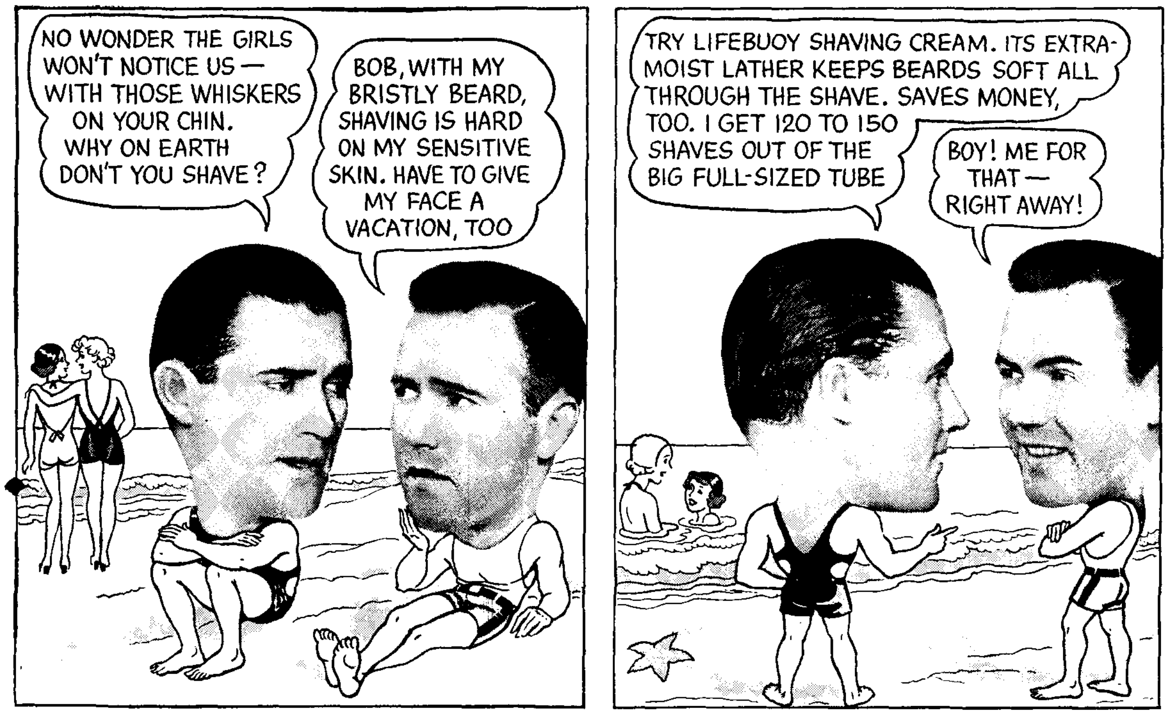
WHAT AN EXQUISITE COMPLEXION
I GIVE LIFEBUOY CREDIT

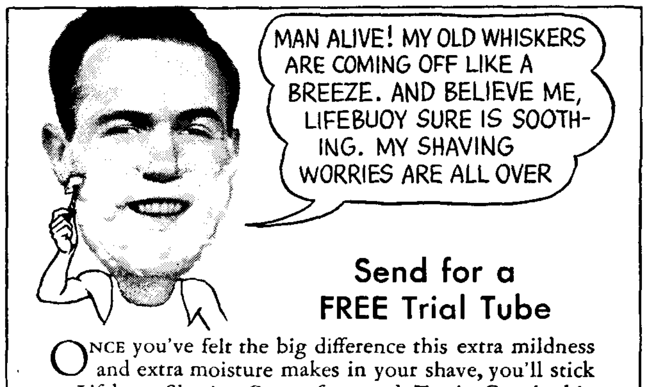
LET LIFEBUOY help *your* complexion to fresher, clearer loveliness! Let its creamy lather wash away pore-clogging impurities. No soap is more gentle. "Patch" tests on the skins of hundreds of women prove Lifebuoy more than 20% *milder* than many so-called "beauty soaps."

Approved by Good Housekeeping Bureau



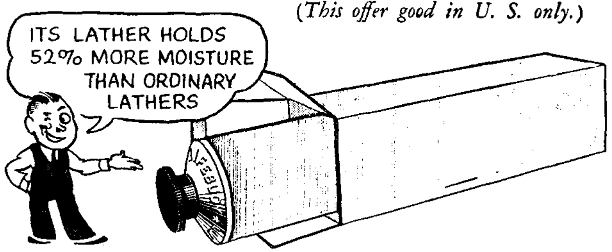
WAY AHEAD OF OTHER LEADING SHAVING SOAPS FOR MILDNESS


NO WONDER THE GIRLS WON'T NOTICE US — WITH THOSE WHISKERS ON YOUR CHIN. WHY ON EARTH DON'T YOU SHAVE?
BOB, WITH MY BRISTLY BEARD, SHAVING IS HARD ON MY SENSITIVE SKIN. HAVE TO GIVE MY FACE A VACATION, TOO
TRY LIFEBUOY SHAVING CREAM. ITS EXTRA-MOIST LATHER KEEPS BEARDS SOFT ALL THROUGH THE SHAVE. SAVES MONEY, TOO. I GET 120 TO 150 SHAVES OUT OF THE BIG FULL-SIZED TUBE
BOY! ME FOR THAT — RIGHT AWAY!


MAN ALIVE! MY OLD WHISKERS ARE COMING OFF LIKE A BREEZE. AND BELIEVE ME, LIFEBUOY SURE IS SOOTHING. MY SHAVING WORRIES ARE ALL OVER

Send for a FREE Trial Tube

ONCE you've felt the big difference this extra mildness and extra moisture makes in your shave, you'll stick to Lifebuoy Shaving Cream for good. Try it. Get the big red tube at your druggist's. Or write Lever Brothers Co., Dept. A-118, Cambridge, Mass., for a Free 12-day tube. (*This offer good in U. S. only.*)


ITS LATHER HOLDS 52% MORE MOISTURE THAN ORDINARY LATHERS
LIFEBUOY

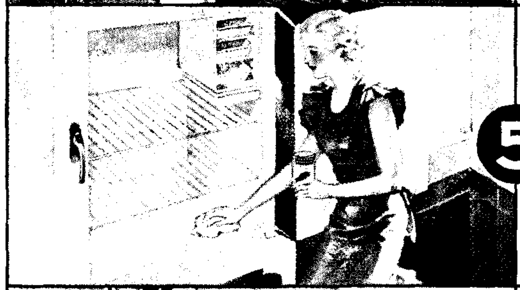
6 cleaning short cuts ······with Old Dutch

1 Always keep a can of Old Dutch in the laundry. Use it to keep your washing machine, boiler and tubs free from soapy scum and hard water deposits. This helps insure a whiter wash. Old Dutch keeps laundry equipment clean, polished and good looking.

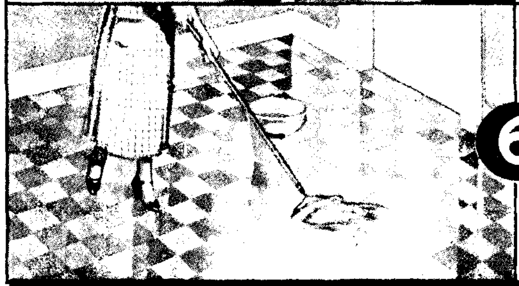
2 In your bathroom too, Old Dutch will keep the lovely porcelain and enamel fixtures immaculately clean with a glowing lustre, because it's made with Seismotite. Old Dutch is ideal for the bathroom mirror, woodwork, tile floors and walls.

3 Old Dutch is the easiest—and the *safest* way to clean painted walls, painted woodwork and painted furniture because it doesn't scratch. Sprinkle Old Dutch on a damp cloth, rub the painted surface and watch the finger prints and soil disappear. And without damage to paint or to hands!

4 Cleaning the pots and pans and the sink and drainboard is the hard half of dishwashing. And you do it three times a day. Save time by using Old Dutch, the quick-acting cleanser. You'll find Old Dutch excellent for removing grease and stains on porcelain and enamel. Old Dutch doesn't clog drains.



5 Healthful cleanliness in your refrigerator is vitally important for preserving foods efficiently. Old Dutch removes invisible impurities as well as visible dirt. It keeps ice trays and food compartments sweet and odorless. And it protects fine porcelain finishes because it is free from harsh grit.

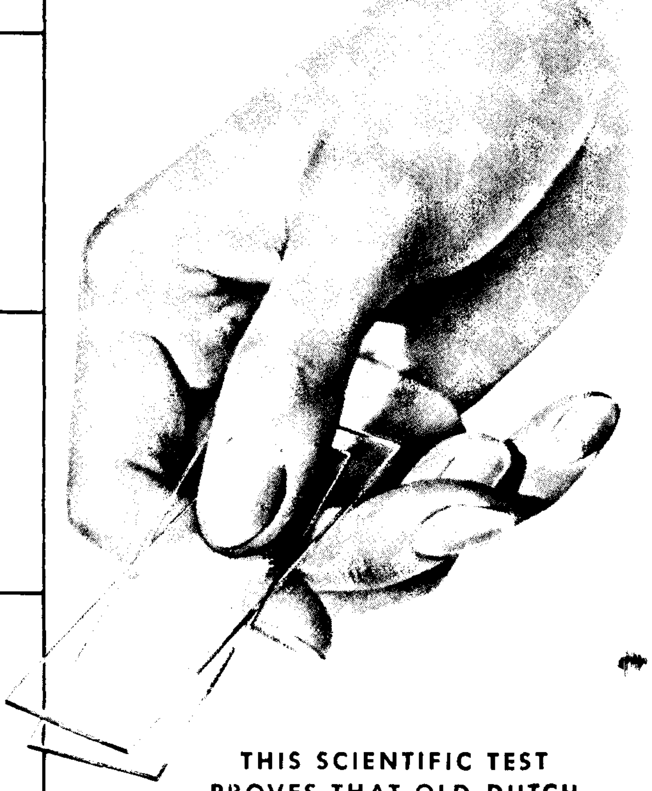


6 It's so simple to clean floors the Old Dutch way. Just sprinkle a little Old Dutch on the floor, rub with a damp mop and you'll be amazed how quickly and easily dirt and grime vanish. Old Dutch leaves no soapy, slippery film. It keeps linoleum clean and bright and looking like new.

USE OLD DUTCH EVERY DAY AND CUT YOUR CLEANING TIME

made with quick-acting SEISMOTITE

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



THIS SCIENTIFIC TEST PROVES THAT OLD DUTCH DOESN'T SCRATCH

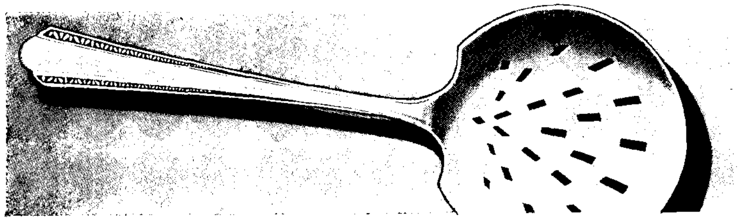
Place a little Old Dutch between two pieces of glass and rub them together. You'll hear no grinding or grating and no scratches will be made in the glass, because Old Dutch is free from harsh, scratchy grit. Then make this test with any other cleanser and you'll notice the difference.

Old Dutch Cleanser
Chases Dirt
MAKES EVERYTHING "SPICK AND SPAN"

Doesn't Scratch

Handsome, Round Pierced Silver Server, $1.25 value for 25¢ and two Old Dutch labels

Wm. A. Rogers A 1 Plus Quality. Made and guaranteed by Oneida, Ltd.



This Silver Server in the beautiful "Croydon" pattern, is used for correct serving of salads, broiled fruits and vegetables, meat patties, pineapple and tomato slices and many other dishes. The piercing lets surplus juices drain away easily. You will enjoy using this handy and decorative piece of silver.

Old Dutch Silverware Offer Extended to December 31, 1936

In addition to the Server illustrated Old Dutch offers you your choice of these 11 different units. All you have to do is to send 50c and the windmill panels from 3 Old Dutch labels (or complete labels) for each unit ordered. You may order any one of the units listed or as many as you like. Start today to build your set. Offer good only in the United States and Canada.

OLD DUTCH CLEANSER, Dept. S243, 221 N. La Salle St., Chicago, Ill.

I am enclosing ______Old Dutch labels or windmill panels therefrom and ______c for which please send me

☐ 6 Teaspoons
☐ 3 Salad Forks
☐ 1 Cold Meat Fork
☐ 1 Dinner Knife and Fork
☐ 3 Oval Soup Spoons
☐ 3 Butter Spreaders
☐ 3 Oyster Forks
☐ 1 Butter Knife and 1 Sugar Spoon
☐ 3 Tablespoons
☐ 3 Iced Drink Spoons
☐ 1 Gravy Ladle

☐ **Round, pierced Server**
(This item for 25c and 2 Old Dutch labels)

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